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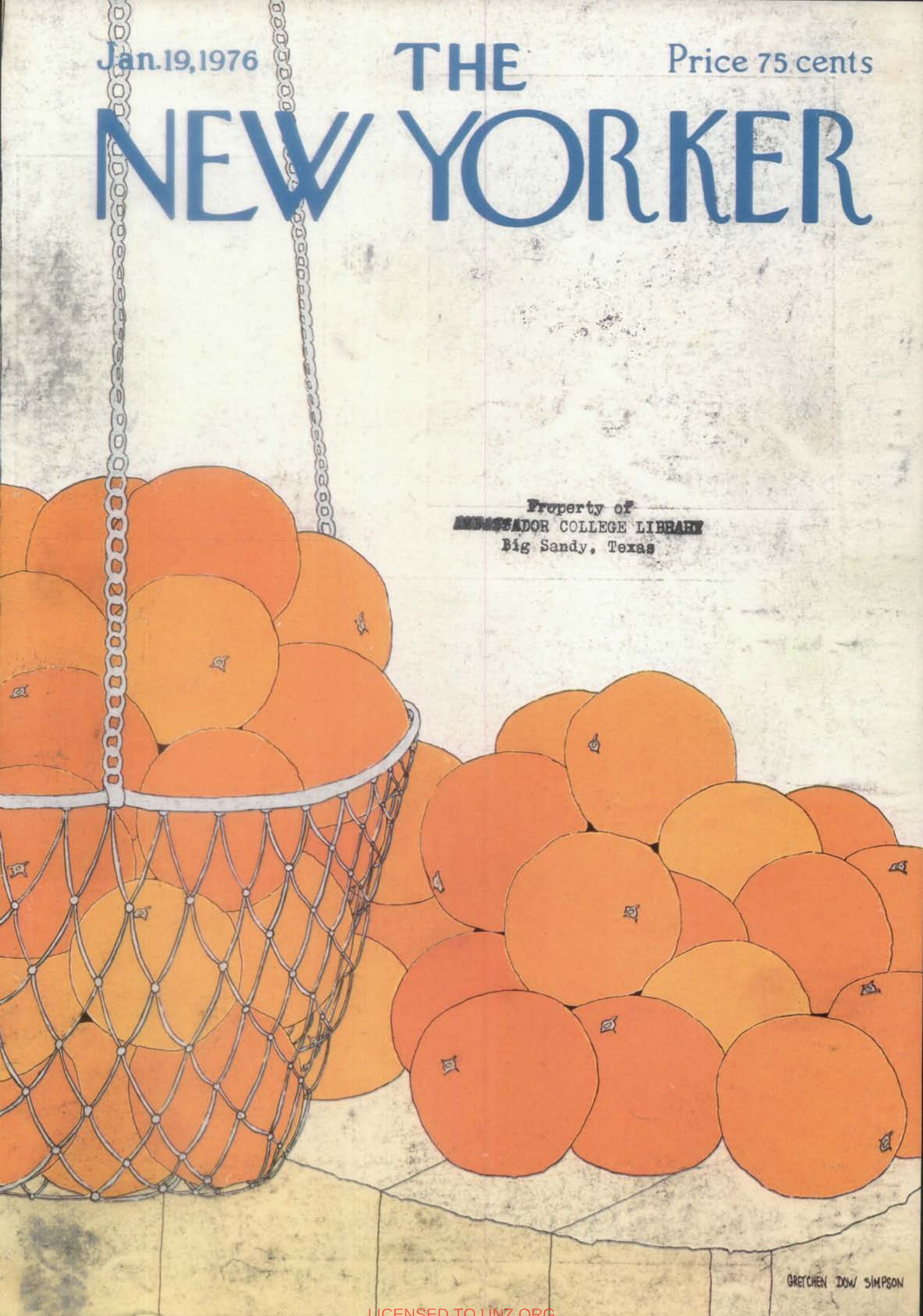
THE NEW YORKER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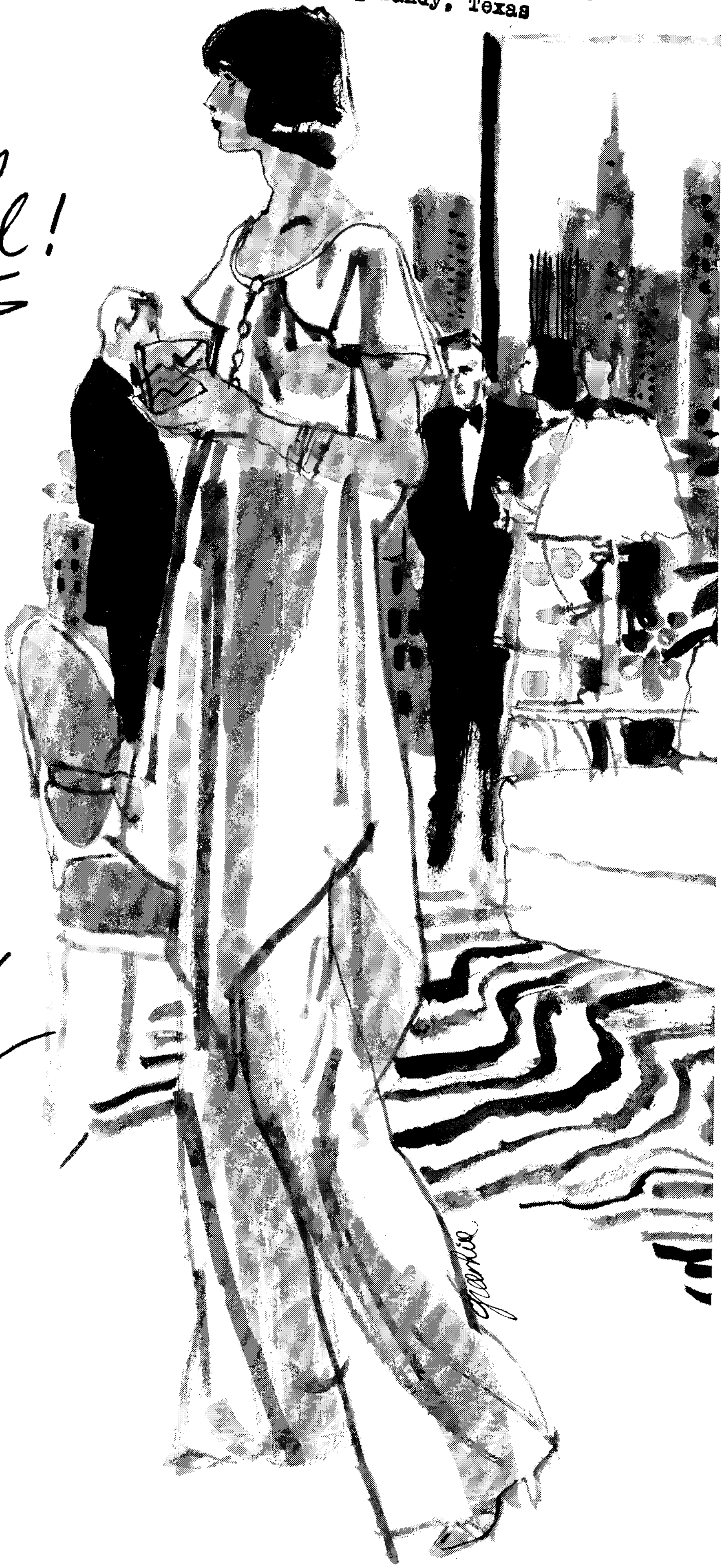

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Angel Street—A thriller that shows its age. Dina Merrill plays the much-put-upon Mrs. Manningham, and Michael Allinson is her wicked husband. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Boy Meets Boy—As described. This musical, with the indicated twist, is a foolish takeoff, by a pair of Englishmen—Bill Solly, score and lyrics, and Donald Ward and Mr. Solly, book—on foolish musicals of the thirties (British musicals, presumably; surely not those of our own Golden Age). The performances are no help, but Mr. Solly's songs are agreeable. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Chicago—An unpleasant musical about dreary people, but with stunning performances by Gwen Verdon, Chita Rivera, and Jerry Orbach. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Chorus Line—A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante, setting by Robin Wagner, costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge, and lighting by Tharon Musser. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Clarence—A revival of Booth Tarkington's comedy, with Barbara Britton, Sonny Fox, and Stephen Keep. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Equity Library Theatre—Cole Porter's musical PANAMA HATTIE will be the fourth in this season's series of eight productions. Preview Wednesday, Jan. 14. Opens Thursday, Jan. 15, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 1. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Every Night When the Sun Goes Down—A play by Phillip Hayes Dean. Opens Friday, Jan. 16, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 22. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Fifth Season—Joseph Buloff and Stan Porter in a musical version (in Yiddish and English) of Sylvia Regan's comedy. Adapted by Luba Kadison, with music and lyrics by Dick Manning. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Wednesdays and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8:15; matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 6. Closes Sunday, Jan. 25.)

Gilbeau—A play by Clayton Riley. Opens Thursday, Jan. 15, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 25. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 240 E. 3rd St. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Free.)

The Glass Menagerie—Maureen Stapleton, Rip Torn, Pamela Payton-Wright, and Paul Rudd in the touching play that is Tennessee Williams' "Portrait of the Artist As a Young Man." (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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Habeas Corpus—A London hit that has failed to travel, though Donald Sinden and Rachel Roberts are marvellous in the leading roles. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Hamlet—Sam Waterston is the star of this superb production. Stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 25.)

Jesse and the Bandit Queen—David Freeman's romp, presumably a fantasy about Jesse James and his mistress and partner-in-crime, Belle Starr, is unsettling on a number of counts, but there is no doubt that it is at least an occasion for two performances—by Barry Primus and Dixie Carter, its entire cast. Costumes by Hilary M. Rosenfeld and lighting by Arden Fingerhut. Gordon Stewart directed. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Me and Bessie—A vigorous, if eventually disappointing, attempt by the gospel-and-blues singer Linda Hopkins to re-create Bessie Smith by singing a batch of her songs (in the alternating voices of Bessie, Dinah Washington, and Mahalia Jackson), dressing up in cloche hats and feather boas that wear *her*, and giving an esoteric biographical patter. But there are moments, particularly in such numbers as "T'aint Nobody's Bizness If I Do" and "Kitchen Man," when Hopkins' singing and acting synchronize and the great Bessie materializes. The music is played by a capable small group led by Howlett Smith. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30.)

A Musical Jubilee—What are known as seasoned performers, in an unseasonable mishmash of a show. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Norman Conquests—Alan Ayckbourn requires three full-length plays to tell us as

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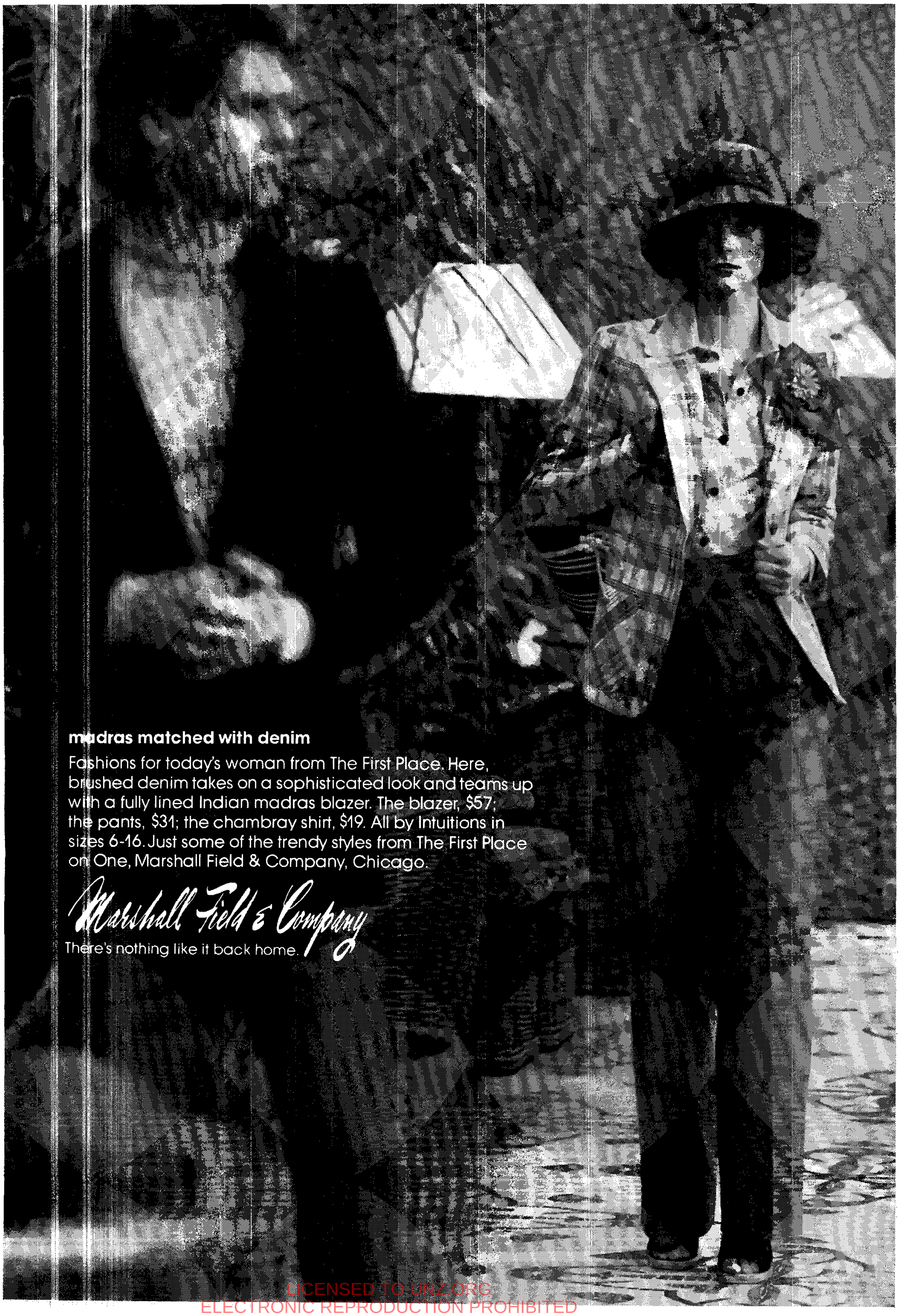
THE FIRST PLACE



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

much as he thinks we ought to know about his nasty Don Juan of a hero. Funny lines and situations, and first-rate acting by Estelle Parsons and Carole Shelley. The schedule is complicated—**TABLE MANNERS:** Wednesday, Jan. 14, at 2; Friday, Jan. 16, as well as Monday, Jan. 19, and Wednesday, Jan. 21, at 8; and Saturday, Jan. 24, at 2. . . . **LIVING TOGETHER:** Wednesday, Jan. 14, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 17, at 2; and Tuesday, Jan. 20, as well as Thursday, Jan. 22, and Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8. . . . **ROUND AND ROUND THE GARDEN:** Thursday, Jan. 15, and Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8; Wednesday, Jan. 21, at 2; and Friday, Jan. 23, at 8. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230.)

Pacific Overtures—A musical that, with comparatively little music, tells the unedifying story of how Commodore Perry helped open up Japan in 1853. With an all-Asian and almost all-male cast. Songs by Stephen Sondheim, direction by Harold Prince. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Royal Family—This revival of the Kaufman-Ferber comedy about the Barrymores, under Ellis Rabb's magic touch, is as fresh and funny as ever. The stars of the wonderful company are Eva Le Gallienne, Rosemary Harris, Sam Levene, and Mr. Rabb himself, and they are supported by such fine actors as Rosetta LeNoire and Joseph Maher, among others. The beautiful setting, costumes, and lighting are by Oliver Smith, Ann Roth, and John Gleason, respectively. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sweet Bird of Youth—Irene Worth's extraordinary performance as an aging, frightened movie star, in hiding after making what she considers a disastrous comeback, almost redeems this deeply flawed play by Tennessee Williams. With Christopher Walken, Pat Corley, and Cathryn Damon, among others. (Harkness, Broadway at 63rd St. 581-6000. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

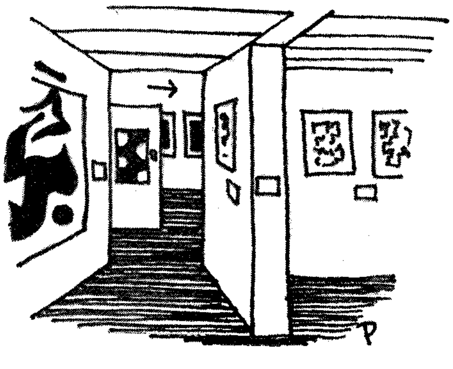
Travesties—The King's English as few kings have ever been able to speak it. An exceedingly witty play by Tom Stoppard, acted to perfection by John Wood (David Dukes substitutes for him at the Wednesday matinées) in the leading role. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Tuscaloosa's Calling Me . . . But I'm Not Going!—This little revue—tuneful, witty, and refreshing—is a delightful celebration of New York City in its hours of travail. Hank Beebe wrote the score, Bill Heyer wrote the lyrics, and Mr. Heyer, Mr. Beebe, and Sam Dann wrote the sketches. Len Gochman, Patti Perkins, and Renny Temple are the entire and entirely satisfactory cast. Charles E. Hoefler designed the imaginative scenery, and the whole show moves with humor and style, under the direction of James Hammerstein and Gui Andrisano. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Very Good Eddie—A saucy little musical, which was the bee's knees in 1915. The music is by Jerome Kern, and some of the lyrics are by P. G. Wodehouse. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Yentl—An awkward play about Jewish life in Poland in the nineteenth century. Taken from a story by Isaac Bashevis Singer, in which the many implausibilities of the plot must have been easier to steal past than they are onstage. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0218. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**ABSURD PERSON SINGULAR:** Alan Ayckbourn is a master of farce, and this play about the horrors of married life will make you laugh from start to finish. With Geraldine Page, Sandy Dennis, Scott McKay, Paul Shyre, Marilyn Clark, and Curt Dawson. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **EQUUS:** A psychological whodunit by Peter Shaffer. With Anthony Perkins, Jacob Milligan, Frances Sternhagen, Marian Seldes, and Michael Higgins. The director is John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,545 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.). . . **PIPPIN:** A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A slick and sentimental comedy about happy marriages and a single twenty-five-year-long, happy adultery, practiced annually. With Loretta Swit and Ted Bessell. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **SHENANDOAH:** Hokum, though John Cullum sings bravely and well. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **THE WIZ:** An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Ice Capades," with a company headed by Jo Jo Starbuck and Ken Shelley. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, Jan. 14, at 7:30; Thursday, Jan. 15, at 2 and 7:30; Friday, Jan. 16, at 7:30; Saturday, Jan. 17, at 11, 3, and 8:30; and final performances Sunday, Jan. 18, at 1:30 and 5:30.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Jan. 14, at 8: "Episodes," "Sonatine," "Illuminations," and "Symphony in C.". . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 15, at 8: "Episodes," "Fanfare," and "Divertimento No. 15.". . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 16, at 8: "Prodigal Son," "In the Night," and "Cortège Hongrois.". . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 17, at 2: "Fanfare," "Agon," and "The Concert.". . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8: "Serenade," "Prodigal Son," and "Piano Concerto in G Major.". . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 18, at 1: "Allegro Brillante," "Daphnis and Chloe," and "Cortège Hongrois.". . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 18, at 7: "Piano Concerto in G Major," "Dybbuk Variations," and "The Concert.". . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 20, at 8: "Serenade," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," and "Symphony in C.". . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 21, at 8: "Prodigal Son," "Agon," and "Divertimento No. 15.". . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 22, at 8: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Chaconne" (première), and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2.". . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 23, at 8: "Coppélia.". . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 24, at 2: "Serenade," "Dybbuk Variations," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8: "Agon," "Gaspard de la Nuit," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," and "Symphony in C." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 15.)

American Ballet Theatre—Wednesday, Jan. 14, at 8: "The Leaves Are Fading," "Medea," "La Ventana," and "Shadowplay.". . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 15, at 8: "Brahms Quintet," "Awakening," "At Midnight," and "Push Comes to Shove.". . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 16, at 8: "Tales of Hoffmann.". . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 17, at 2: "Les Sylphides," "La Ventana," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Shadowplay.". . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8: "The Leaves Are Fading," "Medea," "The Maids," and "Push Comes to Shove.". . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 18, at 2 and 8: "Tales of Hoffmann." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 20, at 8: "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Pas de Deux," "The Leaves Are Fading," and "Hamlet: Connotations.". . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 21, at 8: "Las Hermanas," "Grand Pas Classique," and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 22, at 8: "Gemini" and "La Sylphide.". . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 23, at 8: "Fancy Free," "Medea," "The Maids," and "Push Comes to Shove.". . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 24, at 2: "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Gemini," and "Les Patineurs.". . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8: "Shadowplay," "Fall River Legend," "Pas de Deux," and "The Leaves Are Fading." (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Through Sunday, Feb. 1.)

Paul Taylor Dance Company—A one-week engagement of a program that consists of "Runes," "Esplanade," and "From Sea to Shining Sea." (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7050. Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 14-16, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 17-18, at 2 and 8.)

Pearl Lang Dance Company—"The Possessed," a full-length work based on Ansky's play "The Dybbuk." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Jan. 14, and Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8; Sunday, Jan. 18, at 2; and Monday through Wednesday, Jan. 19-21, and Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 24-25, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

•

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**BARBARA CARROLL** has taken over from Marian McPartland in the Bemelmans Bar, and she is in choice shape. This is particularly so after she has worked her way through the chordal thunderheads that rear up ominously somewhere in each number and then launches into a chorus (on ballads) or more (on blues) of her single-note improvisations, which are extraordinary. Her time is infallible, and she is equally at ease with legato, backpedalling figures, double-time sprints, and spacious, collecting rests. She learned a great deal from Bud Powell, but her daring melodic lines are free of his nervousness, of his acidulous quality. They *bloom.* On a recent night, she played a long "Porgy and Bess" stew, Gordon Jenkins' "This Is All I Ask," "I'll Never Be the Same," "Royal Garden Blues," her funny "Sweet Georgia Brown," and a lilting, secret "Here's That Rainy Day." Barbara Carroll was a good minor pianist when she came up in the fifties; now she commands and moves. Frank Tate is on bass. Weekdays from nine-fifteen. . . . **SYLVIA SYMS,** often regarded as the female counter-

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part of Sinatra, will begin a rare club appearance in the Café Carlyle on Tuesday, Jan. 20.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**JOE BUSHKIN**—blithe, swinging, his arpeggio intact—is back until Saturday, Jan. 17, but this time, in addition to the house bassist, Milt Hinton, and the guitarist Herb Ellis, he has brought along **JO JONES.** (Jones is scheduled to stay on with **RED NORVO** after Bushkin departs.) Jones is the last of the great, stately drummers who appeared in the thirties (the others were Sid Catlett, Chick Webb, and Dave Tough), and who converted jazz drumming from a military operation to an art. He will be sixty-five this year, but his playing, despite occasional lapses, remains sparkling and witty and irresistible. His high-hat work swims and aerates, his wire brushes are crystalline and dancing (he is the greatest of all wire-brush drummers), and his accompanying, whether on his cymbals or snare drum, rocks. And, of course, he is a consummate showman, with his tilted, Olympian chin, his laughing eyes, his flicking, snapping wrists, and his mischievous Cheshire smile. But it is Jones' *authority* one stands in awe of; when all else seems unglued, he is buoyant and indestructible and immeasurably graceful. Bushkin values Jones, and he not only gives him substantial solo space but exchanges frequent, leap-frogging, four-bar breaks with him. Jones gets off at least one *mot* in each break. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

●

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Simple, pleasant surroundings, collard greens and ribs on the menu, and mainstream and, occasionally, out-there jazz on the bandstand. Alto saxophonist and flutist Robin Kenyatta, who over the past few years has drifted out of the avant-garde into pop and then into soul, keeps his head above water with help from a quintet; through Saturday, Jan. 17. Music from nine-forty-five to three. Closed Sundays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—**KENNY RANKIN,** who is here through Sunday, Jan. 18, sings a wide range of material, from Antonio Carlos Jobim compositions to Peggy Lee standards like "In the Name of Love." Rankin, a contemporary of Donovan and a precursor of James Taylor, sings in a delicate tenor that sometimes slips into a possibly off-putting (to the casual listener) falsetto. But Rankin's backing musicians are usually quite capable, and his musical taste is invariably right on target. Monday through Wednesday, Jan. 19-21, saxophonist Joe Farrell will perform with his latest combo opposite aging wunderkind **TONY WILLIAMS,** who will sit at his spiffy yellow trap set and lead his band, the New Lifetime. Beginning Thursday, Jan. 22, **BETTY CARTER,** one of the few truly improvisational singers, will trade sets with pop singer Gino Vannelli, one of the few truly Canadian discoveries of Herb Alpert. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Fine piano-bass partnerships can nearly always be found in this buzzing little bar. Pianist Mike Abene and bassist Michael Moore make room for guitarist Mike Gary, who collaborates with them through Saturday, Jan. 17. On Monday, Jan. 19, **KENNY BARRON** will begin working with **RON CARTER,** the bassist's bassist. On Sundays, pianist Barry Harris holds forth with his bassist (and, sometimes, a drummer, too). Music from nine-thirty. Dinner.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Stride pianist Joe Turner, who hasn't played in this country in some thirty years (he's been living in Europe), is now busy making up for lost time Mondays through Saturdays from eight to one. On Sundays, **DICK HYMAN** outlines the history of the jazz piano. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Herbie Hall, Vic Dickenson, Ed Polcer, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, and Red Balaban (who owns the place) are the traditionalists who make up the house band. Zoot Sims will sit in with the regulars on Tuesday, Jan. 20. Red Richards plays piano most nights from five-thirty; the sextet begins alternating with him after nine-thirty. Tenor saxophonist **BUDDY TATE** will head up a quartet on Sunday, Jan. 18, beginning at eight. Dinner.

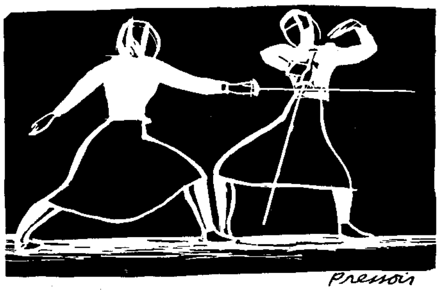
Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The senior member of the quintet that plays swing tunes in this tiny bar is **SONNY GREER,** who worked with Duke Ellington for more than thirty years, beginning in 1919. **RUSSELL PROCOPE** carries out his duties on the alto saxophone and clarinet with the gusto and smooth finesse that typified Ellington reeds (he joined Ellington in 1945). Twenty-four-year-old **BROOKS KERR,** a stride stylist and an Ellington scholar, sits at the piano between Greer and Procope and helps generate the excitement. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three. The Hal Galper duo is on hand Mondays and Tuesdays from ten to three; and on Sunday, Jan. 18, from five to nine, vibraharpist Warren Chiasson works with bassist Jimmy Lewis and guitarist Chuck Wayne.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—The impressive high ceilings and crystal chandeliers and vast quantities of empty space in this bar and restaurant (and, by day, meat market) do little toward making it a warm and cozy music haunt—the place feels more like an unused ballroom or a classy barn. During the past few months, piano-bass duos and other small, unobtrusive groups were part of the décor, but during New Year's week the management brought in Gerry Mulligan's septet, which drew large crowds and easily outdistanced the audience chatter. Now a serious music policy may be under way: Through Saturday, Jan. 17, **ZOOT SIMS** will be playing skipping tenor-sax solos to the accompaniment of bassist Bob Cranshaw, drummer Mickey Roker, and pianist Tom Garvin. On Monday, Jan. 19, **DEE DEE BRIDGEWATER,** perhaps the best young vocalist around, will begin working with powerhouse pianist **ROLAND HANNA** and bassist **GEORGE MRAZ.** Music from ten.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is sixty-four, his hair is whitish, and he wears thick glasses, but the old drive is still there. His accompanists—Dick Katz on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Norris Turney on reeds, Ted Sturgis on bass, and Bobby Pratt on trombone—provide camouflage for Eldridge during the early part of the evening and ballast during the later part. Music weekdays from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Jim Smith's Village Corner, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A pentagonal, high-ceilinged corner bar with an abundance of old, dark wood and mirrors. Lance Hayward is seated at the keyboard every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts fills in. On Sundays, Jane Valentine contributes vocals. Music from nine-thirty to three.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—New York, for one reason or another, has never been much of a blues town. For a few years in the fifties, blues and rhythm-and-blues players made up house bands in bars all over the city—though not nearly to the extent that Chicago could (or can) boast—but there was no distinctly New York sound. The music was a blend of established, open-stock R. & B. riffs and Chicago-derived blues with horns added; by the sixties, this same product had evolved into what was called soul. King Curtis, the R. & B. saxophonist and innovator, came to New York as a teen-ager in the early fifties and worked briefly in a bar band in midtown before he was whisked off to honk almost exclusively in the recording studio. The reigning local bluesman then was Wilbert Harrison, who won a short-lived national reputation in 1959 with his recording of "Kansas City." Today, King Curtis is dead, Wilbert Harrison, in his fifties, is about to cut a trendy disco record, and, on the face of it, one might surmise that there is no local blues scene. There is, however, a unilateral celebration of blues, R. & B., soul, funk, or whatever one wants to call it, going on at *Mikell's every Sunday through Thursday.* Healthy numbers of upper West Siders show up regularly for these virtually unadvertised performances. The band responsible for all this first moved in about a year or so ago, backing soul singer Esther Marrow. Since then, the musicians have been coming back without her, and usually without any vocalist. And they have contracted to back up Joe Cocker (should he ever come out of retirement to continue his comeback); also, they're in the process of signing a record deal themselves. The leader is **GORDON EDWARDS,** a hulk of a Fender bassist, who might look very menacing if he weren't playing his bass and swaying and grinning so much. There are two guitarists: **ERIC GALE,** a clean and forthright soloist, who's been a New York session man for more than a decade, and **CORNELL DUPREE,** perhaps the most placid-looking player to come along since Basie rhythm guitarist Freddie Green. Dupree, who concocts beautiful, understated solos as he sits on a stool mildly puffing on a bent Italian pipe, is another studio veteran—he has worked with King Curtis, Aretha Franklin, and, more recently, Miles Davis. Pianist **RICHARD TEE,** who has been alongside Dupree on Curtis and Franklin dates, wears a floppy yarn hat of dubious appeal and manhandles feverish and insistent gospel runs. Two young white drummers round out the group; which one plays depends on who can show up on a given night. They are **STEVE GADD,** an accomplished local jazz accompanist, and **CHRIS PARKER,** who has toured and recorded with Paul Butterfield. On occasion, a vocalist does turn up, and frequently a conga player sits in; once in a great while, a visiting saxophonist attempts the King Curtis lines that are so much a part of the music. Unfortunately, there is no dancing. Music from ten until three. Dinner.



Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Son of the Bitter End. Singer Billy Swan is onstage through Sunday, Jan. 18. On Wednesday, Jan. 21, **MICHAL URBANIAK,** the fiery Polish violinist, will come in with his band, Fusion, and with his vocalizing wife, **URSZULA DUDZIAK.** Together, they are the Cathy Berberian and Luciano Berio of jazz-rock. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—The **SY OLIVER** band is on the podium Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—This attractive bar-and-restaurant complex currently features the torch-singing female impersonator Holly Woodlawn at nine and midnight through Sunday, Jan. 18. Mondays are showcases for even more (yawn) new talent for the local cabaret circuit. Dinner.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A dark but friendly and attractive little upper West Side outpost that usually features small jazz combos every night. On Wednesday, Jan. 14, Joe Puma, Ron Carter, and Carmen Leggio get together; on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 23-24, vibraharpist David Samuels will head up a quartet; Sundays, as always, are reserved for the **CHUCK WAYNE-JOE PUMA** guitar duo. Music weeknights from nine-thirty; Sundays from nine.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—The acoustically perfect music corner of this highly congested bar and restaurant has been turned over to singer and guitarist Joel Zoss and his backup musicians on Wednesday, Jan. 14. Then, from Thursday to Saturday, Jan. 15-17, pianist Paul Knopf and bassist Duke Cleamons take over. On Sunday, Jan. 18, pianist Larry Karush will come in to do some solo work. And, beginning Thursday, Jan. 22, Colin Walcott, on sitar and tabla, and bassist Glenn Moore—who together make up one-half of the self-indulgently ethereal East-West quartet Oregon—will be joined by Karush. The hours run from nine on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays.

Tangerine, 1057 Lexington Ave., at 75th St. (861-2521)—**Ellis Larkins** has landed in this bar-and-grill that echoes the thirties and forties, and is wheeling out his feathered and bejewelled Art Tatum ruminations on an in-tune upright. The excellent Wilbur Little is on bass. Be advised that though Larkins' playing is mighty his sets are mini. Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten until three. Singer and pianist Norma Shepherd works with bassist John Williams on Sundays and Mondays.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—A very pleasant hangout with Saturday-afternoon poetry readings and a hectic music schedule that comprises various small jazz groups. Some of these combos are composed of young and occasionally squeaking horn players who carry on as though they were playing The Street (52nd St.) in 1948. On the more reliable end of the lineup: singer **Leon Thomas** and his quintet on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 16-17; drummer Beaver Harris's trio on Thursday, Jan. 22; and saxophonist Cecil Payne and a quartet on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 23-24. Music from ten-thirty, except Mondays. Dinner.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Pianist Ahmad Jamal, who once estimated that he has played "Poinciana" about a hundred thousand times, leads a quintet Tuesdays through Sundays. On Mondays, **Clark Terry**, who still mugs and mumbles, and whose trumpet and flugelhorn solos still seem to skid on ice, rides herd on his seventeen-piece band. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A hanging tetrahedron made of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz by piano-bass duos help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. David Lahm works with a bassist Mondays through Wednesdays; Nat Jones and *his* bassist take charge Thursdays through Sundays. Music from eight to two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Visiting musical professors have their say on the subject of thirties and forties jazz every night of the week in this beer-and-burger café, Columbia's off-campus music-appreciation classroom. Mondays and Tuesdays, Eddie Durham, a trombonist and one of the very first jazz guitarists (he took up the instrument in the twenties), pianist Ram Ramirez, trumpeter Franc Williams, and drummer Shelton Gary perform. On Wednesdays, the Warren Court, a combo led by ex-Basie saxophonist Earle Warren, is in session; on Thursdays and Fridays, a bop quintet plods through the forties. And Saturdays and Sundays have been claimed by tenor saxophonist Paul Quinichette, who still plays with a Lester Young complex; boogie-woogieist Sammy Price; and a drummer. The music starts at nine. All this and student food at student prices.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Jan. 14, at 5:45: **Nancy Dussault** and **Karen Morrow**. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 21, at 5:45: **Barbara Carroll Trio** and **Richard Sudhalter.**

Mel Tormé and **Peter Nero**—With a symphony orchestra. (Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Wednesday, Jan. 14, at 8.)

David Amram, David Bromberg, and **Chuck Israels**—Ethical Culture Society, 2 W. 64th St. Friday, Jan. 16, at 8. For information about tickets, call 320-1962.

Mongo Santamaria, Cal Tjader, and **Willie Bobo**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1718. Friday, Jan. 16, at 8 and at midnight.

Lyrics and Lyricists—The second in a series of four programs in which lyricists (in this case Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt) discuss their work, sometimes with the assistance of their professional performing friends. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Jan. 18, at 8.)

Count Basie and His Orchestra—A benefit concert. (Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. Sunday, Jan. 18, at 9. For information about tickets, call 688-8257.)

Orchestra for the Living Arts—James Frazier conducting, with Don Shirley, piano. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Thursday, Jan. 22, at 8.)

Deep Purple and **Nazareth**—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. Friday, Jan. 23, at 8. For tickets, call 541-7290.

Harold Melvin & the Blue Notes—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, Jan. 24, at 7 and 11.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Fritz Bultman—An exhibit of the artist's collages and abstract bronze sculptures at the Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30), and of his bronzes at the gallery's branch location, 521 W. 57th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5). Through Feb. 7.

Louis Finkelstein—Bosky landscapes ranging in locale from Central Park to the rolling hills of Connecticut and the mountains upstate. Through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Pierre Haubensak—Geometric abstractions, including several tricolor triptychs composed of rectangles within rectangles. Through Feb. 5. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Gillian Jagger—Castings of giant tractor tracks and sculptural representations of the displacement (or splash) created by a human body entering water are characteristic of her works done during the past ten years. Through Saturday, Jan. 17. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Herbert Katzman—An exceptionally high order of draftsmanship is manifest in this collection of drawings—in ink, wash, charcoal, pencil, conté crayon—done over the past forty years and setting forth friends, celebrities, models, landscapes, and early, Groszlike antiwar sentiments. Through Jan. 31. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Karl Korab—Compositions by a young Austrian that contain elements derived from many antecedent Surrealists yet have an independent character of their own, not to mention excellent craftsmanship; first one-man show in New York. Through Feb. 7. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Louisa Matthiasdottir—Realistic still-lifes, landscapes (of Maine), figures, and interiors. Through Feb. 14. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Gerhardt Moswitzer—Sturdy iron and brass sculptures, some suggestive of the human figure; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Jan. 17. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Robert Motherwell—Recent paintings and collages. Through Feb. 4. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)

Jan Müller (1922-58)—Expressionist paintings and pastels. Through Jan. 31. (Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St.)

John Opper—Abstract paintings characterized by vertical columns of color. Through Jan. 29. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Reinhoud—Metal figure sculptures. Through Feb. 7. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Alvin Ross (1920-75)—Superreal still-lifes. Through Jan. 31. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Henry Schnakenberg (1892-1970)—A retrospective consisting of oils and watercolors by an artist who was prominent in the thirties. Through Feb. 7. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Fritz Scholder—Raw, haunting paintings of American Indians, done with implacable directness in oil or acrylics, and in colors that

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

might have been scraped off totem poles, by a Minnesota-born Indian artist. Through Feb. 7. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Ethel Schwabacher and Jeanne Reynal—Portraits: Pastels (of Gorky, Freud, and others) by Schwabacher and mosaics (of Duchamp, Gorky, Martha Graham, and others) by Reynal. Through Saturday, Jan. 17. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Kurt Seligmann (1900-62)—Paintings and drawings, dating from the twenties through the fifties, plus a series of costume designs for the ballet, done in watercolor and pastel. Through Feb. 28. (La Boetie, 9 E. 82nd St.)

Théo Stavropoulos—Abstract paintings, subdued in color, some of which suggest architectural ruins (the glory that was Greece?), plus pencil drawings, one of two related to the larger works by this Athenian-born artist. Through Jan. 31. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

Cora Kelley Ward—New abstract paintings. Through Jan. 31. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Group Shows—At the **ACQUAVELLA**, 18 E. 79th St.: A painting apiece by Edward Ruscha and Sam Francis, plus a single sculpture each by Anthony Caro and John Chamberlain. Through Jan. 31. (Open Mondays.) . . . **ARTWEAVE**, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.: Eleven nonfigurative American quilts, nearly half of them Amish specimens, the earliest dated 1850 and the latest 1920. Through Saturday, Jan. 17. . . . **BABCOCK**, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings by Margit Beck and Helen Hoie, among others, and a freestanding illuminated sculpture by Clyde Lynds. Through Jan. 28. . . . **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Works in a wide variety of mediums by forty-seven artists from Latin-American countries. Through Feb. 22. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . **FORUM**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Realist paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Raphael Soyer, Bruno Lucchesi, David Levine, and others. Through Friday, Jan. 16. . . . **GIMPEL**, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by such European artists as Sonia Delaunay and Barbara Hepworth, plus paintings by Sam Francis and Paul Jenkins. Through Jan. 29. . . . **KERR**, 49 E. 82nd St.: A benefit loan show of nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings by N. C. Wyeth, Andrew Wyeth, James Wyeth, and a scattering of non-Wyeths, including Asher B. Durand and Everett Shinn. Through Jan. 31. (Open Mondays.) . . . **LARCADA**, 23 E. 67th St.: Drawings and photographs of Art Deco architecture in the Bronx. Through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Open Mondays.) . . . **NICHOLLS**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Cartoons and *New Yorker* covers by Charles Addams, Peter Arno, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, Mary Petty, George Price, Charles Saxon, William Steig, James Stevenson, R. Taylor, James Thurber, and Barney Tobey. Through Feb. 7. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.) . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by, among others, Braque, Tamayo, and Calder. Through Jan. 31. . . . **ZIERLER**, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by gallery regulars Ken Danby, Stephen Greene, Grace Hartigan, and others. Through Jan. 31.

Sculpture—Small pieces, primarily bronzes and carved stone, by Doris Caesar, Charles Salerno, and others. Through Jan. 31. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

QUICK LIST—Other artists currently showing their work uptown include: **EDWARD AVEDISIAN** at Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:45); **SUZANNE HODES** at Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. (Through Friday, Jan. 23. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5:30); **ELLIOTT KOSLOFF** at FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. (Through Tuesday, Jan. 20. Weekdays, 9:30 to 5:30); **JUD NELSON** at Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6).

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Leonard Baskin—Twenty watercolors that were used as illustrations for a revised version of "A Passover Haggadah," plus other works. Through Feb. 7. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

William Copley—A large painting of John Hancock's signature, entitled "Modesty," and a red, white, and blue portrait of George Washington—the nose being the red part—are two of the works in this exhibit. Through Jan. 31. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

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Alberto Giacometti (1901-66)—Fifty-three paintings, drawings, and sculptures, many of them on loan. Through Jan. 31. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

James Hagan—Tulip, oak, and walnut are among the woods used in these large, abstract carved sculptures, which have a rough, unfinished quality; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Ian Hornak—Paintings of misty, mysterious Jamaican seashore scenes, which are not labelled Photo-Realist mainly because the artist objects to that tag. Through Thursday, Jan. 22. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Alfred Jensen / Guy Dill—A selection of paintings dating from 1961 to 1974, some of them checkerboards of thick color incorporating numbers. / Constructions that combine steel, glass, and concrete. Through Feb. 7. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Aristodemos Kaldis—Paintings from the last twenty years, including landscapes of Greece and the Côte d'Azur. Through Feb. 5. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Richard Mayhew—Recent landscape paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 17. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Henry Pearson—Paintings on paper, nearly all of them showing a squared-off black monolith against a sort of marbled background—a combination that somehow exudes supernaturality. Through Jan. 31. (Parsons-Truman, 24 W. 57th St.)

Robert Warrens—Comic-surrealist paintings of animals, including one of a life-size hunting dog who has been converted into an ashtray, and four that deal with the trouble in Eden (half-eaten apples are prominent in the foreground) from the viewpoint of various creatures who seem to have evolved from Dr. Seuss; first one-man show in New York. Through Jan. 30. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

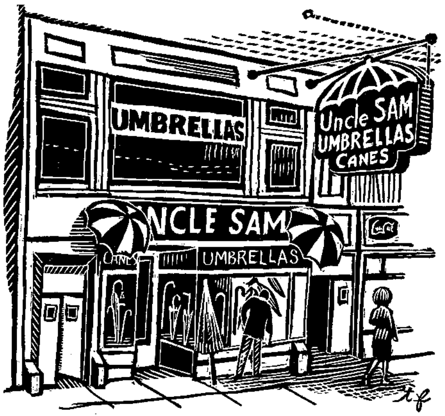
Isaac Witkin—A series of nine free-form stainless-steel sculptures. Through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Nina Yankowitz—Unstretched canvases onto which the artist has squeezed acrylic paints to resemble (though only vaguely) Chinese characters. Through Jan. 31. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Zuka—Collage paintings of figures and events in American history; the Colonial scenes come off particularly well, because of all the fine brocades and wallpapers the citizens enjoyed. Through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Carl Andre—Heavy-duty wood and metal sculptures from the past fifteen years. One new work is a floor piece made up of a hundred and forty-four twelve-inch squares of pure tin—a beautiful, silvery metal. Through Jan. 28. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)



Lois Dodd—New paintings, among them views of woods and the artist's studio. Through Thursday, Jan. 22. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Sherman Drexler—Figurative paintings. Through Jan. 29. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

Cynthia Mailman / Diane Churchill—Realist landscapes seen from an automobile. / Abstract paintings, some of them on shaped canvases. Through Jan. 28. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Vincent Moore / Harry Kramer—Two large paintings (a landscape and an interior showing rooms undergoing repairs), plus smaller surreal works of rusted metal objects. / Geometric abstractions on canvas and paper. Through Jan. 28. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Dalia Ramanauskas—Pen-and-colored-ink drawings of cardboard boxes, crumpled wrapping paper, and opened cartons, done in meticulous detail and—considering the crosshatch technique employed—startlingly lifelike colors. Through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

George Schneeman—Figure paintings. Through Thursday, Jan. 22. (Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Ben Schonzeit—Photo-Realist paintings that range in subject matter from cauliflower and eggplant to the Continental Divide. Through Feb. 4. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Justin Schorr—Abstract paintings and drawings. Through Jan. 29. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Richard Shaw—Ceramic sculpture, much of it in a comic vein—for instance, a duck diving into a pail of water, with his head breaking through the side of the bucket; first one-man show in New York. Through Jan. 31. (Braunstein-Quay, 139 Spring St.)

Group Shows—At **A.I.R.**, 97 Wooster St.: Invited artists showing paintings, sculptures, and other works. Through Jan. 28. . . . **KNOWLTON**, 153 Prince St.: A rotating exhibit of works on paper by about twenty artists, plus bronzes by Charles Frazier. Through March 6. . . . **O. K. HARRIS**, 383 West Broadway: Work in a variety of mediums, such as paintings by Mary Grigoriadis and sculptures by Marilynn Gelfman-Pereira and Gary Wojcik. Through Saturday, Jan. 24.

QUICK LIST—Other artists currently showing their work in SoHo include: **ANNE BELL** and **KATHRYN PERRY** at Aames, 93 Prince St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30); **ALAN CHARLTON** and **ROBERT BARRY** at Castelli, 420 West Broadway (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6); **JEAN LE GAC** at Gibson, 392 West Broadway (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 6); **FABRIZIO PLESSI** and **ERNST AEBI** at Yu, 393 West Broadway (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6); **REEVA POTOFF** at Meisel, 141 Prince St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6); **DAVID L. STOLTZ** at 14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6); **ROBERT L. WILLIAMS** at Razor, 464 West Broadway (Through Wednesday, Jan. 21. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6).

OTHER GALLERIES

Kate Millett / Margot Robinson—A series of sculptures depicting people and objects in cages, by this artist-writer. / Abstract paintings. Through Wednesday, Jan. 21. (NoHo, 542 LaGuardia Pl. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Ruckus Manhattan—A huge and very funny *three-dimensional caricature* of Lower Manhattan and some of its high rises and lowlifes, built by Red Grooms, Mimi Grooms, and twenty-two other artists, which can be touched, climbed on, and walked through. Through Tuesday, Jan. 20. (88 Pine St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 2; Saturdays, noon to 3:30.)

Group Shows—At the **AFRICAN-AMERICAN INSTITUTE**, 833 United Nations Plaza, at 47th St.: A travelling exhibit of traditional African art, on loan from the government of Zaïre. Through Jan. 31. (Open Mondays.) . . . **FEIDEN**, 51 E. 10th St.: Boris Aronson, Ruth Gikow,

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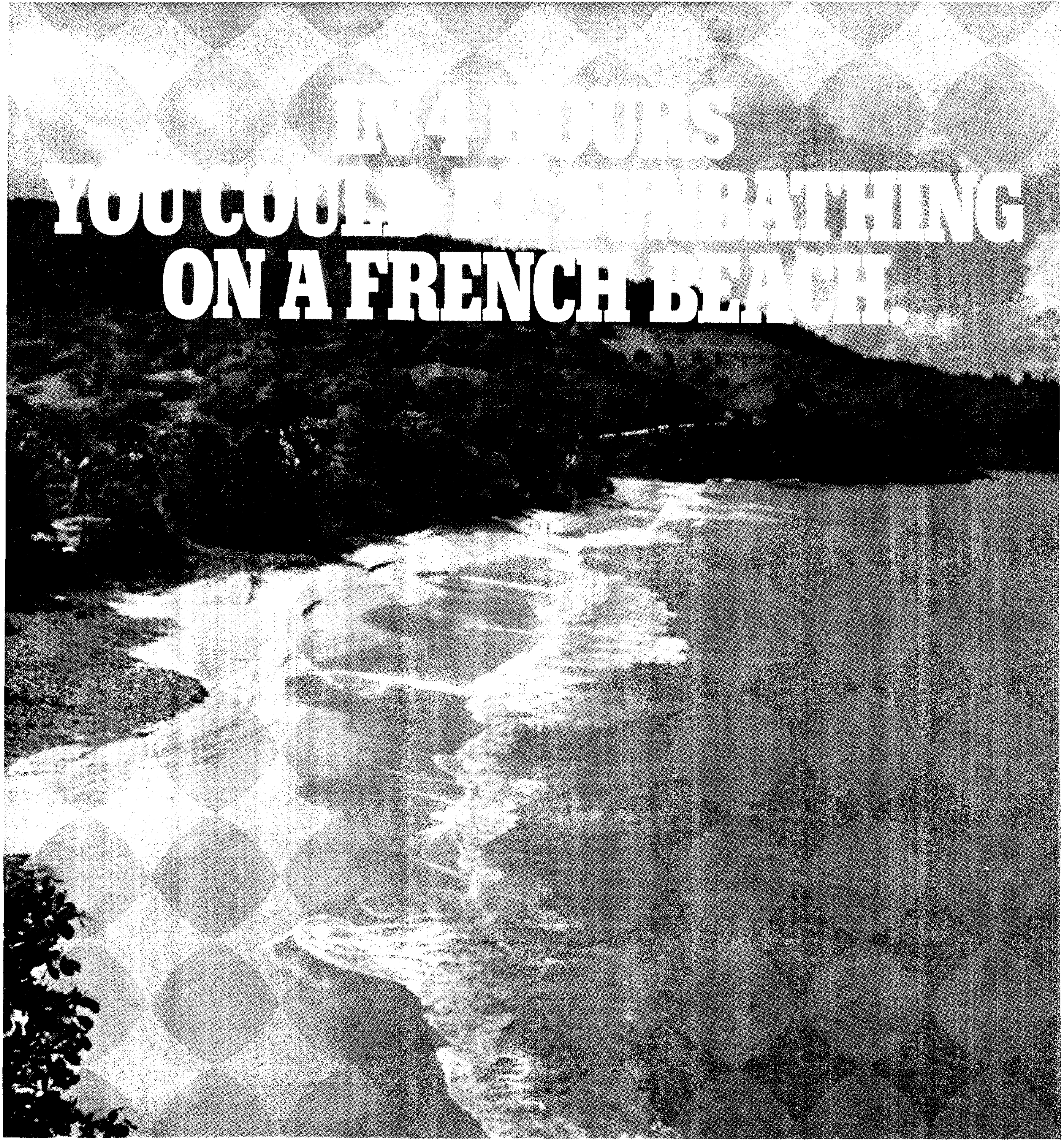

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Al Hirschfeld, Raphael Soyer, and others are exhibiting paintings, drawings, and graphics. Through Jan. 31. (Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Berenice Abbott—A retrospective made up of more than a hundred and eighty works by this veteran American photographer. Through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Bernhard and Hilla Becher—About eighty pictures of industrial plants in Pennsylvania coalfields. Through Thursday, Jan. 22. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Eugene Buechel (1874-1954)—Photographs of the Rosebud and Pine Ridge Indian Reservations taken between 1922 and 1942 by a South Dakota Jesuit priest and teacher. Through Feb. 8. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Van Deren Coke—Landscapes and other work by a well-known historian of photographs. Through Jan. 31. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Winthrop Edey—Landscapes and cityscapes taken in Venice, Mexico, and New York. Through Jan. 31. (Shepherd, 21 E. 84th St.)

Robert Monroe / Darryl Jones—Dye-transfers; one thousand toned prints (all variants using the same negative); and other manipulated prints. / Three-dimensional images printed on nonsoluble gelatin (also known as the carbo *process because the image is made of pow*dered carbon). Through Sunday, Jan. 18. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Thursdays, 1 to 8; Fridays and Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Group Shows—At the **International Center of Photography,** 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Fifty-six photographs of Chicago immigrants and workers that may or may not have been taken by Lewis W. Hine (1874-1940) but that do reflect his period. . . . ¶ Color photographs of the American scene by Ernst Haas. Both exhibitions through Feb. 1. (Open Sundays.). . . **Witkin,** 243 E. 60th St.: A hundred prints by ten photographers, among them Ansel Adams, Imogen Cunningham, Walker Evans, and Edward Weston. Through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The museum has acquired about twenty thousand art works in the last ten years, and of these, five hundred have been selected to illustrate, along with descriptive panels, how this institution goes about amassing its collections. Through March 23. . . . ¶ A private collection: the Norbert Schimmel assemblage of classical, Egyptian, and Near Eastern antiquities. Through March 23. . . . ¶ Eighteenth-century Italian architectural drawings, including an album by Filippo Juvara, as well as ornament drawings of stage sets and decorative objects, all from the museum's collection. Through March 14. . . . ¶ Portraits of, and clothing worn by, ten American women—Isadora Duncan, Josephine Baker, and Irene Langhorne Gibson among them—noted for their innovation and elegance in dress. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Printsequence," an exhibition of prints by Rauschenberg, Nolde, Lichtenstein, and others demonstrating variations within a series. Each print in an Andy Warhol series, for example, reproduces the image of Mao Tse-tung in a different color. Through Sunday, Jan. 18. . . . ¶ Photographs of Midwestern Indian reservations. Through Feb. 8. . . . ¶ Photographs of Pennsylvania coal-screening plants by Bernhard and Hilla Becher. Through Thursday, Jan. 22. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the work of Aristide Maillol, including bronzes (among them about two dozen *monumental pieces*), *terra*cottas, paintings, drawings, tapestries, and illustrated books. Through March 21. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

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Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective of the abstract sculptures of Mark di Suvero. The smaller pieces are on exhibit in the museum, and twelve monumental pieces have been installed in open spaces in all five boroughs. Through Feb. 8. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the paintings, assemblages, and drawings of one of the earliest American abstractionists, Arthur G. Dove. Through Sunday, Jan. 18. . . . ¶ Paintings and sculptures drawn from the collections of this country's oldest art institution, the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, along with *material documenting the academy's history.* Some of the artists included are Peale, Eakins, Sheeler, and Calder. Through Feb. 22. (Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; *Sundays, noon to 6.* . . . ¶ The second in a series of three programs this season by the Composers' Showcase will offer the Erick Hawkins Dance Company performing "Here and Now with Watchers" [with Lucia Dlugoszewski, *timbre piano*] *on* Thursday and Friday, Jan. 22-23, at 8:30. Tickets are now being issued on a first-come, first-served basis.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century silhouettes on paper and glass, from the museum's collection. Through Feb. 22. (This show opens at 1:30 on Fridays and Saturdays.). . . ¶ A show recording American and European men's and boys' fashions from the seventeenth century to the present day. Through Sunday, Jan. 18. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A display showing the techniques used by the museum's staff of artists, taxidermists, model-makers, and other reproduction specialists in mounting installations. Through April 30. . . . ¶ An eleven-minute slide show, with narration, of drawings and photographs that explain (in a mixture of story and fact) how hats are used all over the world, and a companion exhibit of hats worn by politicians and theatre people. Through Feb. 29. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Indian drawings and painted sketches dating from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth. Through Feb. 20. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—An exhibition of clay, stone, jade, and bronze figurines found in Chinese tombs dating from the third century through the sixth. Through Feb. 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Jewish Experience in the Art of the Twentieth Century," an exhibit of paintings, sculptures, and graphics by Chagall, Shahn, Soutine, Weber, Nevelson, and others. Through Jan. 25. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6. Additional hours for this exhibit: Wednesday evenings until 9.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—More than a hundred drawings from the Thaw collection, including examples by Rembrandt, Watteau, Degas, and Cézanne. . . . ¶ Charles Lamb's bicentenary is marked by a small show of autograph manuscripts, letters, and first editions. Both exhibitions through Feb. 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A show devoted to cats as depicted in American folk art: carousel cats, weathervane cats, papier-mâché cats, paintings of cats. Through March 26. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Nearly sixty-five pieces of furniture made in New York between 1740 and 1840. Also on view: a tool chest that belonged to cabinetmaker Duncan Phyfe. Through May 30. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Early manuscripts and printed editions *by American writers, ranging from Benjamin* Franklin to Walt Whitman, from the Berg Collection. (Weekdays, except Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Colored-pencil drawings by Cleveland Bellow. Through Feb. 1. . . . ¶ Paintings by Phillip Lindsay Mason. Through Feb. 15. . . . ¶ Collages, paintings, and pen-and-ink drawings by Michael Cummings. Through Feb. 15. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Jan. 14: "Il Trittico," consisting of three short operas—"Il Tabarro," with Teresa Kubiak, Lili Chookasian, Harry Theyard, and Cornell MacNeil; "Suor Angelica," with Gilda Cruz-Romo and Lili Chookasian; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Evelyn Mandac, Lili Chookasian, Ezio Flagello, Raymond Gibbs, and Raymond Michalski; conducted by Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 15: "Elektra," with Ursula Schröder-Feinen, Roberta Knie, Astrid Varnay, Robert Nagy, and William Dooley; Heinrich Hollreiser. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 16: "Boris Godunov," with Mignon Dunn, Martti Talvela, William Lewis, Robert Nagy, Andrea Velis, Morley Meredith, Lenus Carlson, Richard T. Gill, and Raymond Michalski; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 17: "The Siege of Corinth," with Beverly Sills, Shirley Verrett, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Justino Díaz, and Richard T. Gill; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 17: "Fidelio," with Gwyneth Jones, Judith Blegen, Jess Thomas, Donald McIntyre, John Macurdy, James Morris, and Kenneth Riegel; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Jan. 19: "Elektra," with Ursula Schröder-Feinen, Teresa Kubiak, Astrid Varnay, Robert Nagy, and Morley Meredith; Heinrich Hollreiser. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 20: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Frederica von Stade, Cynthia Munzer, Ryland Davies, Richard Stilwell, Fernando Corena, and James Morris; John Nelson. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 21: "La Traviata," with Beverly Sills, Stuart Burrows, and Ingvar Wixell; Sarah Caldwell. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 22: "Il Trittico"—"Il Tabarro," with Renata Scotto, Lili Chookasian, Harry Theyard, and Cornell MacNeil; "Suor Angelica," with Renata Scotto and Lili Chookasian; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Renata Scotto, Lili Chookasian, Frank Guarrera, Raymond Gibbs, and Raymond Michalski; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 23: "Fidelio," with Gwyneth Jones, Judith Blegen, Jess Thomas, Donald McIntyre, John Macurdy, James Morris, and Kenneth Riegel; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 24: "Boris Godunov," with Mignon Dunn, Martti Talvela, William Lewis, Robert Nagy, Andrea Velis, Morley Meredith, Lenus Carlson, Richard T. Gill, and Raymond Michalski; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 24: "The Siege of Corinth," with Beverly Sills, Shirley Verrett, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Justino Díaz, and Richard T. Gill; Richard Woitach. (Evenings at 8. Matinées Saturday, Jan. 17, at 2, and Saturday, Jan. 24, at 1:30.)

Bronx Opera Company—Two performances of Aaron Copland's "The Tender Land," staged by Richard Getke, with the Bronx Opera Orchestra conducted by Michael Spierman. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 16-17, at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Everett Lee conducting on Thursday, Jan. 15, and Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8:30, and Tuesday, Jan. 20, at 7:30 (all with Ruggiero Ricci, violin). . . . ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting on Friday, Jan. 16, at 8:30 (with Ivan Davis, piano). . . . ¶ André Previn conducting and acting as piano soloist on Thurs-

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day, Jan. 22, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 23, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Jan. 27, at 7:30.

BALTIMORE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Sergiu Comissiona conducting, with Ravi Shankar, sitar; Don Tison, trumpet; and Donald S. Sutherland, organ. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Jan. 15, at 8.)

SMETANA-DVOŘÁK CONCERT—Charlotte Bergen conducting a symphony orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 17, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA—Lukas Foss conducting an all-Tchaikovsky program, with Lazar Berman, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

NEW AND NEWER MUSIC—Dennis Russell Davies conducting the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra. (New York Public Library at Lincoln Center Auditorium, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Thursday, Jan. 22, at 7:30. For tickets, which will not be on sale at the auditorium, call 362-1911.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Mary Louise Boehm, piano, and Gervase De Peyer, clarinet. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

DESSOFF CHOIRS—Michael Hammond directing an all-Schubert concert, with a chamber orchestra and soloists. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Jan. 19, at 8.)

MUSICA SACRA ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS—Richard Westenburg directing a program of Bach cantatas, with Phyllis Curtin, soprano; Elaine Bonazzi and Shirley Love, mezzo-sopranos; Charles Bressler, tenor; and Thomas Paul, bass. (Medieval Sculpture Court, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Jan. 22, at 8.)

VIENNA CHOIR BOYS—Uwe Harrer directing. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Jan. 23, at 8.)

RECITALS

VIRGIL FOX—Organ. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 14, at 8.)

REGIS PASQUIER—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 14, at 8.)

FERNANDO VALENTI—Harpsichord, in an all-Scarlatti program. (Vélez Blanco Patio, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Wednesday, Jan. 14, at 8.)

JANOS STARKER AND JEROME ROSE—Cello and piano, in a recital of Beethoven and Brahms sonatas. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Jan. 15, at 8.)

RENATA TEBALDI—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

GINA BACHAUER—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

CESARE SIEPI—Bass-baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

ANDRES SEGOVIA—Classical guitarist. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Jan. 18, at 3.)

ISAAC STERN AND HIS FRIENDS—The second of two concerts, this one played by Mr. Stern and Pinchas Zukerman, violin and viola. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 18, at 3.)

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—Jean-Pierre Rampal and Eugenia Zuckerman, flute; Ani Kavafian, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 18, at 5, and Tuesday, Jan. 20, at 7:30.)

CANTILENA CHAMBER PLAYERS—William Masselos and Frank Glazer, piano; Edna Michell, violin; Harry Zaratzian, viola; Paul Tobias, cello; and Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano, in the first in a series of three concerts at which composers (in this case Morton Feldman and David Amram) will comment on their own works. (Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St. Sunday, Jan. 18, at 5. For information about tickets, call 860-1888.)

EASTMAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC SERIES—The first in a series of five concerts by faculty members, this one performed by Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; Thomas Paul, bass; and Robert Spillman, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 18, at 8.)

J. LESLEY VARNER—Tuba. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Jan. 18, at 8:30.)

AMERICAN BRASS QUINTET—The second in a series of three programs, this one with Harvey Phillips, tuba. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Jan. 19, at 8.)

BETTY ALLEN—Mezzo-soprano. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 20, at 8.)

CLEVELAND QUARTET—The fourth in a series of five concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 22, at 8.)

JEAN-PIERRE RAMPAL—Flute, with Martine Geliot, harp, and the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra conducted by Dennis Russell Davies. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 23, at 8.)

KARL KRABER—Flute, with Mary Beth Peil, soprano; Jerry Kirkbride, clarinet; Edward Brewer, harpsichord, and Fortunato Arico, cello. The last in a series of recitals. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Jan. 23, at 8:30.)

NOBUKO IMAI—Viola. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Jan. 24, at 2:30.)

JANET BAKER—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

JAN DEGAETANI—*Mezzo-soprano. (Hunter* College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

ANNE PERRET AND RODRIGO DE ZAYAS—Mezzo-soprano and lute/theorbo/vihuela. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

AULOS WIND QUINTET—With Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano, and Paula Robison, flute. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8:30, and Sunday, Jan. 25, at 2.)

MISCELLANY

ROYAL MARINES AND THE BLACK WATCH—The massed bands, pipes, drums, and dancers of these two British regiments. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday, Jan. 22, at 7:30; Saturday, Jan. 24, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Jan. 25, at 1:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. *between 31st and 33rd* Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Portland, Tuesday, Jan. 20, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Friday, Jan. 23, at 7:30. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM (all *games at 8:05): Nets vs. Virginia, Friday,* Jan. 16. . . . ¶ Nets vs. San Antonio, Sunday, Jan. 18. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Denver, Tuesday, Jan. 20. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Kentucky, Friday, Jan. 23.

HOCKEY—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Wednesday, Jan. 21, at 7:35. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Atlanta Flames, Saturday, Jan. 17. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Detroit Red Wings, Thursday, Jan. 22. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Los Angeles Kings, Saturday, Jan. 24.

RACING—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, May 15. The Aqueduct Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 17, and the Affectionately Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 24. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Friday, March 12.

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, March 6.

ET ALIA

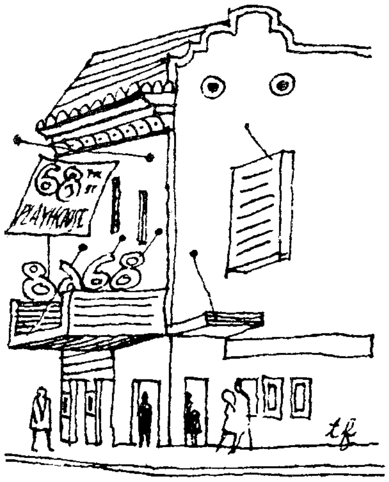
LECTURE—The third in a series of four lectures under the title "About Food," this one given by James Beard. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Jan. 17, at 10:30 A.M.)

NATIONAL BOAT SHOW—The sixty-sixth annual display of inboards, outboards, sailboats, dinghies, cruisers, canoes, and everything that goes with them. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 14-*16, from noon to 10*; Saturday, Jan. 17, from 10 to 10; and Sunday, Jan. 18, from noon to 7.)

AUCTIONS—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Jan. 15, at 2: The American Shakespeare Theatre Collection of paintings, drawings, and ceramics. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 16, at 10:15 and 2, and Saturday, Jan. 17, at 2: Chinese snuff bottles, jades, ceramics, and paintings, as well as Oriental furniture, decorations, and rugs; from several collectors. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 21, at 2: Jewelry, from many owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 17. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Jan. 22-23, at 2: Old Master paintings, from various owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 17.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Dog Day Afternoon."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1055)
Through Jan. 20: "Mahogany" and "Once Is Not Enough."
From Jan. 21: "Flesh Gordon" (X-rated) and "The Groove Tube."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Jan. 20: "Taking Off" and "The Angel Levine."
From Jan. 21: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Jan. 20: "Hard Times" and "The Fortune."
From Jan. 21: "The Lion in Winter" and "A Touch of Class."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Hindenburg."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Jan. 15: "Blackbeard's Ghost" and "The Sword in the Stone."
From Jan. 16: To be announced.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"All Screwed Up."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Lucky Lady."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Story of O" (X-rated).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Hester Street."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Barry Lyndon."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Man Who Would Be King."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
Through Jan. 20: "The Naughty Victorians" (X-rated).
From Jan. 21: "Divine Obsession" (X-rated).

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Story of Joanna" (X-rated).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Bugs Bunny Superstar."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Story of Adèle H."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through Jan. 20: "Distant Thunder."
From Jan. 21: "Seven Beauties."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Black Bird."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The Black Bird."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Farewell, My Lovely" and "The Culpepper Cattle Co."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Jan. 17: "Distance."
From Jan. 18: "The Slap."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Jan. 20: "The Romantic Englishwoman."
From Jan. 21: "The Other Side of the Mountain."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Swept Away."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Jan. 20: "The Life and Times of Grizzly Adams."
From Jan. 21: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Jan. 15: "The Adventures of the Wilderness Family."
From Jan. 16: "Rooster Cogburn."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Dog Day Afternoon."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Hindenburg."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Hustle."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through the afternoon of Jan. 19: "Killer Elite."
From Jan. 19 at 8: "Farewell Scarlet" (X-rated).

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Aaron Loves Angela."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through Jan. 15: "Blackbeard's Ghost" and "The Sword in the Stone."
From Jan. 16: "Las Vegas Lady."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Three Days of the Condor."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Distant Thunder."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Killer Elite" and "The Taking of Pelham One Two Three."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Jan. 20 at one or another of the theatres: "Smile" and "Thieves Like Us"/"Swept Away"/"The Romantic Englishwoman"/Two X-rated films.
From Jan. 21: To be announced.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Adventures of the Wilderness Family."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
Through Jan. 21: "The Sunshine Boys."
From Jan. 22: Theatre temporarily closed.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Barry Lyndon."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"The Magic Flute."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Jan. 20: "Let's Do It Again" and "McQ."
From Jan. 21: "Death Wish" and "The Longest Yard."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Lies My Father Told Me."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Don Quixote."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Jan. 17: "Bugs Bunny Superstar."
From Jan. 18: "The Battle of Algiers."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Swept Away."

Loews 83rd St. 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Three Days of the Condor."
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 15: "Blackbeard's Ghost" and "The Sword in the Stone."
From Jan. 16: "Las Vegas Lady."
Theatre 3: "Old Dracula."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Jan. 20: "The Seduction of Mimi" and "Love and Anarchy."
From Jan. 21: To be announced.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"Dog Day Afternoon."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"Gone with the Wind."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Jan. 20: "Let's Do It Again" and "The Getaway."
From Jan. 21: To be announced.

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres show revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Jan. 14: "Notorious" (1946), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant and Ingrid Bergman; and "The 39 Steps" (1935), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat.
Jan. 15: "Nosferatu" (1922), directed by F. W. Murnau; "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1919), directed by Robert Wiene, with Conrad Veidt and Werner Krauss; and "Un Chien Andalou" (1928), directed by Luis Buñuel, with Pierre Batcheff, Salvador Dali, and Buñuel himself.
Jan. 16: "Payday" (1973), directed by Daryl Duke, with Rip Torn; and "Johnny Cash" (1970), directed by Robert Elfstrom, a documentary film.
Jan. 17: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972), in French and English, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider (X-rated); and "The Spider's Stratagem." (†)
Jan. 18: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (1966), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with a cast of nonprofessionals; and "Brother Sun, Sister Moon" (1973), directed by Franco Zeffirelli, with Graham Faulkner as Francis of Assisi.
Jan. 19: "The Servant" (†) and "The Go-Between." (†)
Jan. 20: "The Land" (1969) and "The Sparrow" (1973), both films in Egyptian and both directed by Youssef Chahine.
Jan. 21: "A Safe Place" (†) and "Pretty Poison." (†)
Jan. 22: "The Story of a Three Day Pass" (†) and "Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Jan. 14: "The Firemen's Ball" (1967), a Czech film, directed by Miloš Forman; and "Taking Off." (†)
Jan. 15: "The Middle of the World" (1975), in French, directed by Alain Tanner, with Olimpia Carlisi and Philippe Léotard; and "Charles Dead or Alive" (1969), in French, directed by Alain Tanner, with François Simon.
Jan. 16: "The Bad and the Beautiful" (1953), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Lana Turner and Kirk Douglas; and "Sweet Smell of Success." (†)
Jan. 17: "Jules and Jim" (1962), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jeanne Moreau and Oskar Werner; and "Women in Love" (1970), directed by Ken Russell, with Alan Bates, Oliver Reed, and Glenda Jackson.
Jan. 18: "Children of Paradise" (1945), in French, directed by Marcel Carné, with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, and Pierre Renoir.
Jan. 19: "The Fugitive Kind" (†); and "One-Eyed Jacks" (1961), directed by Marlon Brando, with Mr. Brando, Karl Malden, and Katy Jurado.
Jan. 20: "Body and Soul" (†); and "The Set-Up" (1949), directed by Robert Wise, with Robert Ryan, Audrey Totter, and George Tobias.
Jan. 21: "Fear Eats the Soul-Ali" (1974), in German, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder, with Brigitte Mira; and "All That Heaven Allows." (†)
Jan. 22: "Miracle in Milan" (1951), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Francesco Golissano, Brunella Bovo, Paolo Stoppa, and Emma Gramatica; and "Umberto D." (†)

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Jan. 14: "Musashi and Kojiro" (1956), in

Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki, with Toshiro Mifune; and "Swords of Death" (1971), in Japanese, directed by Tomu Uchida.

Jan. 15: "Trail of Blood" (1974), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Misumi; and "Samurai Rebellion" (1967), in Japanese, directed by Masaki Kobayashi, with Toshiro Mifune.

Jan. 16: "Sword of Vengeance" (1973), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Misumi; and "Samurai Assassin" (1965), in Japanese, directed by Kihachi Okamoto, with Toshiro Mifune.

Jan. 17: "The Sword of Doom" (1967), and "Kill!" (1968), both films in Japanese and both directed by Kihachi Okamoto.

Jan. 18: "Zatoichi at Large" (1973), in Japanese, directed by Kazuo Mori; and "Kojiro" (1966), in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki.

Jan. 19: "Samurai Saga" (1959), and "Bandits on the Wind" (1961), both films in Japanese and both directed by Hiroshi Inagaki.

Jan. 20: "Kuroneko" (1968), in Japanese, directed by Kaneto Shindo; and "Sanjuro" (1963), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.

Jan. 21: "The Saphead." (†)

Jan. 22: "Go West" (†) and "College." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400) Through Jan. 17: "Red Dust" (1932), directed by Victor Fleming, with Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, and Mary Astor; and "Bombshell" (1933), directed by Victor Fleming, with Jean Harlow, Lee Tracy, and Franchot Tone.

Jan. 18-20: "The Hollywood Revue" (†) and "Paramount on Parade." (†)

Jan. 21-22: "The Roaring Twenties" (†) and "Manpower." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Eleven programs in a series of Mexican films directed by Luis Buñuel, in Spanish: Jan. 15 at 5:30: "Gran Casino" (1947), no English subtitles.... Jan. 15 at 8: "Daughter of Deceit" (1951), English subtitles.... Jan. 16 at 2: "Susana" (1951), no English subtitles.... Jan. 17 at 3: "Mexican Bus Ride" (1952), English subtitles.... Jan. 17 at 5:30: "A Woman Without Love" (1952), no English subtitles.... Jan. 18 at 3: "The Brute" (1953), no English subtitles.... Jan. 19 at 2: "A Woman Without Love".... Jan. 19 at 5:30: "Wuthering Heights" (1954), no English subtitles.... Jan. 20 at 2: "The Brute.".... Jan. 22 at 5:30: "This Strange Passion" (1953), English subtitles.... Jan. 22 at 8: "Wuthering Heights.".... ¶ Other, non-Buñuel, films scheduled during this period are: Jan. 15 at 2 and Jan. 16 at 5:30: "No-Man's Land" (1931), a German film in several languages, directed by Victor Trivas; some English narration.... Jan. 17-18 at noon: "Help!" (1965), directed by Richard Lester, with the Beatles.... Jan. 18 at 5:30: "L'Avventura" (1960), in Italian, directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Monica Vitti; English subtitles.... Jan. 22 at 2: "Wuthering Heights" (1939), directed by William Wyler, with Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier, and David Niven. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Jan. 20: "What Maisie Knew," directed by Babette Mangolte. Showings at noon, 2, and 4 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evenings).... ¶ Starting Jan. 21: A program of three films by Barry Gerson. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30. Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Brakhage, Dreyer, Bresson, Buñuel, Sonnier, Cocteau, Dovzhenko, and others. Showings Jan. 14 at 6 and 8; Jan. 15 at 6, 8, and 10; Jan. 16 at 6 and 8; Jan. 17 at 2:30 and 6; Jan. 18 at 8; and Jan. 20-22 at 6, 8, and 10.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—"An Infinite Tenderness" (1972), directed by Paul Jallaud, a French film with no dialogue. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

Aaron Loves Angela—With Moses Gunn, Kevin Hooks, and Robert Hooks; directed by Gordon Parks, Jr. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother—Gene Wilder's talent is evident in the many nice leafy touches, but in his first attempt at a tripleheader (writer-director-star) he gets bogged down in an overelaborate production. With Madeline Kahn, Marty Feldman, Dom DeLuise, and Leo McKern. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/22/75.) (Loews Tower East, and Little Carnegie.)

The Adventures of the Wilderness Family—With Robert F. Logan, directed by Stewart Raffill. (Guild.... ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Jan. 15.)

All Screwed Up—Directed by Lina Wertmüller. In Italian. (Eastside Cinema.)

All That Heaven Allows (1956)—A trashy love story about the attraction between a natural man (Rock Hudson, as a New England tree surgeon) and a frustrated-by-respectability rich widow (Jane Wyman) who is some fifteen years older than he and has two grown children. Hudson and Wyman are hardly an electric combination, but this Ross Hunter production is made with such consistent symbolism that some people see it as allegorical. Its reputation derives from the slurpy, peculiarly glossy intensity of Douglas Sirk's direction. Sirk's blend of Germanic kitsch and Hollywood kitsch has been a major influence on the young German director Fassbinder, whose work is a further formalization of Sirk's schematic sentimentality. With Agnes Moorehead and Gigi Perreau. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 21.)

The Angel Levine (1970)—Bernard Malamud's fable about an elderly Jewish tailor who is too skeptical to accept a black Jewish angel whom God has sent to help him. Unfortunately, the audience also has a hard time accepting the angel (Harry Belafonte). Uninspired. With Zero Mostel and Ida Kaminska. Jan Kadar directed. (Cinema Village; through Jan. 20.)

Barry Lyndon—Stanley Kubrick's stately tour of European high life in the mid-eighteenth century—a coffee-table movie, with Ryan O'Neal and Marisa Berenson. (12/29/75) (Baronet, and Ziegfeld.)

The Battle of Algiers (1965)—An extraordinary re-creation of the Algerian fight for independence. Gillo Pontecorvo directed this controversial modern classic, which stirs emotions in theatres all over the world. In French and Arabic. (Regency; starting Jan. 18.)

Blackbeard's Ghost (1968)—From the Disney studios, with Peter Ustinov and Dean Jones, directed by Robert Stevenson. (34th St. East, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Loews 83rd St.; through Jan. 15.)

The Black Bird—With George Segal and Stéphane Audran, directed by David Giler. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Columbia I, and Columbia II.)

Body and Soul (1947)—Robert Rossen's celebrated prizefighting melodrama, from a script by Abraham Polonsky. It has energy, but it's also rather corny, and when it came out it felt like a thirties movie. John Garfield is the fighter, and Lilli Palmer the girl who recites Blake to him. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 20.)

Bugs Bunny Superstar—A collection of ten Warner Brothers Looney Tunes cartoons, with Bugs Bunny, Elmer Fudd, Tweety-Pie, and others. (D. W. Griffith.... ¶ Regency; through Jan. 17.)

College (1927)—A beautiful little comedy. Buster Keaton is a bookworm, working his way through college and determined to become a star athlete. The story line isn't as miraculously fresh as in a couple of his films, but it allows for some of his most startlingly inventive stunts. Despite the many pilferings from this film (it has been a gold mine for other comedians), the routines are executed with such impeccable precision and with such an air of confident innocence that they are charged with surprise—and probably will be forever. (Elgin; Jan. 22.)

The Culpepper Cattle Co. (1972)—With Gary Grimes, directed by Dick Richards. A nonentity. (Beekman.)

Death Wish (1974)—A death-wishing, irresponsible picture about muggings in New York, with a hammy performance by Charles Bronson. The thesis (if there is one) is that good old American-frontier individualism is represented by a vigilante who manages to kill any number of muggers because of the abominable freedom of the American gun laws. Directed by Michael Winner. (8/26/74) (Playboy; starting Jan. 21.)

Distance—With Paul Benjamin, directed by Anthony Lover. (68th St. Playhouse; through Jan. 17.)

Distant Thunder—Satyajit Ray sets this film in a torpid Bengali village in the early nineteen-forties. Soumitra Chatterji, Ray's one-man stock company, who played the passionately romantic Apu in "The World of Apu," is cast as a newly arrived Brahmin, the only educated man for miles around. "You are the jewel in our crown," the ignorant villagers tell him, and he agrees. But the faraway Second World War causes the price of rice to soar, the traditions that bind the community are eroded, and the condescending Brahmin is no longer treated as a jewel. This isn't one of Ray's greatest films; it's forced and riddled with flaws. Yet it's still a Satyajit Ray film, full of feeling and astonishingly beautiful. In Bengali. (11/10/75) (8th St. Playhouse.... ¶ Cinema II; through Jan. 20.)

Dog Day Afternoon—Sidney Lumet's intelligent though overgalvanized farce about a Brooklyn bank robbery carried out by Al Pacino as a homosexual named Sonny, and John Cazale as a droop-haired, literary-looking ex-con. The pure show-biz energy of the tale—based on a real New York episode—takes it sometimes into the realm of Broadway-comedy glibness, but the mask of frenetic cliché doesn't spoil moments of pure reporting on people in extremity. (9/22/75) (Art, U. A. East, and Symphony.)

Don Quixote (1973)—The Petipa ballet to the music of Minkus, staged by and starring Rudolf Nureyev, with Robert Helpmann as the Don, and with dancers of the Australian Ballet. It has the cushioned impact of all ballets filmed in studios, and its air of unreality may make you drowsy, but Nureyev, aided by the multiple takes that this process makes possible, disports himself with inhuman zest, and the bewitching Marilyn Rowe appears in two of the featured roles. (Cinema Studio.)

Farewell, My Lovely—And goodbye to this gorged latest remake of Raymond Chandler, too. With Robert Mitchum and Charlotte Rampling, directed by Dick Richards. (9/1/75) (Beekman.)

The Fortune—Charmless slapstick farce, set in the twenties. Warren Beatty and Jack Nicholson are the mercenary clowns who fumble in their attempts to kill an heiress (Stockard Channing). Mike Nichols directed, from Adrien Joyce's screenplay. The tone is too playful, too bright—you can see where you're meant to laugh, but you don't feel like it. Some vital element seems to be missing—affection, maybe. Jack Nicholson has some high comic moments, but the film isn't likable. (Gramercy; through Jan. 20.)

The Fugitive Kind (1960)—Written by Tennessee Williams. Sidney Lumet directed. See the film, although the combination accentuates the florid in both of them and suppresses poetry. Marlon Brando is a nomadic guitar player, Anna Magnani is the starved wife of a cross invalid in a spiteful Southern community. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 19.)

The Getaway (1972)—Another bank heist, and the wholesome, clean-cut robber pair (Steve McQueen and Ali MacGraw) take forever to make it across the Mexican border with their loot. Sam Peckinpah directed in imitation of Sam Peckinpah; it's a mechanical job, embellished with a vicious, erotic subplot involving Al Lettieri and Sally Struthers. (Olympia; through Jan. 20.)

The Go-Between (1971)—Harold Pinter wrote the stinging screenplay of this 1900 period piece (from an L. P. Hartley novel) about a twelve-year-old schoolboy at a posh Norfolk house party who is press-ganged into being the postman between Julie Christie, the heiress of the hall, and Alan Bates, a mere tenant farmer. Accurate about the English class system, pretty to look at, rather coldhearted. With Margaret Leighton. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 19.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. Parts of them, that is. With the widening of the image, the actors have been reduced to torsos. (Thalia.)

Go West (1925)—Unique among the Buster Keaton comedies in that it aims for intense pathos; however, it's sad and funny at the same time—which wasn't true of Chaplin's pathos. Keaton plays Friendless—a lonely, buffeted, uncomplaining drifter without home, country, or dime. Having found the city's heart cold, he hides in a freight train going to Arizona, and there among the cacti he finds his first and only comfort and fellowship in a sad-eyed cow. Together they weather it through storm and sunshine. Keaton is so unembarrassed and so unself-consciously stoic in adversity that the pathos is never offensive—not even when a dog he tries to pat moves away from him. It's a strange, beautiful movie, directed and partly written by Keaton right after the breakup of the team he had been working with since his two-reeler days. There's an extraordinary finale, in which Friendless and Brown Eyes the Cow round up hundreds of steers that are bellowing through the streets of Los Angeles. (Elgin; Jan. 22.)

The Groove Tube (1974)—Inoffensively scatological revue, lampooning TV, Kubrick's "2001," and American culture. About half of the scattershot, manic skits are very funny; the others might have been funny, too, if their timing had been better. At the end, the talented director and star, Ken Shapiro, does a lovely, flaked-out dance through rush-hour crowds along Park Avenue. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Jan. 21.)

Hard Times—This first feature directed by the young screenwriter Walter Hill is unusually effective pulp—perhaps even great pulp. Looking like an authentic Depression worker, Charles Bronson plays an aging itinerant who hooks up with a gambler (James Coburn) and fights—bare-fisted, no-holds-barred—for gambling stakes. Hill gets our hearts pounding in fear that this loner-hero will be hurt or vanquished, but you don't resent the film's grip on you, because Hill respects the loner-underdog myth. Shot on locations in and around New Orleans; with Strother Martin as a hophead medic, and Jill Ireland. (10/6/75) (Gramercy; through Jan. 20.)

Hester Street—A modest comedy about the assimilation process among a group of Russian-Jewish immigrants living on the lower East Side in 1896. Independently made, this first feature by the writer-director Joan Micklin Silver begins lamely, but it wins one over. Carol Kane is lovely as the timid, pious, rejected wife of a sweatshop worker who has broken away from the Old World traditions she represents. Mel Howard plays Bernstein, the scholarly boarder who loves her. (11/24/75) (Plaza.)

The Hindenburg—With George C. Scott and Anne Bancroft, directed by Robert Wise. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Murray Hill, and Loews Orpheum.)

The Hollywood Revue (1929)—M-G-M put this lavish revue together (it originally had Technicolor sequences) and threw in their biggest stars. Conrad Nagel (always pallid but considered full of prestige) and Jack Benny are the masters of ceremony; Joan Crawford sings; Marie Dressler and Polly Moran do a skit; Marion Davies sings and taps; Norma Shearer and John Gilbert do a flapper "Romeo and Juliet;" and so on and on, with minstrel choruses and the Albertina Rasch Ballet. The quality is extremely variable, but it contains so much of the history of popular theatre that it's invaluable. Charles Reisner directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 18-20.)

Hustle—With Burt Reynolds and Catherine Deneuve, directed by Robert Aldrich. (Loews Ciné.)

Killer Elite—Sam Peckinpah's most compelling film in several years—a poetic, corkscrew vision of the modern world, claustrophobically exciting. The somewhat incoherent story is about a professional killer (James Caan) who turns against his employers—a company with C.I.A. connections—but the energy and the

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humor appear to derive from Peckinpah's own desire for revenge against his movie-business employers. With Gig Young, Robert Duvall, Burt Young, Bo Hopkins, and Arthur Hill. (1/12/76) (Greenwich. . . . ¶ 86th St. East; through the afternoon of Jan. 19.)

Las Vegas Lady—With Stella Stevens and Stuart Whitman, directed by Noel Nosseck. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Loews 83rd St.; starting Jan. 16.)

Let's Do It Again—An innocent, cheerful farce about an Atlanta milkman (Sidney Poitier) and a factory worker (Bill Cosby) who go to New Orleans and pull off a great scam. Cosby looks spaced out on his own amiability, and he floats away with the show; Poitier, who directed, plays straight man to him and gives an embarrassed, unfunny performance. It's crude slapstick, but the people on the screen are very likable. The cast includes Jimmie Walker, Ossie Davis, Julius Harris, Mel Stewart, John Amos, Lee Chamberlin, Denise Nicholas, and Calvin Lockhart. (11/3/75) (Playboy, and Olympia; through Jan. 20.)

Lies My Father Told Me—A Canadian film, with Yossi Yadin. Directed by Jan Kadar. (Paris.)

The Life and Times of Grizzly Adams—With Dan Haggerty, directed by Richard Friedenberg. (Juliet 2; through Jan. 20.)

The Lion in Winter (1968)—Imitation wit and imitation poetry at the court of the Plantagenets. Anthony Harvey directed James Goldman's adaptation of his own play. Peter O'Toole is in great voice and good spirits as Henry II; Katharine Hepburn is Eleanor of Aquitaine. (Gramercy; starting Jan. 21.)

The Longest Yard (1974)—Burt Reynolds, as a sellout quarterback turned superstud gigolo, lands in prison; he rediscovers his manhood through helping a bunch of convicts fight for theirs. The picture is a brutal bash, but the laughter at the brutality has no meanness in it: everybody knows that the blood isn't real. Robert Aldrich directed this comic fantasy, centering on a football game between crazily ruthless convicts and crazily ruthless guards; for all its bone-crunching collisions, it's almost irresistibly good-natured and funny. With Ed Lauter, Eddie Albert, and Bernadette Peters. (10/14/74) (Playboy; starting Jan. 21.)

Love and Anarchy (1973)—Lina Wertmüller's large, epic film is set mostly in a thirties brothel; there, a young country bumpkin (Giancarlo Giannini, looking like a freckled young chicken), who intends to assassinate Mussolini, falls in love and botches his plans. The movie is uneven; it often seems like a silent film, and sometimes it is extravagant and operatic. But when Wertmüller concentrates on the whores' faces and attitudes it can be very beautiful. In Italian. (New Yorker; through Jan. 20.)

Lucky Lady—An agents' picture—everybody's rip-off, and a mangy insult to the audience. Liza Minnelli is a blond toughie, and Gene Hackman and Burt Reynolds are her competing lovers; they're rumrunners in the early thirties, and meant to be adorable. Stanley Donen directed. (12/29/75) (Trans-Lux East.)

The Magic Flute—Ingmar Bergman said that making this film "was the best time of my life; you can't imagine what it is like to have Mozart's music in the studio every day." Actually, watching the movie, one can. He has treated Mozart's peerlessly silly masterpiece with elegance and supreme affection. In Swedish. (11/17/75) (Festival.)

Mahogany—Diana Ross in a garish, garbled version of outmoded white kitsch. She plays a secretary from the South Side of Chicago, who becomes the first black model to crack the color bar, goes on to be a whirling international celebrity, and then gives it all up to help her black lover (Billy Dee Williams) fight to improve conditions at home. The decadent whites who paw her or bitch at her include Tony Perkins, Nina Foch, Marisa Mell, and Jean-Pierre Aumont. Berry Gordy directed. (10/27/75) (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 20.)

Manpower (1941)—This is one of those roughneck melodramas about two men friends who both fall for the same woman. Marlene Dietrich comes out of prison after serving a year for theft and gets involved with Edward G. Robinson and his buddy. George Raft, who are Los Angeles light-and-power-company linemen; the hackneyed situation isn't improved by a tragic ending—Robinson attacks Raft on a high-tension tower during a storm. Dietrich has never seemed more foolishly miscast than in her bungalow apron baking biscuits for good, honest Robinson. Jerry Wald helped concoct the script; Raoul Walsh directed. With Alan Hale, Eve Arden, Ward Bond, Frank McHugh, and Faye Emerson. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 21-22.)

The Man Who Would Be King—John Huston's exhilaratingly farfetched adventure fantasy, starring Sean Connery and Michael Caine as the Kipling heroes who set out to conquer a barbarous land. A beautifully crafted ironic fable about imperialism. (1/5/76) (Coronet.)

McQ (1974)—Prostratingly dull. John Wayne, eager to change his image, plays a tough cop, modelled on Clint Eastwood's Harry Callahan. As a member of the Seattle police force, Wayne clutches a little gun in gnarled hands the size of cattle hocks. John Sturges directed, at a funereal pace. (2/11/74) (Playboy; through Jan. 20.)

Old Dracula—With David Niven as the Count. Directed by Clive Donner. (Loews 83rd St.)

Once Is Not Enough—This adaptation of Jacqueline Susann's infatuated exposé of the scandalous goings on among celebrities wants so badly to be shocking and is actually so naive that you begin to feel some affection for its silly sleaziness. Brenda Vaccaro is entertainingly spunky as a Helen Gurley Brownish editor, and David Janssen gives a surprisingly energetic performance as a Norman Mailer-like brawling writer. The others include George Hamilton and Kirk Douglas, and Alexis Smith and Melina Mercouri, who have an excruciating lesbian scene. Guy Green directed, unevenly, from a too-sober script by Julius J. Epstein. (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 20.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Smashingly effective version of Ken Kesey's novel about a rebel-outcast (Jack Nicholson) who is locked in a hospital for the insane. Louise Fletcher is Nurse Ratched, and Will Sampson is Chief Broom. Miloš Forman's intelligent, tentative direction lacks the excitement of movie art, but the story and the acting make the film emotionally powerful. (12/1/75) (Sutton, and Paramount.)

The Other Side of the Mountain—With Marilyn Hassett and Beau Bridges, directed by Larry Peerce. (72nd Street East; starting Jan. 21.)

Paramount on Parade (1930)—A lavish all-star musical revue, directed by Dorothy Arzner, Ernst Lubitsch, Rowland V. Lee, Edward Sutherland, and others, and supervised by Elsie Janis. The numbers include Ruth Chatterton singing "My Marine" to a quartet that includes Fredric March; Clara Bow, with Jack Oakie, and Skeets Gallagher, in "I'm True to the Navy Now;" Helen Kane as a schoolteacher singing "What Did Cleopatra Say?" to the children, who reply "Boop Boopa Doop;" William Powell as Philo Vance and Clive Brook as Sherlock Holmes in "Murder Will Out." Among the other stars are Nancy Carroll, Maurice Chevalier, Nino Martini, Jean Arthur, Gary Cooper, Fay Wray, Lillian Roth, Dennis King, Kay Francis, and Buddy Rogers. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 18-20.)

Pretty Poison (1968)—A subtle and intelligent little psychological thriller, shot on location in Great Barrington. Anthony Perkins and Tuesday Weld give fine performances under the direction of Noel Black. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 21.)

The Roaring Twenties (1939)—James Cagney and Humphrey Bogart grow up together, come back from the First World War, and get into the rackets. Too mechanical a view of character; the whole thing is a little simpleminded. Raoul Walsh directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 21-22.)

The Romantic Englishwoman—Michael Caine is the pulp-writer husband, and Glenda Jackson is the discontented wife, and this is another flaccid essay on infidelity, with prissy-mouthed Helmut Berger as the gigolo-intruder. Directed by Joseph Losey. (12/8/75) (72nd Street East, and Quad Cinema; through Jan. 20.)

Rooster Cogburn—Just about the worst. A Western shoot-'em-up, with John Wayne wallowing in the role of the one-eyed U.S. marshal carried over from "True Grit." Katharine Hepburn—her role lifted bodily from "The African Queen"—plays the schoolteacher-daughter of a missionary to the Indians. When Wayne and Hepburn spar, it's mortifyingly blunt vaudeville, and their inevitable mutual admiration comes all too coyly soon. Stuart Millar directed, from a script written by the producer Hal Wallis, his wife, Martha Hyer, and others; they all hid—as well they should have—under the pseudonym Martin Julien. (11/3/75) (Trans-Lux 85th St.; starting Jan. 16.)

A Safe Place (1971)—Even hardened moviegoers stumble out after a half hour of this one. With Tuesday Weld, Orson Welles, and Jack Nicholson, directed by Henry Jaglom. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 21.)

The Saphead (1920)—When Buster Keaton was twenty-five, in 1920, he made this first feature, which is a noble comic masterpiece

R. MacMillan

about an immensely rich goof's passion for a girl called Agnes. The film lingered in Keaton's possession, unseen by the public until twenty years ago. Twelve years ago, Raymond Rohauer began to untangle the legal knots that had confined it to obscurity. Now transferred from tinted nitrate stock to Technicolor safety film, it is a joyous movie. The august young Keaton is clearly already a master of his stoic craft. The film includes a balletically timed and persistent knocking off of his hat by wealthy young asses in the Stock Exchange, with Keaton, small and staring in the middle of the joust, dressed in spats, morning coat, elegantly cut trousers, a gleaming top hat, and exquisitely stitched gloves. (Elgin; Jan. 21.)

The Seduction of Mimi (1972)—Written and directed by Lina Wertmüller. A very funny farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (6/24/74) (New Yorker; through Jan. 20.)

The Servant (1963)—Dirk Bogarde, James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles in a spooky tale of corruption abovestairs and below. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 19.)

Seven Beauties—With Giancarlo Giannini and Fernando Rey, directed by Lina Wertmüller. In Italian. (Cinema II; starting Jan. 21.)

The Slap—With Lino Ventura, Annie Girardot, and Isabelle Adjani; directed by Claude Pinoteau. In French. (68th St. Playhouse; starting Jan. 18.)

Smile—A fresh, mussed-up comedy about the California finals of a national "Young American Miss" contest. With Bruce Dern as the chief judge, Barbara Feldon as the girls' den mother, Michael Kidd as the choreographer brought in to stage the beauty pageant, and several talented new actresses—Maria O'Brien, Joan Prather, and Annette O'Toole. Michael Ritchie's direction is highly variable in quality, but he's a whiz at catching details of frazzled behavior. The script is by Jerry Belson. (10/6/75) (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 20.)

The Spider's Stratagem (1970)—Before he made "The Conformist," Bernardo Bertolucci made this adaptation of Jorge Luis Borges's enigmatic "Theme of the Traitor and Hero" for Italian television. Shot in Sabbioneta, a miniature city between Mantua and Parma, with colonnades that suggest de Chirico, the film is mysteriously beautiful; it has heightened colors and evocative imagery. But Giulio Brogi, playing both the son and the hero-father whose death the son is investigating, is given no character as either, and he lacks energy. The film itself is enervated, and the themes are frustratingly elusive; it's all atmosphere and no strength. With Alida Valli, still splendidly handsome, and with that same secret look she had in "The Third Man." In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 17.)

The Story of Adèle H.—François Truffaut's finest film since "Jules and Jim," and his most passionate work. The film is damnably intelligent—almost frighteningly so, like some passages in Russian novels which strip the characters bare. And it's deeply, disharmoniously funny—which Truffaut has never been before. The story, about romantic love fulfilled by self-destruction, is based on the journals of Adèle, the daughter of Victor Hugo; she's played by the prodigious young actress Isabelle Adjani. The visual consistency attained by the cinematographer, Nestor Almendros, enables Truffaut to achieve a new concentration on character. In French. (10/27/75) (Cinema I.)

The Story of a Three Day Pass (1968)—An American Negro soldier (Harry Baird) with three days' leave has an affair with a French girl (Nicole Berger), which ends in idly dealt-out retaliations by the whites around him. Directed by Melvin Van Peebles. In French and English. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 22.)

The Sunshine Boys—Neil Simon's extended sketch about two quarrelsome vaudevillians (Walter Matthau and George Burns) who, eleven years back, broke up after forty-three years together and haven't spoken to each other since; they're brought together to appear on a TV special. It's all one-liners; Matthau keeps blasting us with his bullhorn voice; Burns is more restful, giving a rhythmed formality to his tortoise-like old trouper. Directed by Herbert Ross. (11/17/75) (Music Hall; through Jan. 21.)

Sweet Smell of Success (1957)—Clifford Odets' idiomatic dialogue and Alexander Mackendrick's crisp direction make something very special out of this melodrama about big-city corruption. With Burt Lancaster as a columnist and Tony Curtis (amazingly good) as an ingratiating, blackmailing press agent, and Barbara Nichols and Sam Levene. Photographed by James Wong Howe. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 16.)

Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song (1971)—Melvin Van Peebles is the black creator, director, and star of a film that, in earnest white liberal eyes, does a certain amount of cheerful harm to black causes. Of course, it is the same sheer bad-taste cheer that actually redeems it. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 22.)

Swept Away—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. The film is raspingly funny and rancorous, but it is also sad, because the rich woman is not serious about her expeditionary love. In Italian. (9/22/75) (Juliet 1, and Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Jan. 20.)

The Sword in the Stone (1963)—A Walt Disney full-length cartoon. (34th St. East, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Loews 83rd St.; through Jan. 15.)

Taking Off (1971)—Miloš Forman, the Czech director of "Loves of a Blonde" and "The Fireman's Ball," working for the first time in America. His subject is the generation gap, but he sees it in his own way; this is a very funny film, flying in the face of cant journalistic opinions, and gently finding that both sides in the generation war are old-fashioned, decorous, and intent on smallish endeavors. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 14. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; through Jan. 20.)

The Taking of Pelham One Two Three (1974)—The director, Joseph Sargent, doesn't just make points—he drops weights. The picture is full of noise and squalling and "dirty" words used for giggly shock effects; the one element that keeps it going is the plot, taken from John Godey's thriller about how a New York subway train is hijacked and the passengers held for ransom. As the Transit Authority Police detective, Walter Matthau, who just coasts through, seems an oasis of sanity. With Robert Shaw and Martin Balsam. (10/28/74) (Greenwich.)

Thieves Like Us (1974)—This story of young lovers in the thirties is the most quietly poetic of Robert Altman's films. Keith Carradine is the boy who escapes from prison with two bank robbers (John Schuck and Bert Remsen), and Shelley Duvall is the girl he meets. Adapted from a neglected 1937 novel by Edward Anderson, which also served as the basis of the 1948 Nicholas Ray picture "They Live by Night." (2/4/74) (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 20.)

Three Days of the Condor—This expensive spy thriller gets some tension going, but there's no real fun in it. Robert Redford plays a researcher for the C.I.A. who accidentally turns up a clue to the existence of a renegade conspiratorial network in the C.I.A. organization and becomes everybody's target. With a miscast, subdued Faye Dunaway, and Max von Sydow, Cliff Robertson, and John Houseman. Sydney Pollack directed. (10/6/75) (Waverly, and Loews 83rd St.)

A Touch of Class (1973)—Directed by Melvin Frank, written by Mr. Frank and Jack Rose. Glenda Jackson is a young divorced English dress designer with a wit that flickers like an anteater's tongue and a capacity to be wounded that the film's throwback to forties love-comedies doesn't manage to transmit. George Segal, showing a matching gift for sophisticated comedy, plays a flappy American. Mild, muddled fun. (Gramercy; starting Jan. 21.)

Umberto D. (1952)—Vittorio De Sica's greatest film. His Umberto D. is an obstinate, aging bourgeois with bourgeois standards for himself, a down-and-out's income, and the backbone of nobility. The film is a work of wonderful compassion and piercing purity that gathers more people to cherish it as the years go by. Scripted by Zavattini. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 22.)

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MILEAGE—SMALL SPORTY CARS

MAKE & MODEL	ENGINE	TRANSMISSION	EPA ESTIMATES	
			HIGHWAY	CITY
Datsun 280Z Sport Coupe	168-cu.-in. 6-cyl. F.I.	Manual	27	16
Toyota Celica ST & GT Sport Coupes	133.6-cu.-in. 4-cyl. 2-bbl.	Manual	34	20
VW Scirocco Sport Coupe	97-cu.-in. 4-cyl. 2-bbl.	Manual	39	25
Fiat X1/9 Coupe	78.7-cu.-in. 4-cyl. 2-bbl.	Manual	31	21
Audi Fox 2-Door Sedan	97-cu.-in. 4-cyl. F.I.	Manual	37	24
BMW 2002 2-Door Sedan	121-cu.-in. 4-cyl. 2-bbl.	Manual	25	18
Mazda Cosmo Coupe	80-cu.-in. Rotary 4-bbl.	Manual	29	18
Porsche 914 Coupe	120-cu.-in. 4-cyl. F.I.	Manual	30	20
Triumph TR-7 Coupe	122-cu.-in. 4-cyl. 2-bbl.	Manual	30	21

Source: 1976 EPA Fuel Economy Guide.

PRICE—SMALL ECONOMY CARS

MAKE & MODEL	BASE PRICE*
Toyota Corona 2-Door Sedan	3699
Datsun 710 2-Door Sedan	3614 plus dealer prep.
Fiat 131 2-Door Sedan	3958 plus dealer prep.
Mazda RX-3 Coupe	4049 plus dealer prep.
VW Dasher 2-Door Sedan	5195 plus dealer prep.
Volvo 242 2-Door Sedan	6295

*All dollar figures are manufacturers' suggested retail prices, including dealer new-vehicle preparation charges, except where noted. State and local taxes, available equipment and destination charges are additional.

**Includes available 2-bbl. engine.

PRICE—SMALL SPORTY CARS

MAKE & MODEL	BASE PRICE*
Datsun 280Z Sport Coupe	6594 plus dealer prep.
Toyota Celica ST Sport Coupe	4145
Toyota Celica GT Sport Coupe	4499
VW Scirocco Coupe	4995 plus dealer prep.
Fiat X1/9 Sport Coupe	4808 plus dealer prep.
Audi Fox 2-Door Sedan	4875 plus dealer prep.
BMW 2002 2-Door Sedan	6670 plus dealer prep.
Mazda Cosmo Coupe	5800 plus dealer prep.
Porsche 914 Coupe	7145 plus dealer prep.
Triumph TR-7 Coupe	5100 plus dealer prep.

*All dollar figures are manufacturers' suggested retail prices, including dealer new-vehicle preparation charges, except wher noted. State and local taxes, available equipment and destinatio charges are additional.

**Includes available 2-bbl. engine.

MILEAGE—SMALL ECONOMY CARS

MAKE & MODEL	ENGINE	TRANSMISSION	EPA ESTIMATES	
			HIGHWAY	CITY
Toyota Corona 2-Door Sedan	133.6-cu.-in. 4-cyl. 2-bbl.	Manual	34	20
Datsun 710 2-Door Sedan	119-cu.-in. 4-cyl. 2-bbl.	Manual	33	23
Fiat 131 2-Door Sedan	107-cu.-in. 4-cyl. 2-bbl.	Manual	29	18
Mazda RX-3 Coupe	70-cu.-in. Rotary 4-bbl.	Manual	30	19
VW Dasher 2-Door Sedan	97-cu.-in. 4-cyl. F.I.	Manual	37	24
Volvo 242 2-Door Sedan	130-cu.-in. 4-cyl. F.I.	Manual	27	17

Source: 1976 EPA Fuel Economy Guide.

Remember these mileage figures are estimates. The mileage you ge will vary according to the kind of driving you do, your driving habits, your car's condition and available equipment.

In California, see your Pontiac dealer for applicable prices, EPA mileage figure and engine/transmission combinations available on California emission-equipped car

in a 1976 Pontiac.

subcompact Astre and Sunbird take on the foreign made cars.

You decide who wins.

RECOMMENDED MAINTENANCE SCHEDULES

MAKE	SPARK PLUG REPLACEMENT	OIL CHANGE	OIL FILTER CHANGE
[illegible]	22,500	[illegible]	[illegible]
Datsun (All)	12,500	6,250	6,250
Toyota (All)	12,500	6,500	6,500
Fiat (All)	12,500	6,000	6,000
VW (Rabbit, Dasher, Scirocco)	15,000	5,000	15,000
Mazda (Rotary)	12,500	6,250	12,500
Audi (All)	15,000	7,500	15,000
BMW (2002)	12,500	6,500	6,500
Porsche (914)	15,000	5,000	5,000
Triumph (All)	12,500	6,000	6,000
Volvo (All)	15,000	7,500	7,500

Data for foreign made cars based on 1975 models.

ENGINE GUARANTEES

MAKE	GUARANTEE
[illegible]	[illegible] 60,000 Miles
Datsun	12 Months or 12,500 Miles
Toyota	12 Months or 12,500 Miles
Fiat	12 Months or 12,000 Miles
VW	24 Months or 24,000 Miles
Mazda	36 Months or 50,000 Miles
Audi	12 Months or 20,000 Miles
BMW	12 Months or 12,000 Miles
Porsche	12 Months or 20,000 Miles
Triumph	12 Months or 12,000 Miles
Volvo	12 Months

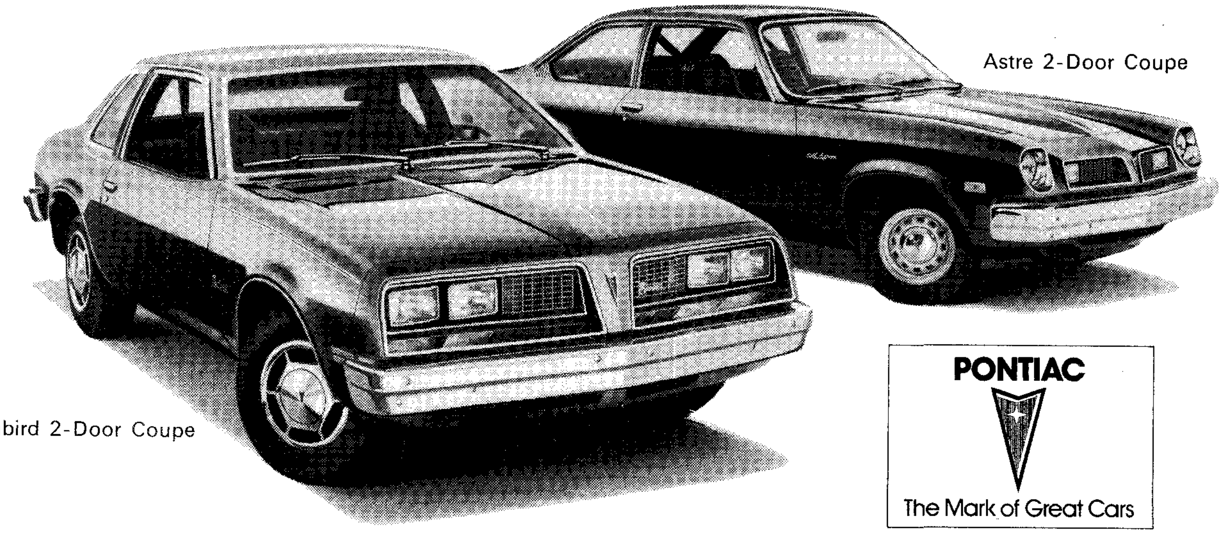
Data for foreign made cars based on 1975 models.

Here's how Pontiac protects you for 5 years or 60,000 miles.

Pontiac guarantees to the owners of 1976 Astres and Sunbirds with 4-cyl. 140-cu.-in. engines that any authorized Pontiac dealer will make repairs without charge to the owner, for 5 years or 60,000 miles (whichever comes first), to the cylinder block, cylinder head, all internal engine parts, the intake and exhaust manifolds and water pump made necessary because of defects in material and workmanship.

This guarantee, an added value feature on 1976 Astres and Sunbirds, is in addition to the New Vehicle Warranty but does not apply to repairs required because of misuse, negligence, alteration, accident or lack of reasonable or proper maintenance. See your Pontiac Dealer for complete guarantee.

GM



Astre 2-Door Coupe

Sunbird 2-Door Coupe

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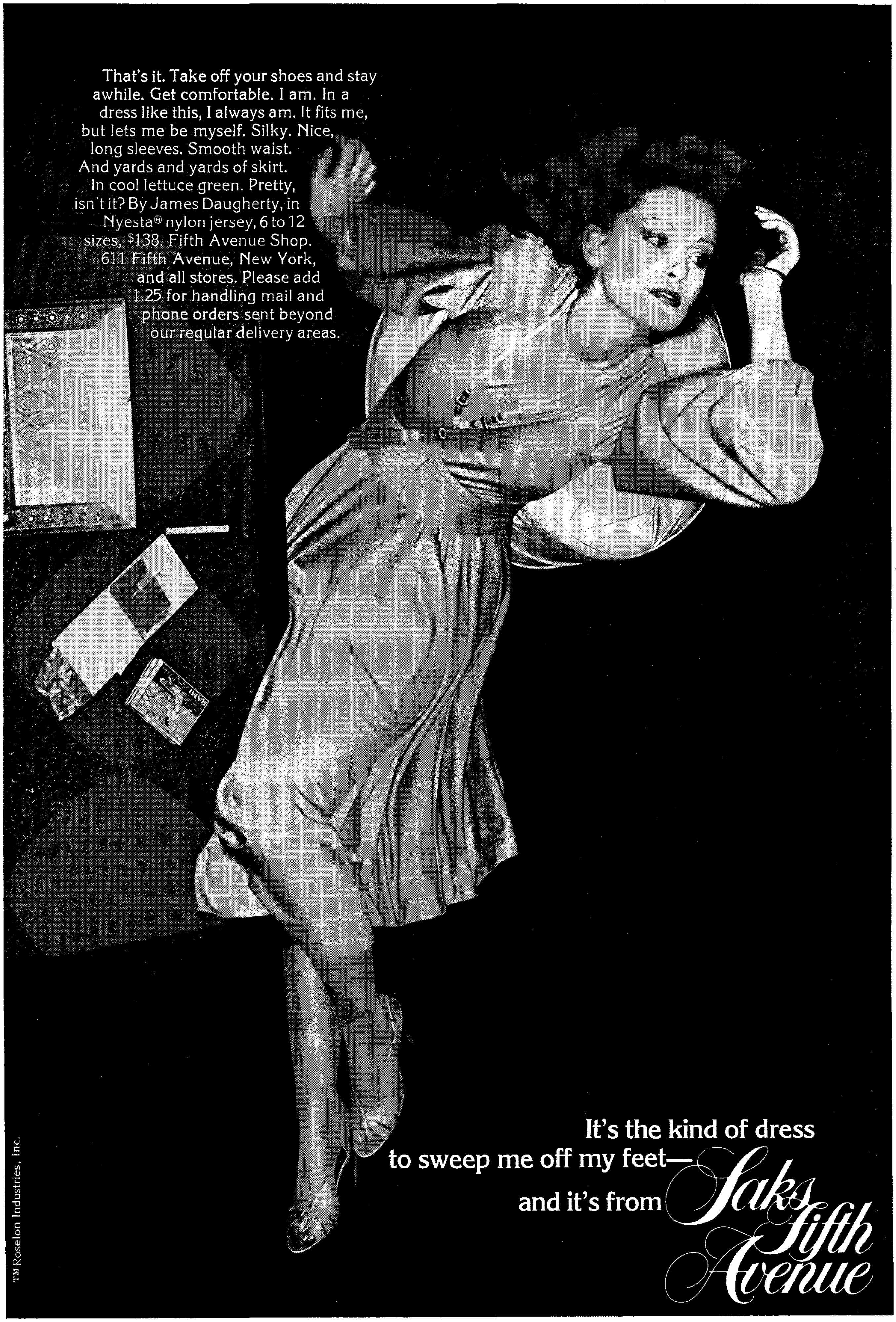
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND writes:

At a Washington party the other night, a party jam-packed with beautiful men and interesting women, I learned that the I.R.S. is planning to issue, more or less immediately, revised Form 1040s for 1976. The new form will allow the conscientious taxpayer to check off one-dollar contributions to (1) the American election campaign, (2) the Italian election campaign, (3) the Angolan regimental band of his choice, and (4) the Latin-American political entity he most wishes destabilized in Fiscal Year 1977. And I thought, What of Andorra? What are we doing for poor little Andorra (pop. 23,000)? There is a Red housepainters' local there that surely we can arrange to have the bristles drop out of the brushes of. Mr. Colby is asleep.

THE tinsel and the holly are gone, the last carol has died on the air, but there's something about Christmas that lingers for a subscriber we'll call Xerxes, down in, say, Houston, Texas. Fred L. Xerxes is a true Texan, with a big heart, and every Christmas for years he has taken out four subscriptions to this magazine: one for himself and Mrs. Fred L. Xerxes, and three as gifts for faraway friends, two of them residents of Mexico City. But in the course of this year the Xerxes household fell apart: Mr. Xerxes moved to another house in the same town, while Mrs. Xerxes, now calling herself Louisa M. Xerxes, continued to get the magazine at their old address. So when *The New Yorker* sent Mr. Xerxes a reminder that it was time to renew his four subscriptions, that, too, was delivered to the home of Louisa M., who handed it over to her former spouse—not, we gather, without some crisp, unseasonal remarks. Somewhat shaken but still oozing good will, Mr. Xerxes made a couple of changes on the renewal-order form and dashed off a letter of explanation to our subscription department, along with a check to cover the cost of four subscriptions—including (despite everything) one for the former Mrs. Fred L. Xerxes—in the amount of fifty-four dollars: exactly four dollars (the postal surcharge for mailing two subscriptions to Mexico) short of what he owed. How what happened next did happen was beyond Mr. Xerxes. Almost faster than you can say "United States Postal Service," Louisa M. Xerxes was hit with a statement, this time addressed to her, crediting her with all four subscriptions and billing her for the four dollars that Mr. Xerxes had failed to remit. And this time the lady exercised even less restraint in unburdening her feelings to Mr. Xerxes, who couldn't wait to acquaint us with the whole messy story. "Your computer continues to pour salt in old wounds," he wrote, in a generous, inky scrawl. What had it done? Rather, what had Mr. Xerxes done? When he was presented with that renewal-order form at Christmas, his own name and old address, as donor, headed the list of recipients; it was a matter of a few strokes of the pen to cross out "Fred L." and write in "Louisa M." above it, letting the rest of the address stand. He had gone ahead and changed the second name on the list to "Mrs. Fred L. Xerxes," and had given that subscriber a new address. For, as he arrestingly put it, "I married one of my gift subscriptions, after divorcing Louisa M. Xerxes." Only his instruction, in the separate letter, to "reverse the top two names" had gone unheeded. And so the first Mrs. Xerxes was not only being credited with the gift to her successor (former subscriber Mrs. Violet Angstrom) of fifty-two weeks of *The New Yorker* but dunned for the balance due. "If you were present at the tongue-lashing I received last Saturday, you would have a deeper sensitivity to my problem," Mr. Xerxes concluded. "Computers have no souls, you know."

Well, Mr. Xerxes, we're not sure we *want* a deeper sensitivity to your problem. As it is, we're troubled enough by the emotions we've unintentionally stirred up down there in Texas: far too complex and subtle to be sorted out on a computer card, and inviting, rather, the pen of the ironist—a Meredith rather than a Memoribank. But who has ever claimed that computers have souls? Consider what really led to the mixup. Was it the computer that caused the smooth pattern of all those lives to be so profoundly altered in a brief fifty-two weeks? To look a little closer, was it not the Texan's own *largesse d'esprit* that led to those bitter things Louisa M. said to him last Saturday? The problem, if one thinks about it a minute, is not that computers have no souls but that human beings do have souls—a tangle of crossed wires and contrary impulses. Man stumbles onward with his foot in a bucket.

• •

Fast

WE spent the Saturday between Christmas and New Year's in Atlanta, Georgia, and that afternoon we stopped by the West Hunter Street Baptist Church, which is situated in the city's mostly black West End. The pastor of the church is Dr. Ralph David Abernathy, and during the week between the holidays he turned over the gymnasium that is part of his church-and-school complex to an event known as the Dick Gregory Food Fast. Gregory, the comedian and civil-rights activist, has been speaking and writing lately about the worldwide shortage of food, and a few weeks ago he sent out publicity asking people to join him in a seven-day fast to bring attention to what he considers a dangerously critical situation.

We found that the gymnasium was modern and large—it had six basketball hoops—and that it was painted in shades of orange and sea green. On the polished wooden floor were sleeping bags, knapsacks, suitcases, boots, sneakers, and other paraphernalia. Not far from the entrance were about a dozen cases of bottled distilled water. There was not much talking, but the people who were lounging or walking about appeared cheerful. In an adjacent office, Dick Gregory was talking on a telephone while some of his aides worked at desks. Gregory was wearing a lavender-and-white caftan, long underwear, and sneakers. When he had finished his call, he came over and greeted us with a smile. He was thinner than he had been the last time we saw him, and his close-cropped beard was more grizzled, but his eyes looked as confident and amused as they had when he was tossing off laugh lines at the Village Gate a few years back. He told us that a hundred and twenty people, about half of them black and most of them quite young, were taking part in the fast. "We would have had even more if we had sent out our mailings a little earlier," he said. "All our flyers got caught in the Christmas rush. But everything's cool. It's cool because people are here from Illinois, California, Arkansas, Connecticut, Washington, D.C.—I can't remember all the places. What this is all about is we're bringing attention to the food shortage in America and in the world, in that order. Because it's like this—if you consider it as a world problem, the food shortage is a matter of *scarcity*. But in this country the food shortage is a matter of *price*. People just can't *afford* to eat anymore—understand what I mean? Old people are shoplifting from supermarkets. Poor people are eating dog food. They *are*. You just have to look around all those housing developments where no pets are allowed, and see all the empty dog-food cans. And the situation will soon be worse than it was during the nineteen-thirties. Then, at least, if you could get hold of a dime you could buy your family some substantial food. We're proposing several solutions. We'd like to see a new Cabinet post—Secretary of Food and Nutrition. We'd like to see a new kind of food stamp—one that would guarantee staples like rice, beans, and corn at ten cents a pound. We have to make the situation here at home our first priority, because I'm convinced that if we don't there will be food riots in 1976—and what kind of Bicentennial will *that* be?"

Gregory told us that he himself had been fasting since Thanksgiving, and that in the spring he plans to run from Los Angeles to New York, averaging forty miles a day and subsisting mainly on fruit juices and kelp, in order to bring further attention to the food shortage. He said that many people had phoned or sent telegrams supporting his efforts, among them Cesar Chavez, Barbra Streisand, Muhammad Ali, Eugene McCarthy, John Lennon, and Stevie Wonder. He added that Coretta King and the Reverend Martin Luther King, Sr., were expected to drop in during the fast, as was, of course, Dr. Abernathy himself. He went off to take another phone call, and we spoke with some of the participants in the fast. A fellow called Ron Marcus told us that he was studying for a degree in social work at Arizona State University, near Phoenix, and that he considered this event an important form of social protest. A young woman named Leota Walton told us that she works as a postal clerk in Chicago and that she viewed the fast primarily as a matter of consciousness-raising. In addition to fasting, she said, they would be reading books they had brought along, playing guitars, and holding seminars. Late in the day, the participants went up to a balcony overlooking the gym and listened to Dr. Alvenia M. Fulton, a naturopath, who has acted as Gregory's consultant during previous fasts, as she gave advice about fasting. The fast seemed to be very well organized, but we can't vouch for the dependability of the medical precautions. Only distilled water was drunk; a small amount of honey and lemon was taken with each gallon of water; short walks were encouraged, but no one was to lift anything heavy.

After a while, Gregory came upstairs and spoke to the group. "What's making this happen is *you*," he said. "That gym down there is the battlefield. That's where you all sleep and get your thing together. Without you, this wouldn't be happening. Without you, we couldn't get our message across. Without you, there would *be* no fast. Charlie Mingus, the bassist, told me that he was fasting one time with some people in New York and that he and the others got so hungry they decided to go out and get some of the Colonel's fried chicken. They weren't going to *eat* it, you understand. They were just going to sort of *look* at it. Well, don't *you* try that, because on the third night Mingus started eating the chicken."

Everyone laughed, and Gregory said, "Sleep well, and tomorrow morning we're going to get you all up early. It won't be difficult, though, because one kind lady has volunteered to wake you up by playing the flute."

Wales Ho

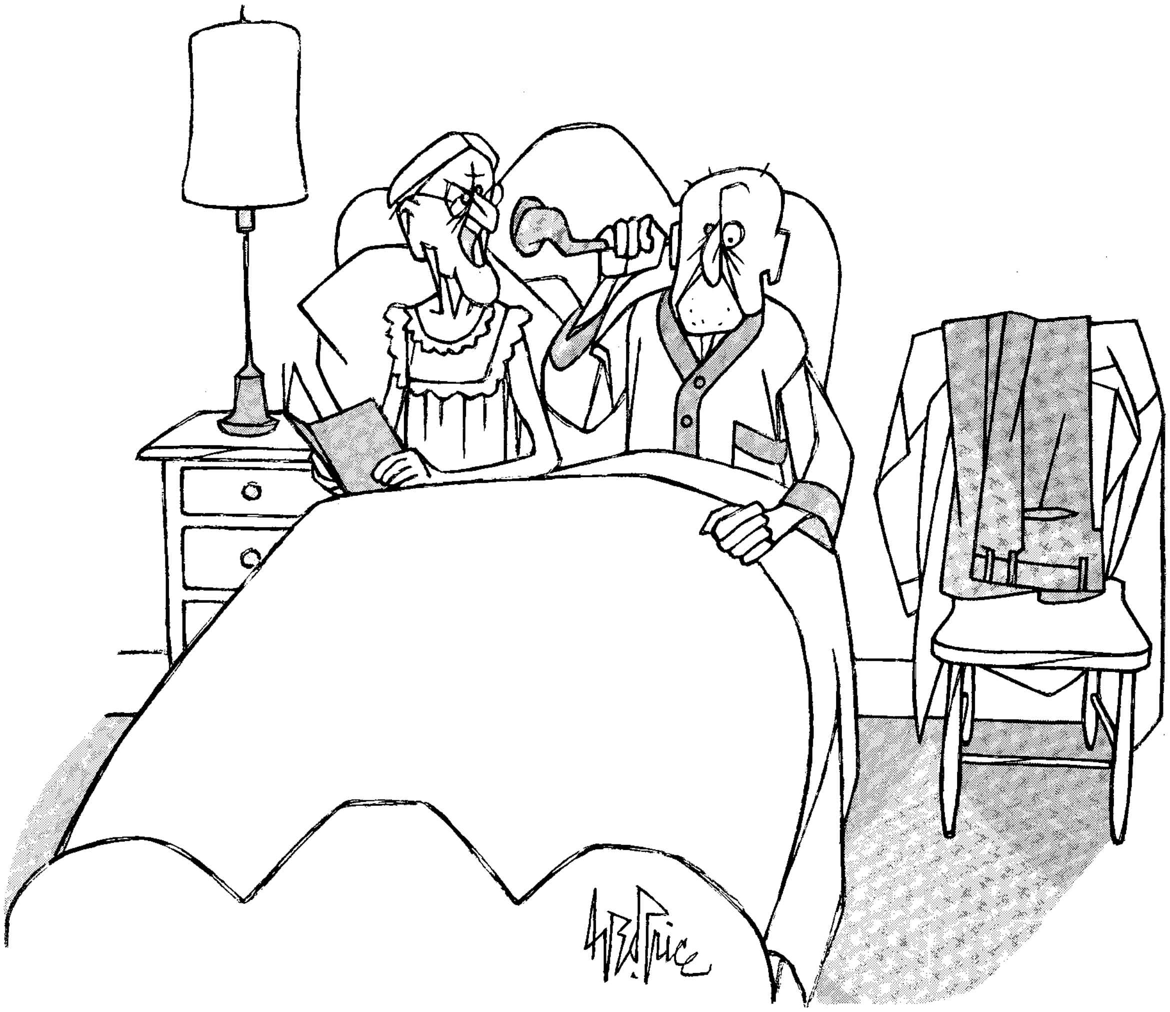
MIDSUMMER reading for the short, dark days. A friend writes:

My girl friend Elaine has been cleaning up my office—at five bucks an hour—and she just found an uncashed paycheck, a BB pistol that doesn't work, a blue bathing suit, a top hat, a fez, a 1971 Manhattan Yellow Pages, a bottle of Polish vodka, thirty-one dollars extra I promised to refund to a group of people for a Columbus Day bus ride to Massachusetts I organized, and an account of my amazing two days in the town of Penrhyndeudraeth, in North Wales, in July. I was motoring up from Glastonbury, which was overrun with real hippies—come on, hitch your chair a little closer to the fire and we'll cast our minds back—just after throwing a Fourth of July party in London that featured a huge bowl of chili and a lot of whiskey and South African dance records. The English aren't used to juxtapositions like that. I mean, they enjoyed themselves, but they couldn't understand why. It puzzled them. They kept coming up and asking, "Did you put cannabis in that chili?" And I was off to Wales in my Budget Rent-a-Car, with my friend young Henry from New York at the wheel and humming "Men of Harlech"—it was a gorgeous day—to find (1) the place where they made "The Prisoner," a super TV series that pitted Patrick McGoohan against the most confusing conspiracy in history, and (2) the only narrow-gauge railroad in the world that serves draft beer. In the series, which was shown on CBS in 1968 and 1969, McGoohan is trapped in a bright-colored seaside village that seems to have been assembled from every startling bit of architecture ever developed in a warm climate. The village has towers and spires and domes and colonnades and cottages and palm trees and a beach and enough nooks and crannies to fill a city, and it might be in Italy and it might be in Greece, it might be in Surinam—well, the point is where the hell is it? Because you can't quite place it. Patrick McGoohan can't escape from the village, because he is hounded by giant balloons, and he can never figure out why he's there or who's running the place. He keeps asking people in the village, "Are you No. 1?" But everyone's evasive. "I'm No. 7." "I'm No. 2." The TV show didn't last—it went off the air in New York City after sixteen episodes. I think it puzzled people, and maybe it scared them a little. But I thought it was funny, because it seemed completely human in its bizarre way, and the village continued to hop around in my mind, owing to the question of where the hell?

Now, it was in London, at the Fourth of July party, that Henry and I learned the truth about the village in "The Prisoner." It's up in North Wales, on Cardigan Bay, on a thickly wooded peninsula near Harlech Castle and many abandoned slate quarries, and almost in the shadow of a great hunk of wild Celtic mountain called the Snowdonia Massif, and it's entirely the work of a ninety-two-year-old Welsh architect named Sir Clough Williams-Ellis, who has been building it for almost fifty years. We had heard about the little railway previously, and threw it in for good measure. Neither Henry nor I had ever been to Celtic Wales before, and didn't know what to expect, and certainly no one could expect Penrhyndeudraeth or the Festiniog Railway. But even aside from them we discovered that Wales is not the same place as England. As soon as you drive over the line from Shropshire, you get the feeling: all bets are off. In England, the fields and the copses and the villages are all *just so*. The country is *settled*. The impression in England is: people moved in here several thousand years ago, and they drew up some rules, and they're still here, and they've still got 'em, and that's that. But Wales is unpredictable.

We see wild crags, lambs almost hidden by ferns, slate roofs, pieces of slate stuck in the ground vertically to make fences. And there is mist and cool air in the mountains and warm sun down below. Just before sunset, our car is parked in a slot marked "RESIDENTS ONLY" at Sir Clough's village, and Henry and I have slipped behind a couple of rhododendron bushes to put ties on for dinner in the main dining room. The name of the village is Portmeirion—officially, the Hotel Portmeirion—and a resident is anyone who has booked a room overnight. The setting sun is glinting off the spire of a dome and a campanile. Yellow, white, blue, and red cottages—just like on TV—are nestled around a little beach. Low tide. It's very still, and the only person we can see is a guy spinning around out on the water in a blue-and-yellow rubber kayak called Octopus IV. There are some city pigeons on the salt flats, a couple of gulls are crying, the leaves of a palm tree are just barely shimmering next to a Union Jack and a flag of the Principality of Wales. Wowie! This place looks just like Capri, only more so. And much cuter, too. Two very inaccurate little cannons are trained on the bay. There's a statue of Atlas over there inscribed "TO THE SUMMER OF 1959 IN HONOUR OF ITS SPLENDOUR." Another plaque says, "1971 HIGHLY COMMENDED." Somewhere, water is plashing. Four black ducks fly overhead in formation. And there's a tree that was planted on Sir Clough's eightieth birthday. It's doing very well. And there's half of a coracle, ivy-covered. Also a half-moon in the sky. A single moo from somewhere. I feel just a little giddy. Noël Coward songs (oh, yes, did you know that he stayed here for a week and wrote all of "Blithe Spirit" in that time?)—Noël Coward songs, I say, pulse through my mind: "In a bar on the Piccola Marina" and "Quite for no reason I'm here for the season, and high as a kite. Living in error with Maude at Cap Ferrat, which couldn't be right."

Perhaps a little dinner will calm me down. The dining room is part of a large country house—the only building on the property when Sir Clough moved in and started tinkering fifty years ago. Several older English couples are holding conversations barely above a whisper. "I did my training in oil at . . ." "We've collected old silver all our lives." "I had a horrid experience in London." The waiter brings melon, and, when he takes it away again, says, "Thank you, sir." Henry whispers, "Is that a Buddha I see before me?" "Yes." Our mood does not subside. In fact, it may be catching. A lady at



"O.K., so happy anniversary—over and out."

the next table gets the silent giggles and cannot finish her *gâteau*.

Outside, a sign says, "TO BELVEDERE, SEA LAWN AND GROTTO."

We drive to the nearby official town of Penrhyndeudraeth for a breath. All low gray slate and all closed down. One shopwindow lighted up: "ALCATRAZ UNISEX BOUTIQUE." Then back to our Portmeirion cottage, up a winding stair.

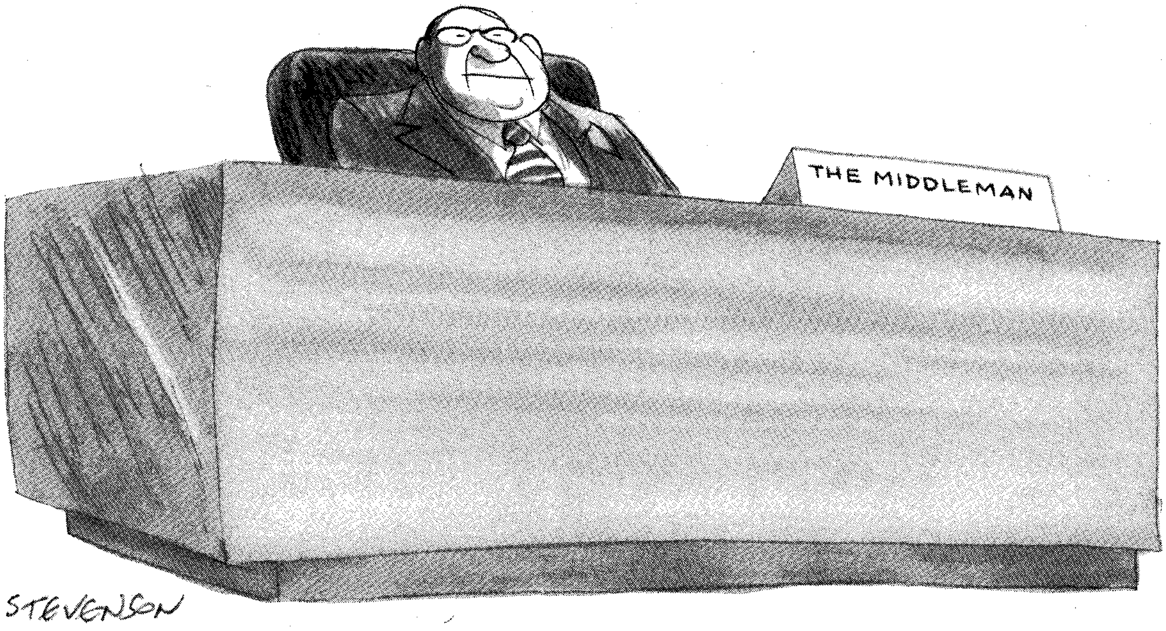
THE next day, after a spot of brekker, we have a word with Michael Trevor Williams, hotel manager for twenty-three years. The hotel is spotlessly and efficiently maintained. He says that Sir Clough has been persuaded to slow down on new construction, lest the place get out of control; that "The Prisoner" was shot at Portmeirion one September, the film crew arriving unexpectedly with about a hundred extras, thus necessitating the revival of several elderly resident retired colonels with brandy; that the series was never shown on Welsh TV; that Portmeirion was never consciously intended to be like anything, but just gay and amusing; that the hotel can accommodate about a hundred; that among its guests have been Richard Hughes, Bertrand Russell, a number of diplomats, Alastair Sim (who comes in August), Sir Alec Guinness, Maggie Smith, and some Americans (who expect frightful efficiency); that the hotel staff, including shopkeepers and maintenance men, numbers just over a hundred. "What else can I tell you about this dotty place? It becomes a way of life. Oh, will you excuse me a minute? There's the manager of the maintenance staff, and he's very elusive. We're expecting a visit from the fire officer tomorrow. Fire precautions are so fierce. We spent ten thousand pounds on the main building last year."

Mr. Williams, when he returns, says he thinks Sir Clough will be around later in the day.

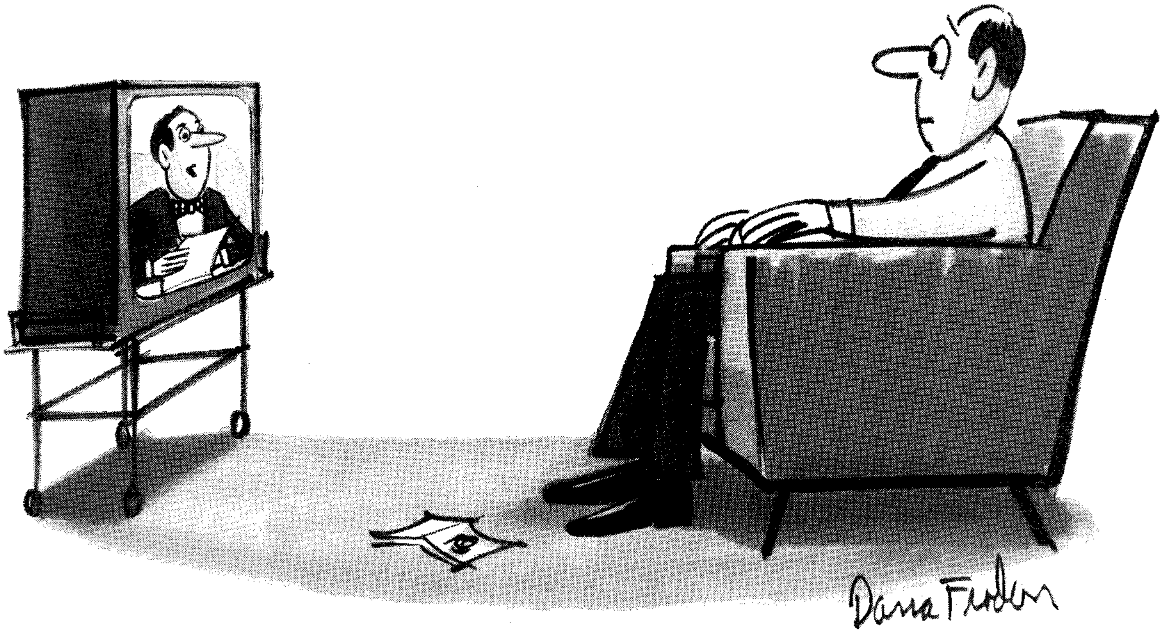
SO we drive to the seaside village of Portmadoc for a ride on the Festiniog Railway, a narrow-gauge railway with two Fairlie double-ended locomotives, built on the premises in 1879 and 1886. The Fairlie is like a Pushmi-pullyu. Two stacks, two boilers, and the driver stands in the middle. The Festiniog's Fairlies are as sound as bells. Your friend Ernest Frimbo, the world's greatest railroad buff—who is known over here, I have discovered, as the world's greatest railroad traveller—is an honorary engineer of the line. The Festiniog was built to haul slate, and the tracks run from the seaside quite quickly into mountains. Geraniums in the station window boxes. Lace curtains on the stationmaster's windows. Bright sunshine. For sale in the station: Festiniog pillowcases and "Sammy the Shunter," by Eileen Gibb, about a switch engine. (" 'What's the matter, Sammy,' asked Mr. Buffin, his driver. 'You're making a queer kind of noise this morning.' 'There's a nasty pain in my boiler,' whispered Sammy in a trembly voice. 'Oh dear, I do feel ill! My wheels are shaking.' ")

"I remember a narrow-gauge line at Badami, in western India," says Henry. "Very slow, and broiling in the carriages. You could walk along beside the train to get a little air. Monkeys in the trees all along the way. They didn't come in the train, though. Although—I don't know—maybe they were in first class. I was in third."

A third-class ticket on the Festiniog is £1.10. First class is £1.30. That's for a nineteen-mile-round-trip ticket from Portmadoc to Dduallt and back, at a top speed of about twenty miles an hour. The Festiniog Railway has a one-foot-eleven-and-a-half-inch gauge; standard railroad tracks are four feet eight and a half inches apart. The Festiniog carries four hundred thousand passengers a year, but it is sustained in large part by volunteer labor. Gangs of schoolboys, accompanied by a master, do maintenance work on the right of way, and other volunteers rebuild carriages, fire up the engines, sell "Sammy the Shunter" books, make bulletin boards for the stations, and in general do whatever has to be done to augment the small permanent paid staff. The Festiniog is advertised as "The Most Wonderful Railway in the Kingdom." The peak month is August, with thirteen trains a day between Portmadoc and Dduallt each way. No trains at all in January, but there are a few holiday specials at Christmastime. A first-class ticket entitles you to a seat in an observation car with large rear windows and access to the draft beer, so Henry and I decided to go first. The train had ten pony-size coaches and a puffing butterball of an engine, named Blanche and painted black and green with red trim and bright, shiny brass. Across a causeway and into the green countryside. We settled down in plump armchairs in the observation car and ordered pints of draft beer. Since the entire right-of-way occupies only a few feet, we had plenty of countryside to take impressions from. Swans and cows on a salt flat. A slate farmhouse with a black-and-white dog in front of its red door. Two little lambs quite unstartled and almost hidden by ferns a few feet from the train. Harlech Castle a small gray squiggle on the horizon. A slow climb through pines, scrub oaks, and rhododendrons, past prospects and vales, to a high place where we ran along for more than a minute at eye level with a floating, soaring hawk flying over a valley a thousand feet below. Finally, at Dduallt halt, a chance to get out and stretch before a more rapid, buckety-buckety descent to Portmadoc. The engine driver de-



layed the return journey until the guard came running back to the train with a cup of tea.



"Closing averages on the human scene were mixed today. Brotherly love was down two points, while enlightened self-interest gained a half. Vanity showed no movement, and guarded optimism slipped a point in sluggish trading. Over all, the status quo remained unchanged."

SIR CLOUGH WILLIAMS-ELLIS, it turned out, is as remarkable as his buildings, an uncommon man even for a kingdom where the general run of subjects are uniquely unique, to say the least. Sir Clough was toasting himself before a fire when we got back to Portmeirion. He is six feet two inches tall and, at ninety-two, is in excellent health. He is as bright as a button, friendly, a charmer, and something of a dandy. He had on a blue suit, a canary-yellow waistcoat, a blue-and-white polka-dot cravat, a blue silk display handkerchief, and brown suède shoes. "Well," he said, rising to his full height. "Here we are. Did you enjoy the Festiniog? Good. My uncle was chairman of the line for many years. He presented the chairmen of the Great Western Railway and the London & North Western Railway, two of the great trunk lines of Britain, with silver medals and free first-class passes on the Festiniog. They could do no more than respond with free gold passes on the G.W.R. and the L. & N.W. And my uncle, of course, then went whizzing about all over England for the rest of his life, and lived to be ninety-two."

Sir Clough, who wrote a book in 1928 warning about the coming of megalopolis, helped develop the idea of the green belt around cities and, after the Second World War, was the first chairman of the first New Town in Britain, Stevenage. He describes himself as "rather a curiosity." "I never had any architectural training, except three months' work in the office of Sir Edwin Lutyens, the designer of New Delhi, a man whose work is now completely out of fashion, and *he* would never talk seriously about architecture. 'Very dangerous,' he would say, 'all this talk. It is bringing the ears so far forward they will act as blinkers to the eyes.' I'm a rogue architect. I was very nervous when Frank Lloyd Wright came to visit here, but he never had any formal architectural training, either, and he took it like a lamb. Indeed, he conducted me around. Wonderful old prima donna, wasn't he? I first met him in 1937, when we were both on a train going to Moscow for a town-planning conference. There was a great scene at the Polish border when he refused to have his baggage examined. The authorities were about to send him home, but I walked him up and down and said, 'Oh, come off it,' and eventually he did. What I dislike about the work of some of my colleagues today is that they seem to be building for machines, and not for soft little animals such as you and me. Which may be why Portmeirion turned out in the end to be a quite fantastic economic success. Portmeirion is supposed to speak for itself, but I may say it has all worked out very much as I'd first hoped and imagined. You've seen the campanile? It has an old brewery clock in its turret. It was one of the first things I built here, way back in 1928. It's quite useless, and it set a standard for everything I've tried to do here. Portmeirion is not only for my own enjoyment, it's also an outdoor museum of live architectural objects. I loathe committees unless I'm the chairman, so for many years when I was practicing architecture in London I spent most of my time on committees scribbling plans for Portmeirion. Have you been in the dome? Or the town hall?"

"No," we said.

"Well, I'm afraid you'll have to do both. Come on."

Sir Clough strode off and began bouncing up and down a series of steep paths. Henry and I puffed in his wake, and he called remarks over his shoulder. "This urn looks a little crooked. There, that's better. It's plywood. Do you like that plaque? I happened to have a spare one, so I put it in that pediment. There's the dome. People say, 'What's it for?' I don't know. I usually tell them that, having a campanile, I was suddenly aware of an acute dome deficiency, which had to be corrected immediately. And here's the town hall."

The town hall has, underneath a cupola made from an old copper boiler, a unique seventeenth-century barrel-vaulted ceiling painted with scenes from the life of Hercules, which Sir Clough long ago rescued by dashing to a pre-demolition auction in Flintshire. "When the lot was announced," he said as we stood under the glowing ceiling, "there was dead silence. 'No bids?' asked the auctioneer. 'Yes,' I said. 'Ten pounds.' 'Oh, come,' said he. Again dead silence. 'All right,' I said. 'Thirteen pounds.' Now we'll see the car park. I'm very proud of that. It's the only car park I've ever seen that really *is* a park."

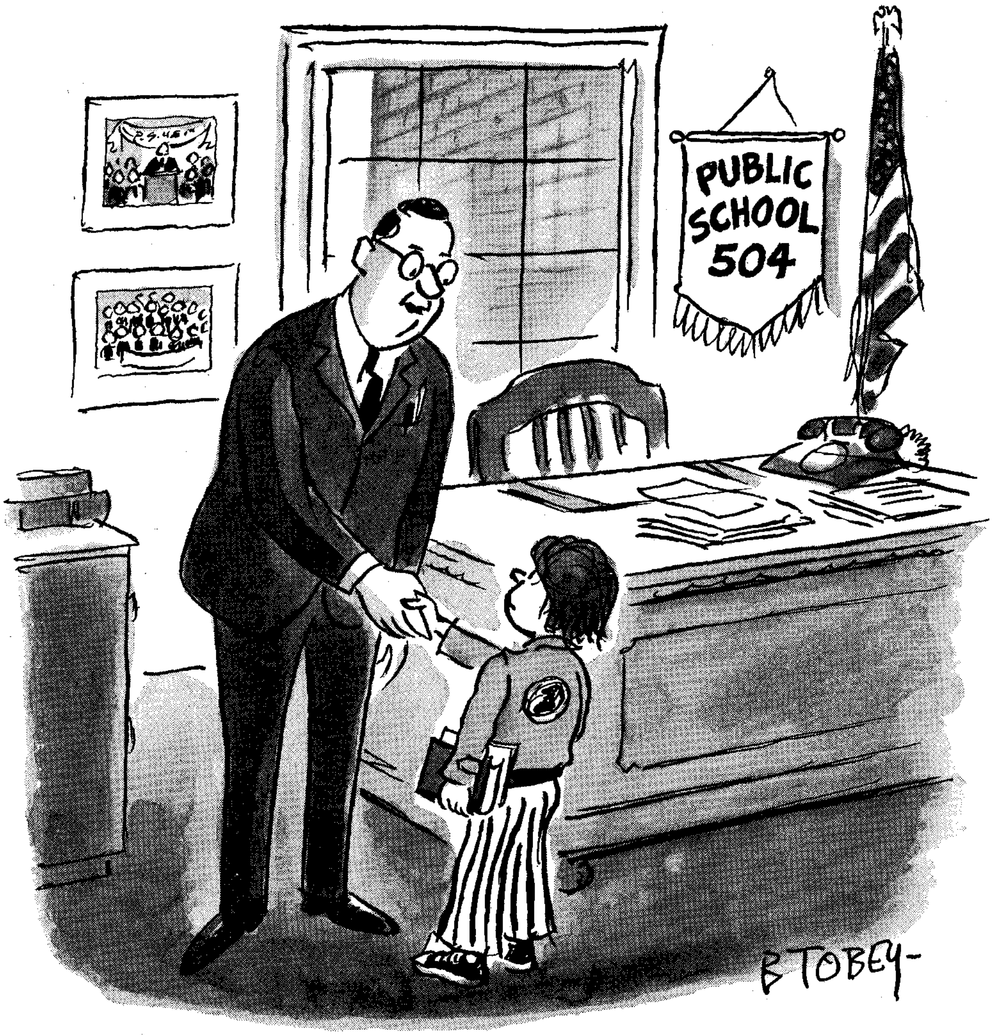
On the way to the car park, we passed a plaque inscribed with one of Sir Clough's mottoes: "CHERISH THE PAST, ADORN THE PRESENT, CONSTRUCT FOR THE FUTURE."

It was still a hot, hazy, bright-blue summer's day in Wales.

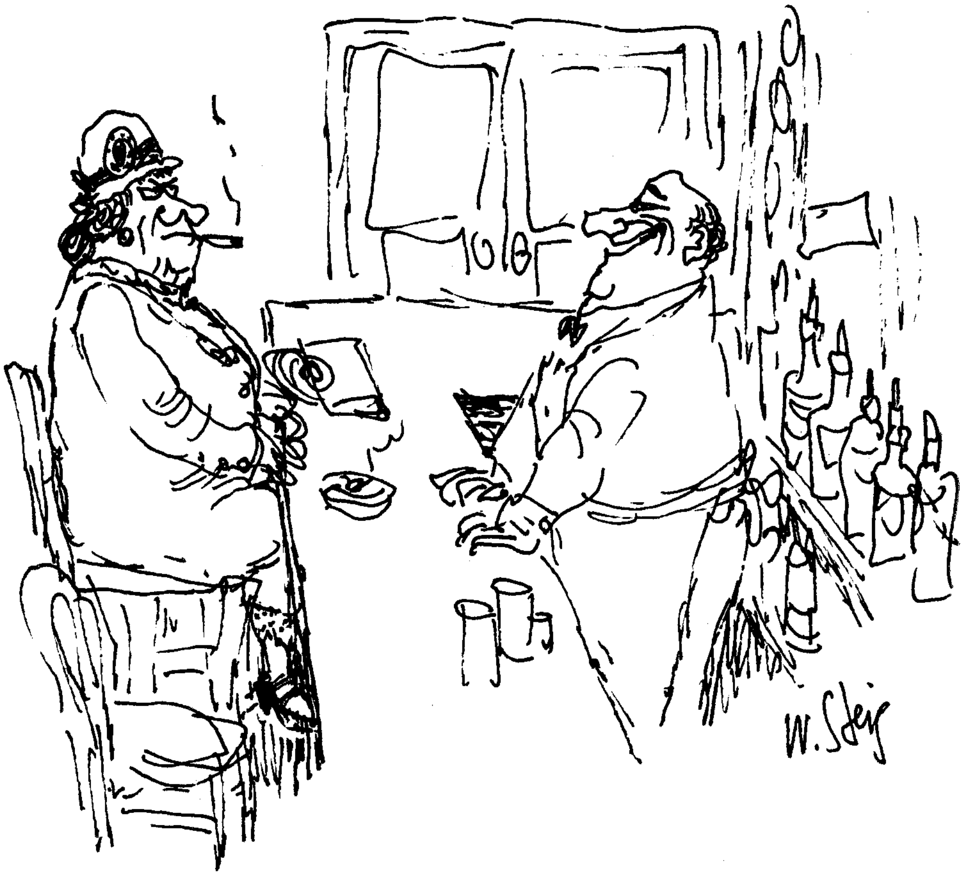
VARIETIES OF EXILE

IN the third summer of the war I began to meet refugees. There were large numbers of them in Montreal—to me a source of infinite wonder. I could not get enough of them. They came straight out of the twilit Socialist-literary landscape of my reading and my desires. I saw them as prophets of a promised social order that was to consist of justice, equality, art, personal relations, courage, generosity. Each of them—Belgian, French, Catholic German, Socialist German, Jewish German, Czech—was a book I tried to read from start to finish. My dictionaries were films, poems, novels, Lenin, Freud. That the refugees tended to hate one another seemed no more than a deplorable accident. Nationalist pigheadedness, that chronic, wasting, and apparently incurable disease, was known to me only on Canadian terms and I did not always recognize its symptoms. Anything I could not decipher I turned into fiction, which was my way of untangling knots. At the office where I worked I now spent my lunch hour writing stories about people in exile. I tried to see Montreal as an Austrian might see it and to feel whatever he felt. I was entirely at home with foreigners, which is not surprising—the home was all in my head. They were the only people I had met until now who believed, as I did, that our victory would prove to be a tidal wave nothing could stop. What I did not know was how many of them hoped and expected their neighbors to be washed away too.

I was nineteen and for the third time in a year engaged to be married. What I craved at this point was not love, or romance, or a life added to mine, but conversation, which was harder to find. I knew by now that a man in love does not necessarily have anything interesting to say: If he has, he keeps it for other men. Men in Canada did not talk much to women and hardly at all to young ones. The impetus of love—of infatuation, rather—brought on a kind of conversation I saw no reason to pursue. A remark such as "I can't live without you" made the speaker sound not only half-witted to me but almost truly, literally, insane. There is a girl in a Stefan Zweig novel who says to her lover, "Is that all?" I had pondered this carefully many years before, for I supposed it had something unexpected to do with sex. Now I gave it another meaning, which was that where women were concerned men were satisfied with next to nothing. If every woman was a situation, she was somehow always the same situation, and what was expected from the woman—the situation—was so limited it was insulting. I had a large opinion of what I could do and provide, yet it came down to "Is that all? Is that all you expect?" Being promised to one person after another was turning into a perpetual state of hesitation and refusal: I was not used to hesitating over anything and so I supposed I must be wrong. The men in my office had warned me of the dangers of turning into a married woman; if this caution affected me it was only because it coincided with a misgiving of my own. My private name for married women was Red Queens. They looked to me like the Red Queen in "Through the Looking-Glass," chasing after other people and minding their business for them. To get out of the heat that summer I had taken a room outside Montreal in an area called simply "the Lakeshore." In those days the Lakeshore was a string of verdant towns with next to no traffic. Dandelions grew in the pavement cracks. The streets were thickly shaded. A fragrance I have never forgotten of mown grass and leaf smoke drifted from yard to yard. As I walked to my commuters' train early in the morning I saw kids still in their pajamas digging holes in the lawns and Red Queen wives wearing housecoats. They stuck their heads out of screen doors and yelled instructions—to husbands, to children, to dogs, to postmen, to a neighbor's child. How could I be sure I wouldn't sound that way—so shrill, so discontented? As for a family, the promise of children all stamped with the same face, cast in the same genetic mold, seemed a cruel waste of possibilities. I would never have voiced this to anyone, for it would have been thought unnatural, even monstrous. When I was very young, under seven, my plan for the future had been to



"Thank you for coming. The talks were forthright and useful, and provided an excellent climate in which to resolve our remaining differences."



"Are you over eighteen?"

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live in every country of the world and have a child in each. I had confided it: with adult adroitness my listener led me on. How many children? Oh, one to a country. And what would you do with them? Travel in trains. How would they go to school? I hate schools. How will they learn to read and write, then? They'll know already. What would you live on? It will all be free. That's not very sensible, is it? Why not? As a result of this idyll, of my divulgence of it, I was kept under watch for a time and my pocket money taken away lest I save it up and sail to a tropical island (where because of the Swiss Family Robinson I proposed to begin) long before the onset of puberty. I think no one realized I had not even a nebulous idea of how children sprang to life. I merely knew two persons were required for a ritual I believed had to continue for nine months, and which I imagined in the nature of a long card game with mysterious rules. When I was finally "told"—accurately, as it turned out—I was offended at being asked to believe something so unreasonable, which could not be true because I had never come across it in books. This trust in the printed word seems all the more remarkable when I remember that I thought children's books were written by other children. Probably at nineteen I was still dim about relevant dates, plain facts, brass tacks, consistent reasoning. Perhaps I was still hoping for magic card games to short-circuit every sort of common sense—common sense is only an admission we don't know much. I know that I wanted to marry this third man but that I didn't want to be anybody's Red Queen.

The commuters on the Montreal train never spoke much to each other. The mystifying and meaningless "Hot enough for you?" was about the extent of it. If I noticed one man more than the anonymous others it was only because he looked so hopelessly English, so unable or unwilling to concede to anything, even the climate. Once, walking a few steps behind him, I saw him turn into the drive of a stone house, one of the few old French-Canadian houses in that particular town. The choice of houses seemed to me peculiarly English too—though not, of course, what French Canadians call "English," for that includes plain Canadians, Irish, Swedes, anything you like not natively French. I looked again at the house and at the straight back going along the drive. His wife was on her knees holding a pair of edging shears. He stopped to greet her. She glanced up and said something in a carrying British voice so wild and miserable, so resentful, so intensely disagreeable that it could not have been the tag end of a morning quarrel; no, it was the thunderclap of some new engagement. After a second he went on up the walk, and in another I was out of earshot. I was persuaded that he had seen me; I don't know why. I also thought it must have been humiliating for him to have had a witness.

Which of us spoke first? It could not have been him and it most certainly could not have been me. There must have been a collision, for there we are, speaking, on a station platform. It is early morning, already hot. I see once again, without surprise, that he is not dressed for the climate.

He said he had often wondered what I was reading. I said I was reading "all the Russians." He said I really ought to read Arthur Waley. I had never heard of Arthur Waley. Similar signalling takes place between galaxies rushing apart in the outer heavens. He said he would bring me a book by Arthur Waley the next day.

"Please don't. I'm careless with books. Look at the shape this one's in." It was the truth. "All the Russians" were being published in a uniform edition with flag-red covers, on greyish paper, with microscopic print. The words were jammed together; you could not have put a pin between the lines. It was one of those cheap editions I think we were supposed to be sending the troops in order to cheer them up. Left in the grass beside a tennis court "The Possessed" now curved like a shell. A white streak ran down the middle of the shell. The rest of the cover had turned pink. That was nothing, he said. All I needed to do was dampen the cover with a sponge and put a weight on the book. "The Wallet of Kai Lung" had been to Ceylon with him and had survived. Whatever bait "Ceylon" may have been caught nothing. Army? Civil Service? I did not take it up. Anyway I thought I could guess.

"You'd better not bring a book for nothing. I don't always take this train."

He had probably noticed me every morning. The mixture of reserve and obstinacy that next crossed his face I see still. He smiled, oh, not too much: I'd have turned my back on a grin. He said, "I forgot to . . . Frank Cairns."

"Muir. Linnet Muir." Reluctantly.

The thing is, I knew all about him. He was, one, married and, two, too

THE WORD FAMILY

Rocco
the lone wolf of Alamo
pursues the bandit into the sheepfold:
his uppercut flings the bandit
on top of the sheep
huddled in a corner of the fold:
the sheep scatter in wild confusion:
lone wolf against lone wolf
in one fold
within one flock
of frightened sheep

A helicopter mistakes a flock of/
sheep
for a landing site;
herds of/
sheep or cattle on railway tracks
cause train catastrophes;
in the vicinity of a plane crash in the
  mountains one also finds the
cadavers of a pack of/
chamois;
a swarm of/
hornets
serves as a jungle warfare weapon;
a gang of/
Hell's Angels
lames all traffic;
the cop picks the chief heckler
out of a throng of/
rioters;
a faction of/
gangsters is ruthlessly exterminated;
a chain of/
warehouses is founded;
a squad of/
gymnasts
mounts the victory platform;
a round of/
revellers
sits around the table;
the storm flings a fistful of/
hailstones
against the stable windows;

a chain of/
subsidiaries;
a bouquet of/
wishes;
a battery of/
beer bottles;
a collection of/
the eternally dissatisfied;
a bushel of/
country-fresh eggs;
a pack of/
pursuers;
a hail of/
stones;
a company of/
sacrificial lambs;
a series of/
direct hits;
a circle of/
fanatics;
a swarm of/
tanks;
a knot of/
drowned kids;
a colony of/
plant lice;
a flight of/
rooms;
a rattail of/
complaints;
a mass of/
football dead;

a round of/
bank robbers
leaves a swarm of/
sandwich wrappers
behind at the vault;
a gang of/
couples
want to try it once more with each
  other;
clusters of/
seven-month babies
are placed in flights of/
incubators;
the wrestler employs a collection of/
nose holds;
a sea of/
penitential sacraments
is distributed;
a pack of/
fog lights
shatters;
a hail of/
death chambers
is fumigated;
an avalanche of/
doors
is slammed shut;
a horde of/
paper sacks
explodes;
a circle of/
encircled troops
surrenders;
a garland of/
trichinae
is boiled into lard;
a procession of/
drunkards
suffocates in the wash trough;
a shock of/
wet snow
slams down on the packs
of the living
and the throngs
of the dead;

August
the world circumnavigator
is met
in a curve
on a steep mountain road
by a flock of/
sheep:
which push and shove him off the road
  and the curve:
crash with him into the abyss:
the world circumnavigator dies
  abysmally
in a flock/
in a sea/
in a throng/
of horrible sheep

—Peter Handke

(*Translated, from the German, by Michael Roloff.*)

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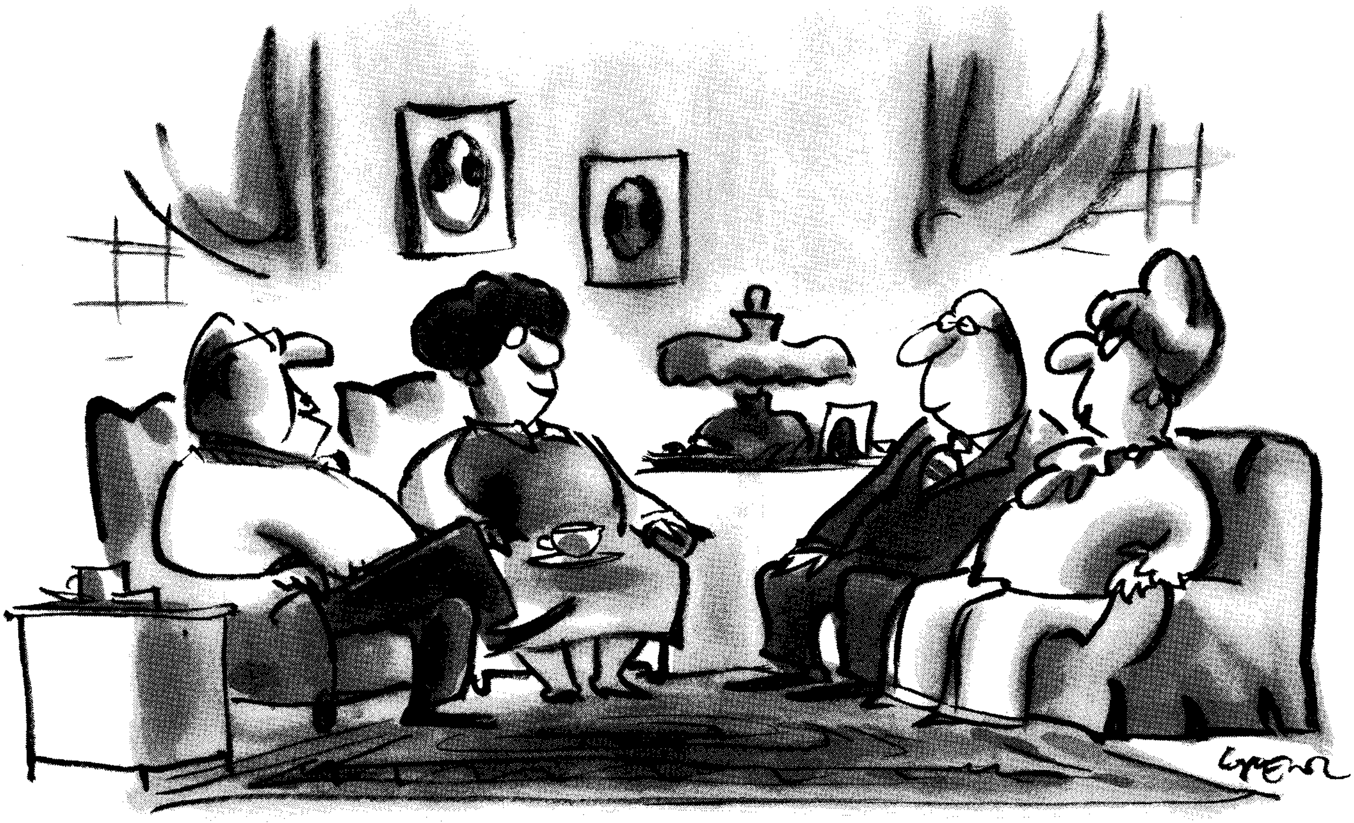
old. But there was also three: Frank Cairns was stamped, labelled, ticketed by his tie (club? regiment? school?); by his voice, manner, haircut, suit; by the impression he gave of being stranded in a jungle, waiting for a rescue party—from England, of course. He belonged to a species of British immigrant known as remittance men. Their obsolescence began on 3 September 1939 and by 8 May 1945 they were extinct. I knew about them from having had one in the family. Frank Cairns worked in a brokerage house—he told me later—but he probably did not need a job, at least not for a living. It must have been a way of ordering time, a flight from idleness, perhaps a means of getting out of the house.

THE institution of the remittance man was British, its genesis a chemical structure of family pride, class insanity, and imperial holdings that seemed impervious to fission but in the end turned out to be more fragile than anyone thought. Like all superfluous and marginal persons, remittance men were characters in a plot. The plot began with a fixed scene, an immutable first chapter, which described a powerful father's taking umbrage at his son's misconduct and ordering him out of the country. The pound was then one to five dollars, and there were vast British territories everywhere you looked. Hordes of young men who had somehow offended their parents were shipped out, golden deportees, to Canada, South Africa, New Zealand, Singapore. They were reluctant pio-



"Like anything else, it has its ups and downs, but by and large Edna and I have found the consumer experience a rewarding one."

neers, totally lacking any sense of adventure or desire to see that particular world. An income—the remittance—was provided on a standing banker's order, with one string attached: "Keep out of England." For the second chapter the plot allowed a choice of six crimes as reasons for banishment: Conflict over the choice of a profession—the son wants to be a tap-dancer. Gambling and debts—he has been barred from Monte Carlo. Dud checks—"I won't press a charge, sir, but see that the young rascal is kept out of harm's way." Marriage with a girl from the wrong walk of life—"Young man, you have made your bed!" Fathering an illegitimate child: ". . . and broken your mother's heart." Homosexuality, if discovered: too grave for even a lecture—it was a criminal offense.

This is the plot of the romance: this is what everyone repeated and what the remittance man believed of himself. Obviously, it is a load of codswallop. A man legally of age could marry the tattooed woman in a circus, be arrested for check-bouncing or for soliciting boys in Green Park, be obliged to recognize his by-blow and even to wed its mother, become a ponce or a professional wrestler, and still remain where he was born. All he needed to do was eschew the remittance and tell his papa to go to hell. Even at nineteen the plot was a story I wouldn't buy. The truth came down to something just as dramatic but boring to tell: a classic struggle for dominance with two protagonists—strong father, pliant son. It was also a male battle. No son was ever sent into exile by his mother, and no one has ever heard of a remittance *woman.* Yet daughters got into scrapes nearly as often as their brothers. Having no idea what money was, they ran up debts easily. Sometimes, out of ignorance of another sort, they dared to dispose of their own virginity, thus wrecking their value on the marriage market and becoming family charges for life. Accoucheurs had to be bribed to perform abortions; or else the daughters were dispatched to Austria and Switzerland to have babies they would never hear of again. A daughter's disgrace was long, expensive, and hard to conceal, yet no one dreamed of sending her thousands of miles away and forever: on the contrary, she became her father's unpaid servant, social secretary, dog walker, companion, sick nurse. Holding on to a daughter, dismissing a son were relatively easy: it depended on having tamely delinquent children, or a thunderous personality no child would dare to challenge, and on the weapon of money—bait or weapon, as you like.

Banished young, as a rule, the remittance man (the RM, in my private vocabulary) drifted for the rest of his life, never quite sounding or looking like anyone around him, seldom raising a family or pursuing an occupation (so much for the "choice of profession" legend)—remote, dreamy, bored. Those who never married often became low-key drunks. The remittance was usually ample without being handsome, but enough to keep one from doing a hand's turn; in any case few remittance men were fit to do much of anything, being well schooled but half educated, in that specifically English way, as well as markedly unaggressive and totally uncompetitive, which would have meant early death in the New World for anyone without an income. They were like children waiting for the school vacation so that they could go home, except that at home nobody wanted them: the nursery had been turned into a billiards room and Nanny dismissed. They were parted from mothers they rarely mentioned, whom in some way they blended with a Rupert Brooke memory of England, of the mother country, of the Old Country as everyone at home grew old. Often as not the payoff, the keep-away blackmail funds, came out of the mother's marriage settlement—out of the capital her own father had agreed to settle upon her unborn children during the wear and tear of Edwardian engagement negotiations. The son disgraced would never see more than a fixed income from this; he was cut off from a share of inheritance by his contract of exile. There were cases where the remittance ended abruptly with the mother's death, but that was considered a bad arrangement. Usually the allowance continued for the exile's lifetime and stopped when he died. No provision was made for his dependents, if he had them, and because of his own subject attitude to money he was unlikely to have made any himself. The income reverted to his sisters and brothers, to an estate, to a cat-and-dog hospital—whatever his father had decreed on some black angry day long before.

Whatever these sons had done their punishment was surely a cruel and singular one, invented for naughty children by a cosmic headmaster taking over for God: they were obliged to live over and over until they died the first separation from home, and the incomparable trauma of rejection. Yes, they were like children, perpetually on their way to a harsh school; they were eight years of age and sent "home" from India to childhoods of secret grieving among strangers. And this wound, this amputation, they would mercilessly inflict on their own children when the time came—on sons always, on daughters sometimes—persuaded that early heartbreak was right because it was British, hampered only by the financial limit set for banishment: it costs money to get rid of your young.

And how they admired their fathers, those helpless sons! They spoke of them with so much admiration, with such a depth of awe: only in memory can such voices still exist, the calm English voice on a summer night—a Canadian night so alien to the speaker—insisting, with sudden firmness, with a pause between words, "My . . . father . . . once . . . said . . . to . . . me . . ." and here would follow something utterly trivial, some advice about choosing a motorcar or training a dog. To the Canadian grandchildren the unknown grandfather was seven foot tall with a beard like George V, while the grandmother came through weepy and prissy and not very interesting. It was the father's Father, never met, never heard, who made Heaven and earth and Eve and Adam. The father in Canada seemed no more than an apostle transmitting a paternal message from the Father in England—the Father of us all. It was, however, rare for a remittance man to marry, rarer still to have any children; how could he become a father when he had never stopped being a son?

If the scattered freemasonry of offspring the remittance man left behind, all adult to elderly now, had anything in common it must have been their degree of incompetence. They were raised to behave well in situations that might never occur, trained to become genteel poor on continents where even the concept of genteel poverty has never existed. They were brought up with plenty of books and music and private lessons, a nurse sometimes, in a household where certain small luxuries were deemed essential—a way of life that, in North America at least, was supposed to be built on a sunken concrete base of money; otherwise you were British con men, a breed of gypsy, and a bad example.

Now, your remittance man was apt to find this assumption quite funny. The one place he would never take seriously was the place he was in. The identification of prominent local families with the name of a product, a commodity, would be his running joke: "The Allseeds are sugar, the Bilges are coal, the Cumquats are cough medicine, the Doldrums are coffins, the Earwigs are saucepans, the Fustians are timber, the Grindstones are beer." But his young, once they came up against it, were bound to observe that their concrete base was the dandelion fluff of a banker's order, their commodity nothing but "life in England before 1914," which was not negotiable. Also, the constant, nagging "What does your father really *do*?" could amount to persecution.

"Mr. Bainwood wants to know what you do."

"Damned inquisitive of him."

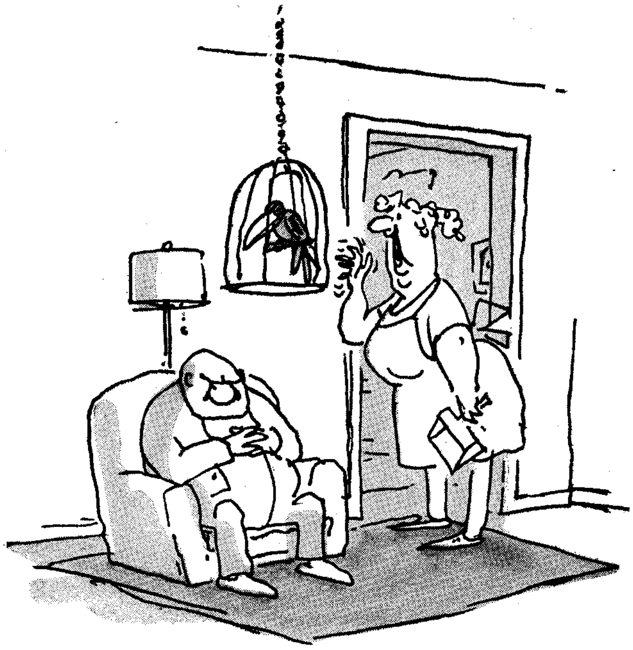
"Well, what *do* you do?"

Silence. Signs of annoyance. Laughter sometimes. Or something silly: "What do *you* do when you aren't asking questions?"

No remittance man's child that I know of ever attended a university, though care was taken over the choice of schools. There they would be, at eighteen and nineteen, the boys wearing raincoats in the coldest weather, the girls with their hair ribbons and hand-knits and their innocently irritating English voices, well read, musical, versed in history, probably because they had been taught that the past is better than now, and somewhere else better than here. They must have been the only English-Canadian children to speak French casually, as a matter of course. Untidy, unpunctual, imperially tactless, they drifted into work that had to be "interesting," "creative," never demeaning, and where—unless they'd had the advantage of a rough time and enough nounce to draw a line against the past—they seldom lasted. There was one in every public-relations firm, one to a radio station, two to a publisher—forgetting appointments, losing contracts, jamming typewriters, sabotaging telephones, apologizing in accents it would have taken elocution lessons to change, so strong had been paternal pressure against the hard Canadian "r," not to mention other vocables:

"A-t-e is *et*, darling, not ate."

"I can't say *et*. Only farmers say it."



"Hello, hello, hello.
Bye-bye, bye-bye, bye-bye.
Ha-ha, ha-ha, ha-ha."

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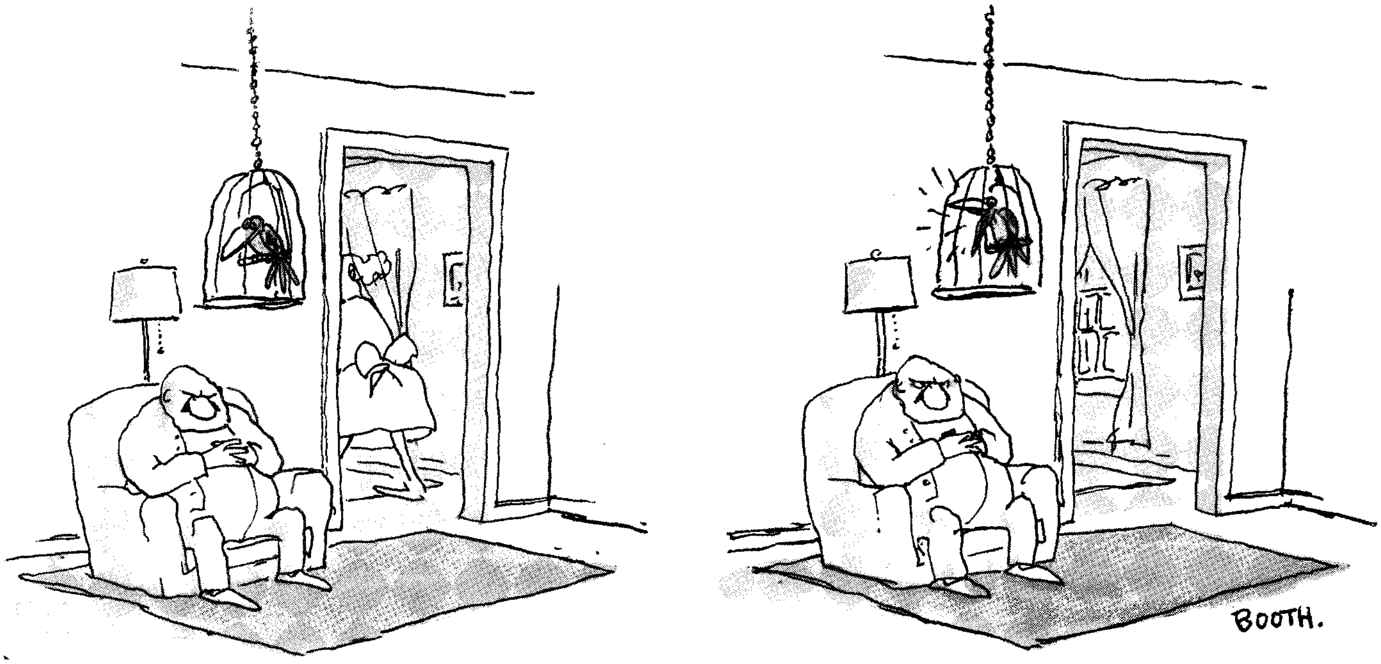


"Hello, hello, hello.
Bye-bye, bye-bye, bye-bye.
Ha-ha, ha-ha, ha-ha."

• •

"Perhaps here, but you won't always be here."

Of course the children were guilt-drenched, wondering which of the six traditional crimes they ought to pin on their father, what his secret was, what his past included, why he had been made an outcast. The answer was quite often "Nothing, no reason," but it meant too much to be unravelled and knit up. The saddest were those unwise enough to look into the families who had caused so much inherited woe. For the family was often as not smaller potatoes than the children had thought, and their father's romantic crime had been just the inability to sit for an examination, to stay at a university, to handle an allowance, to gain a toehold in any profession, or even to decide what he wanted to do—an ineptitude so maddening to live with that the Father preferred to shell out forever rather than watch his heir fall apart before his eyes. The male line, then, was a ghost story. A mother's vitality would be needed to create ectoplasm, to make the ghost offspring visible. Unfortunately the exiles were apt to marry absentminded women whose skirts are covered with dog hairs—the drooping, bewildered British-Canadian mouse, who counts on tea leaves to tell her "what will happen when Edward goes." None of us is ever saved entirely, but even an erratic and alarming maternal vitality could turn out to be better than none.

Frank Cairns was childless, which I thought wise of him. He had been to Ceylon, gone back to England with a stiff case of homesickness disguised as malaria, married, and been shipped smartly out again, this time to Montreal. He was a neat, I think rather a small, man, with a straight part in his hair and a quick, brisk walk. He noticed I was engaged. I did not reply. I told him I had been in New York, had come back about a year ago, and missed "different things." He seemed to approve. "You can't make a move here," he said more than once. I was not sure what he meant. If he had been only the person I have described I'd have started taking an earlier train to be rid of him. But Frank Cairns was something new, unique of his kind, and almost as good as a refugee, for he was a Socialist. At least he said he was. He said he had never voted anywhere but that if he ever in the future happened to be in England when there was an election he would certainly vote Labour. His Socialism did not fit anything else about him, and seemed to depend for its life on the memory of talks he'd once had with a friend whom he described as brilliant, philosophical, farseeing, and just. I thought, Like Christ, but did not know Frank Cairns well enough to say so. The nonbeliever I had become was sometimes dogged by the child whose nightly request had been "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild, look upon a little child," and I sometimes got into ferocious arguments with her, as well as with other people. I was too curious about Frank Cairns to wish to quarrel over religion—at any rate not at the beginning. He talked about his friend without seeming able to share him. He never mentioned his name. I had to fill in the blank part of this conversation without help; I made the friend a high-ranking civil servant in Ceylon, older than anyone—which might have meant forty-two—an intellectual revolutionary who could work the future out on paper, like arithmetic.

Wherever his opinions came from, Frank Cairns was the first person ever to talk to me about the English poor. They seemed to be a race, different in kind from other English. He showed me old copies of *Picture Post* he must have saved up from the Depression. In our hot summer train, where everyone was starched and ironed and washed and fed, we considered slum doorways and the faces of women at the breaking point. They looked like Lenin's "remnants of nations" except that there were too many of them for a remnant. I thought of my mother and her long preoccupation with the fate of the Scottsboro Boys. My mother had read and mooned and fretted about the Scottsboro case, while I tried to turn her attention to something urgent, such as that my school uniform was now torn in three places. It is quite possible that my mother had seldom seen a black except on railway trains. (If I say "black" it is only because it is expected. It was a rude and offensive term in my childhood and I would not have been allowed to use it. "Black" was the sort of thing South Africans said.) Had Frank Cairns actually seen those *Picture Post* faces, I wondered. His home, his England, was every other remittance man's—the one I called "Christopher-Robin-land" and had sworn to keep away from. He hated Churchill, I remember, but I was used to hearing that. No man who remembered the Dardanelles really trusted him. Younger men (I am speaking of the handful I knew who had any opinion at all) were not usually irritated by his rhetoric until they got into uniform.

Once in a book I lent him he found a scrap of paper on which I had written the title of a story I was writing, "The Socialist RM," and some scrawls in, luckily, a private shorthand of mine. A perilous moment: "remittance man" was a term of abuse all over the Commonwealth and Empire.

"What is it?" he asked. "Resident Magistrate?"

"It might be Royal Marine. Royal Mail. I honestly don't remember. I can't read my own writing sometimes." The last sentence was true.

His Socialism was unlike a Czech's or a German's; though he believed that one should fight hard for social change, there was a hopelessness about it, an almost moral belief that improving their material circumstances would get the downtrodden nowhere. At the same time, he thought the poor *were* happy, that they had some strange secret of happiness—the way people often think all Italians are happy because they have large families. I wondered if he really believed that a man with no prospects and no teeth in his head was spiritually better off than Frank Cairns and why, in that case, Frank Cairns did not let him alone with his underfed children and his native good nature. This was a British left-wing paradox I was often to encounter later on. What it seemed to amount to was leaving people more or less as they were, though he did speak about basic principles and the spread of education. It sounded dull. I was Russian-minded; I read Russian books, listened to Russian music. After Russia came Germany and Central Europe—that was where the real mystery and political excitement lay. His Webbs and his Fabians were plodding and grey. I saw the men with thick mustaches, wearing heavy boots, sharing lumpy meals with moral women. In the books he brought me I continued to find his absent friend. He produced Housman and Hardy (I could not read either), Siegfried Sassoon and Edmund Blunden, H. G. Wells and Bernard Shaw. The friend was probably a Scot—Frank Cairns admired them. The Scots of Canada, to me, stood for all that was narrow, grasping, at a standstill. How I distrusted those granite bankers who thought it was sinful to smoke! I was wrong, he told me. The true Scots were full of poetry and political passion. I said, "Are you sure?" and turned his friend into a native of Aberdeen and a graduate from Edinburgh. I also began a new notebook: "Scottish Labour Party. Keir Hardie. Others." This was better than the Webbs but still not as good as Rosa Luxemburg.

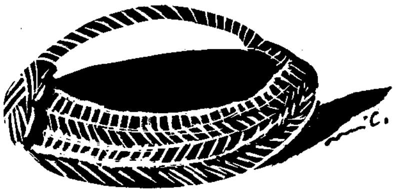
THE POWER OF THOUGHT

The rain falls like an army, deafening
on the thin plastic tied to four trees
for a kind of roof.
We watch the drenched pines through a veil of water.
It rains hard all evening, we can hear it
even over the hiss and crash of the river.
Curled in my clammy bag I wish
I were home, at my desk,
dry clothes, pen, paper,
typewriter under the warm lamplight—
and here I am.

—Robert Mezey

• •

It was Frank Cairns who said to me "Life has no point," without emphasis, in response to some ignorant assumption of mine. This was his true voice. I recall the sidelong glance, the lizard's eye that some men develop as they grow old or when they have too much to hide. I was no good with ages. I cannot place him even today. Early thirties, probably. What else did he tell me? That "Scotch" was the proper term and "Scots" an example of a genteelism overtaking the original. That unless the English surmounted their class obsessions with speech and accent Britain would not survive in the world after the war. His remedy (or his friend's) was having everyone go to the same schools. He surprised me even more by saying, "I would never live in England, not as it is now."



"Where, then?"

"Nowhere. I don't know."

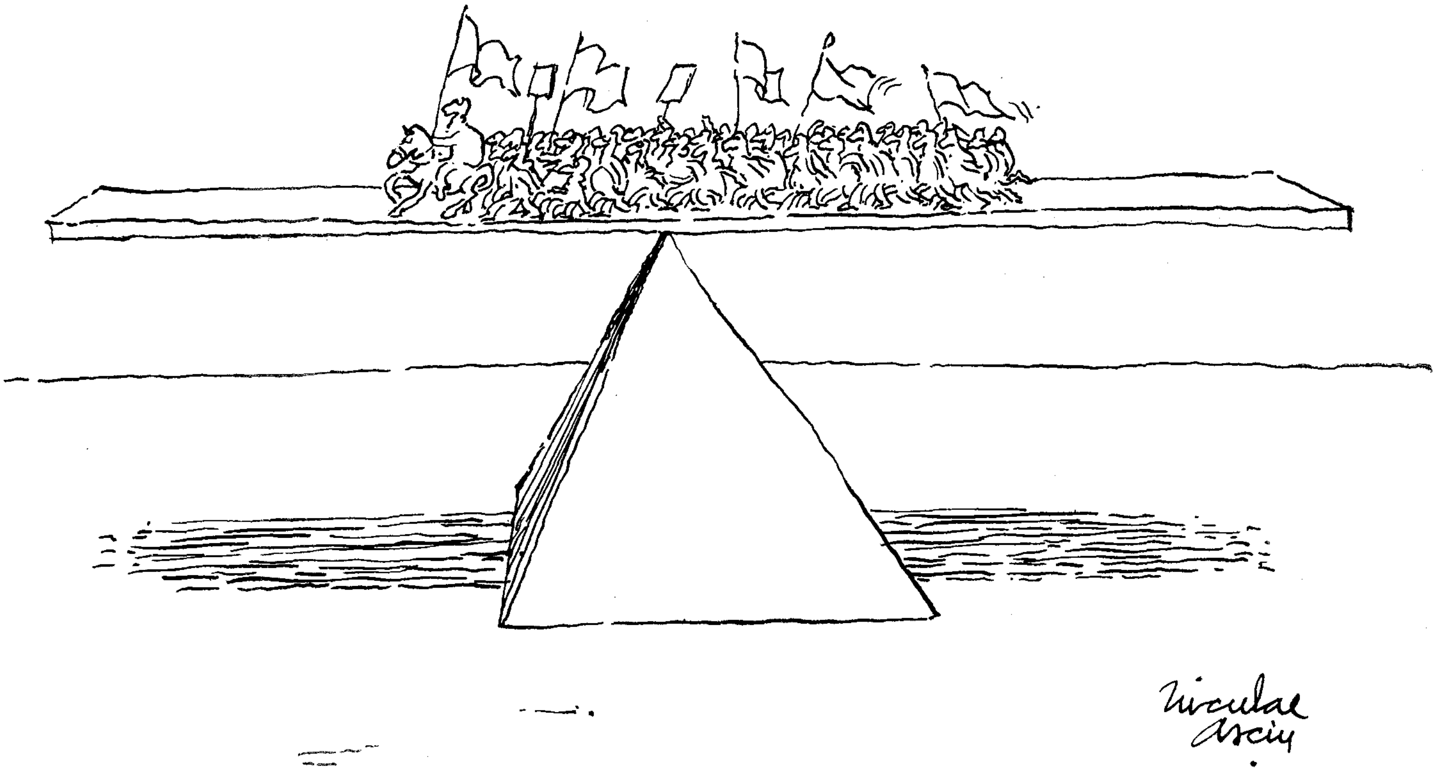
"What about Russia? They all go to the same schools."

"Good Lord," said Frank Cairns.

He was inhabited by a familiar who spoke through him, provided him with jolting outbursts but not a whole thought. Perhaps that silent coming and going was the way people stayed in each other's lives when they were apart. What Frank Cairns was to me was a curio cabinet. I took everything out of the cabinet, piece by piece, examined the objects, set them down. Such situations, riddled with ambiguity, I would blunder about with for a long time until I learned to be careful.

THE husband of the woman from whom I rented my summer room played golf every weekend. On one of those August nights when no one can sleep and the sky is nearly bright enough to read by, I took to the back yard and found him trying to cool off with a glass of beer. He remembered he had offered to give me golf lessons. I did not wish to learn, but did not say so. His wife spoke up from a deck chair: "You've never offered to teach me, I notice." She then compounded the error by telling me everyone was talking about me and the married man on the train. The next day I took the Käthe Kollwitz prints down from the walls of my room and moved back to Montreal without an explanation. Frank Cairns and I met once more that summer to return some books. That was all. When he called me at my office late in November, I said, "*Who?*"

He came into the coffee shop at Windsor Station, where I was waiting. He was in uniform. I had not noticed he was good-looking before. It was not something I noticed in men. He was a first lieutenant. I disapproved:



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"Couldn't they make you a private?"

"Too old," he said. "As it is I am too old for my rank." I thought he just meant he might be promoted faster because of that.

"You don't look old." I at once regretted this personal remark, the first he had heard from me. Indeed, he had shed most of his adult life. He must have seemed as young as this when he started out to Ceylon. The uniform was his visa to England; no one could shut him away now. His face was radiant, open: he was halfway there. This glimpse of a purpose astonished me; why should a uniform make the change he'd been unable to make alone? He was not the first soldier I saw transfigured but he was the first to affect me.

He kept smiling and staring at me. I hoped he was not going to make a personal remark in exchange for mine. He said, "That tam makes you look, I don't know, Canadian. I've always thought of you as English. I still think England is where you might be happy."

"I'm happy here. You said you'd never live there."

"It would be a good place for you," he said. "Well, well, we shall see."

He would see nothing. My evolution was like freaky weather then: a few months, a few weeks even, were the equivalent of long second thoughts later on. I was in a completely other climate. I no longer missed New York and "different things." I had become patriotic. Canadian patriotism is always anti-American in part, and feeds upon anecdotes. American tourists were beginning to arrive in Montreal looking for anything expensive or hard to find in the United States; when they could not buy rationed food such as meat and butter, or unrationed things such as nylon stockings (because they did not exist), they complained of ingratitude. This was because Canada was thought to be a recipient of American charity and on the other end of Lend-Lease. Canadians were, and are, enormously touchy. Great umbrage had been taken over a story that was going around in the States about Americans who had been soaked for black-market butter in Montreal; when they got back across the border they opened the package and found the butter stamped "Gift of the American People." This fable persisted throughout the war and turned up in print. An American friend saw it in, I think, Westbrook Pegler's column and wrote asking me if it was true. I composed a letter I meant to send to the New York *Times*, demolishing the butter story. I kept rewriting and reshaping it, trying to achieve a balance between crippling irony and a calm review of events. I never posted it, finally, because my grandmother appeared to me in a dream and said that only fools wrote to newspapers.

Our coffee was tepid, the saucers slopped. He complained, and the waitress asked if we knew there was a war on. "Christ, what a bloody awful country this is," he said.

I wanted to say, Then why are you with a Canadian regiment? I provided my own answer: They pay more than the Brits. We were actually quarrelling in my head, and on such a mean level. I began to tear up a paper napkin and to cry.

"I have missed you," he remarked, but quite happily; you could tell the need for missing was over. I had scarcely thought of him at all. I kept taking more and more napkins out of the container on the table and blotting my face and tearing the paper up. He must be the only man I ever cried about in a public place. I hardly knew him. He was not embarrassed, as a Canadian would have been, but looked all the happier. The glances we got from other tables were full of understanding. Everything gave the wrong impression—his uniform, my engagement ring, my tears. I told him I was going to be married.

"Nonsense," he said.

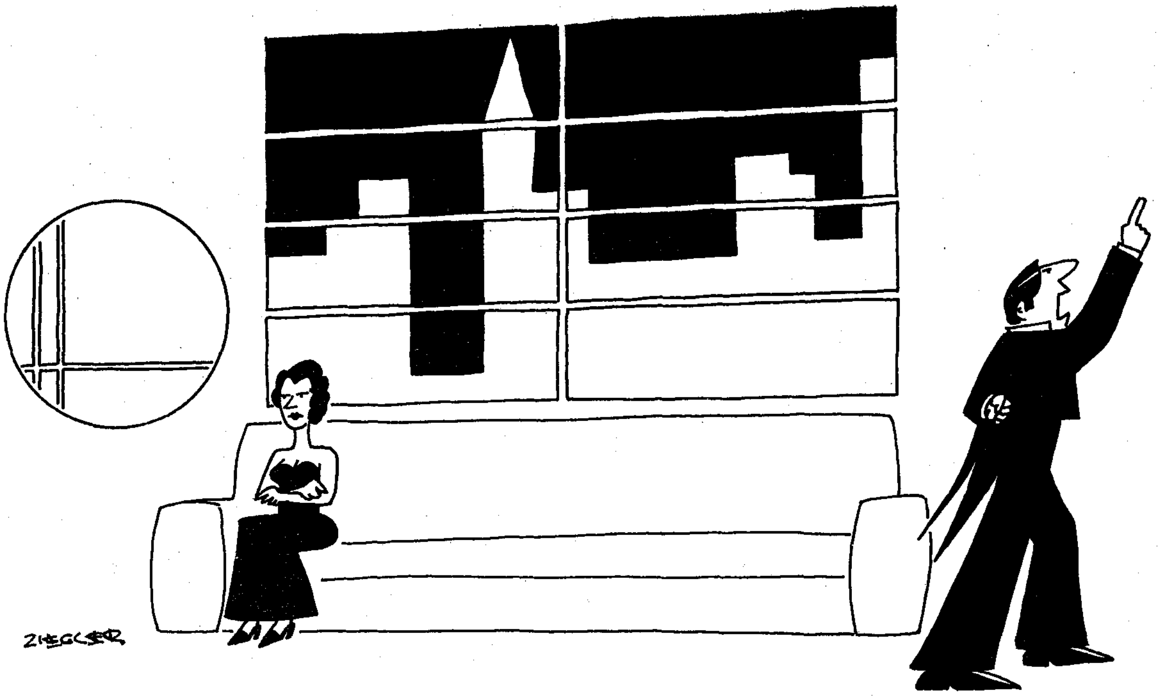
"I'm serious."

"You seem awfully young."

"I'll soon be twenty." A slip. I had told him I was older. It amazed me to remember how young I had been only the summer before. "But I won't actually be a married woman," I said, "because I hate everything about them. Another thing I won't be and that's the sensitive housewife—the one who listens to Brahms while she does the ironing and reads all the new books still in their jackets."

"No, don't be a sensitive housewife," he said.

He gave me "The Wallet of Kai



"How many times do I have to tell you, Jocelyn, 'I won't dance! Why should I? I won't dance! How could I? I won't dance! Merci beaucoup!' "

Lung" and "Kai Lung's Golden Hours," which had been in Ceylon with him and had survived.

DID we write to each other? That's what I can't remember. I was careless then; I kept moving on. Also I really did, that time, get married. My husband was posted three days afterward to an American base in the Aleutian Islands—I have forgotten why. Eight months later he returned for a brief embarkation leave and then went overseas. I had dreaded coming in to my office after my wedding for fear the men I worked with would tease me. But the mixture of war and separation recalled old stories of their own experiences, in the First World War. Also I had been transformed into someone with a French surname, which gave them pause.

"Does he — uh — speak any French?"

"Not a word. He's from the West." Ah. "But he ought to. His father is French." Oh.

I had disappeared for no more than four days, but I was Mrs. Something now, not young Linnet. They spoke about me as "she," and not "Linnet" or "the kid." I wondered what they saw when they looked at me. In every head bent over a desk or a drawing board there was an opinion about women; expressed, it sounded either prurient or coarse, but I still cannot believe that is all there was to it. I know I shocked them profoundly once by saying that a wartime ditty popular with the troops, "Rock me to sleep, Sergeant-Major, tuck me in my little bed," was innocently homosexual. That I could have such a turn of thought, that I could use such an expression, that I even knew it existed seemed scandalous to them. "You read too damned much," I was told. Oddly enough, they had never minded my hearing any of the several versions of the song, some of which were unspeakable; all they objected to was my unfeminine remark. When I married they gave me a suitcase, and when I left for good they bought me a Victory Bond. I had scrupulously noted every detail of the office, and the building it was in, yet only a few months later I would walk by it without remembering I had ever been inside, and it occurs to me only now that I never saw any of them again.

I was still a minor, but emancipated by marriage. I did not need to ask parental consent for anything or worry about being brought down on the wing. I realized how anxious I had been once the need for that particular anxiety was over. A friend in New York married to a psychiatrist had sent me a letter saying I had her permission to marry. She did not describe herself as a relative or state anything untrue—she just addressed herself to whom it may concern, said that as far as *she* was concerned I could get married, and signed. She did not tell her husband, in case he tried to put things right out of principle, and I mentioned to no one that the letter was legal taradiddle and carried about as much weight as a library card. I mention this to show what essential paperwork sometimes amounts to. My husband, aged twenty-four, had become my legal guardian under Quebec's preposterous Napoleonic law, but he never knew that. When he went overseas he asked me not to join any political party, which I hadn't thought of doing, and not to enlist in the Army or the Air Force. The second he vanished I tried to join the Wrens, which had not been on the list only because it slipped his mind. Joining one of the services had never been among my plans and projects—it was he who accidentally put the idea in my head. I now decided I would turn up overseas, having made it there on my own, but I got no further than the enlistment requirements, which included ". . . of the white race only." This barrier turned out to be true of nearly all the navies of the Commonwealth countries. I supposed everyone must have wanted it that way, for I never heard it questioned. I was only beginning to hear the first rumblings of hypocrisy on our side—the right side; the wrong side seemed to be guilty of every sin humanly possible except simulation of virtue. I put the blame for the racial barrier on Churchill, who certainly *knew*, and had known since the First World War; I believed that Roosevelt, Stalin, Chiang Kai-shek, and de Gaulle did not know, and that should it ever come to their attention they would be as shocked as I was.

Instead of enlisting I passed the St. John Ambulance first-aid certificate, which made me a useful person in case of total war. The Killed-Wounded-Missing columns of the afternoon paper were now my daily reading. It became a habit so steadfast that I would automatically look for victims even after the war ended. The summer of the Scottish Labour Party, Keir Hardie, and Others fell behind, as well as a younger, discarded Linnet. I lighted ferocious autos-da-fé. Nothing could live except present time. In the ever-new present I read one day that Major Francis Cairns had died of wounds in Italy. Who remembers now the shock of the known name? It was like a flat white light. One felt apart from everyone, isolated. The field of vision drew in. Then, before one could lose consciousness, vision expanded, light and shadow moved, voices pierced through. One's heart, which had stopped, beat hard enough to make a room shudder. All this would occupy about a second. The next second was inhabited by disbelief. I saw him in uniform, so happy, halfway there, and myself making a spectacle of us, tearing a paper napkin. I was happy for him that he would never need to return to the commuting train and the loneliness and be forced to relive his own past. I wanted to write a casual letter saying so. One's impulse was always to write to the dead. Nobody knew I knew him, and in Canada it was not done to speak of the missing. I forgot him. He went under. I was doing a new sort of work and sharing a house with another girl whose husband was also overseas. Montreal had become a completely other city. I was no longer attracted to refugees. They were going through a process called "integrating." Some changed their names. Others applied for citizenship. A refugee eating cornflakes was of no further interest. The house I now lived in contained a fireplace, in which I burned all my stories about Czech and German anti-Fascists. In the picnic hamper I used for storing journals and notebooks I found a manila envelope marked "Lakeshore." It contained several versions of "The Socialist RM" and a few other things that sounded as if they were translated from the Russian by Constance Garnett. I also found a brief novel I had no memory of having written, about a Scot from Aberdeen, a left-wing civil servant in Ceylon—a man from somewhere, living elsewhere, confident that another world was entirely possible, since he had got it all down. It had shape, density, voice, but I destroyed it too. I never felt guilt about forgetting the dead or the living, but I minded about that one manuscript for a time. All this business of putting life through a sieve and then discarding it was another variety of exile; I knew that even then, but it seemed quite right and perfectly natural.

—MAVIS GALLANT

A FRESNO FABLE

KEROPE ANTOYAN, the grocer, ran into Aram Bashmanian, the lawyer, in the street one day and said, "Aram, you are the very man I have been looking for. It is a miracle that I find you this way at this time, because there is only one man in this world I want to talk to, and you are that man, Aram."

"Very well, Kerope," the lawyer said. "Here I am."

"This morning," the grocer said, "when I got up I said to myself, 'If there is anybody in this whole world I can trust, it is Aram,' and here you are before my eyes—my salvation, the restorer of peace to my soul. If I had hoped to see an angel in the street, I would not have been half so pleased as I am to see you, Aram."

"Well, of course I can always be found in my office," Aram said, "but I'm glad we have met in the street. What is it, Kerope?"

"Aram, we are from Bitlis. We understand all too well that before one speaks one thinks. Before the cat tastes the fish, his whiskers must feel the head. A prudent man does not open an umbrella for one drop of rain. Caution with strangers, care with friends, trust in one's very own—as *you* are my very own, Aram. I thank God for bringing you to me at this moment of crisis."

"What is it, Kerope?"

"Aram, every eye has a brow, every lip a mustache, the foot wants its shoe, the hand its glove, what is a tailor without his needle, even a lost dog remembers having had a bone, until a candle is lighted a prayer for a friend cannot be said, one man's ruin is another man's reward."

"Yes, of course, but what is the crisis, Kerope?"

"A good song in the mouth of a bad singer is more painful to the ear than a small man's sneeze," the grocer said.

"Kerope," the lawyer said. "How can I help you?"

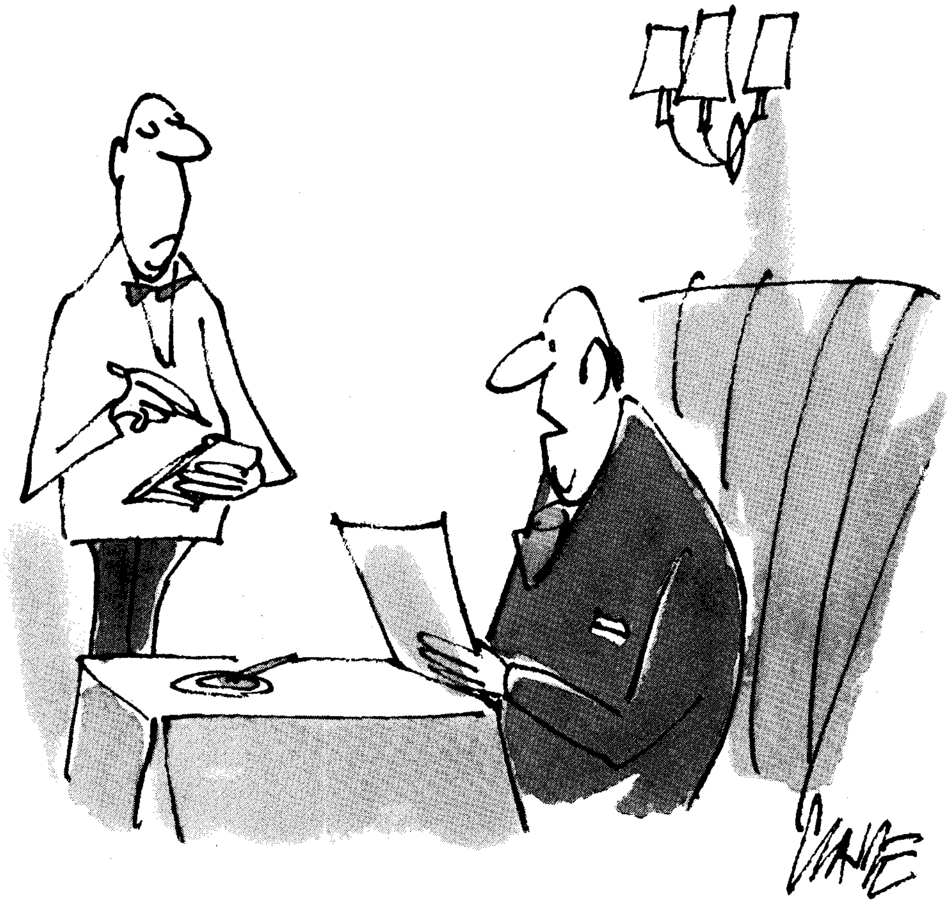
"You are like a brother to me, Aram—a younger brother whose wisdom is far greater than my own, far greater than any man's."

"Well, thank you, Kerope," Aram said, "but *please* tell me what's the matter, so I can try to help you."

In the end, though, Kerope refused to tell Aram his problem.

MORAL: If you're really smart, you won't trust even an angel.

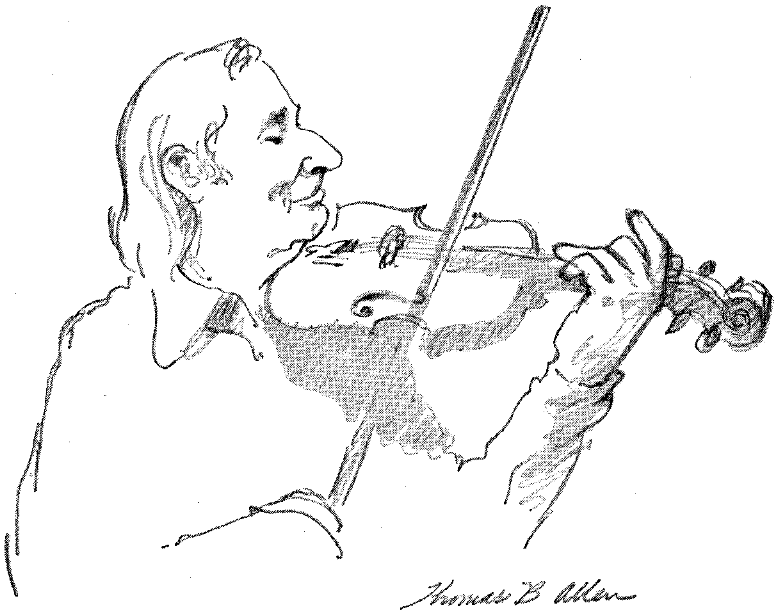
—WILLIAM SAROYAN



"I'll have the Sacked Businessman's Lunch."

PROFILES

YOU MUST START WELL AND YOU MUST END WELL



Stéphane Grappelli

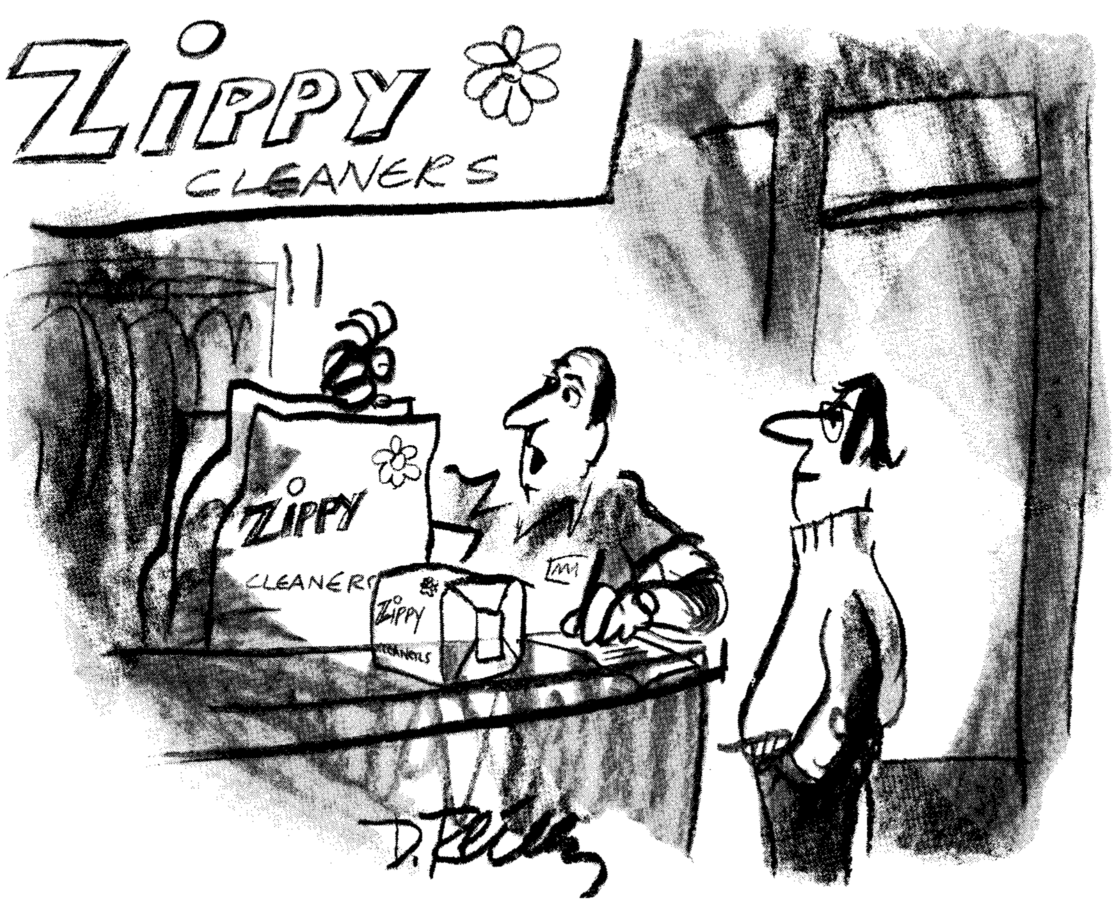
PROPELLED by his brand-new Pulsar watch, which he resolutely kept set five hours ahead, at London time, Stéphane Grappelli, the formidable sixty-seven-year-old violinist, did not waste a second when he was in New York a while ago. It was his first real visit, and during his ten-day stay he went to West Forty-seventh Street and bought his Pulsar; kept an eye on Nigel Kennedy, a cherub-faced eighteen-year-old English prodigy who is a protégé of his friend Yehudi Menuhin and a Juilliard student ("You must laugh more, Nigel"); walked a league or two every day; delightedly spent most of an afternoon in Macy's; averaged four or five hours' sleep; drank an unaccustomed amount of white wine at the opening of Zoot Sims and Dave McKenna at Michael's Pub and grew quite jolly; attended the beginning of a typically thunderous Mahavishnu Orchestra concert; visited with his compeers Jean-Luc Ponty (violin) and Martial Solal (piano); gave a gentle and careful concert at Carnegie Hall ("The sound was a bit deesturbed. I couldn't hear myself, so I was not quite at home. If I can hear me, I'm safe. I didn't expect that ovation. I am always prepared for the worst"); played fourteen immaculate sets at Buddy's Place during his six days there; and confirmed what a good many people over here have long suspected because of his recordings—that he has pulled even with Joe Venuti, his consummate American counterpart and long the best of jazz violinists. All of which might seem akin to hailing the world's two finest unicyclists, there having been in the history of music only half a dozen first-rate jazz violinists. But adapting the violin to jazz at all is a feat, and doing it with the grace and skill and daring of Grappelli is a signal achievement. Grappelli's new preëminence has finally brought to a close the long evolution of European jazz musicians from ardent, self-denigrating copyists to unavoidably attractive professionals. Indeed, Grappelli, together with his noble colleague, the gypsy guitarist Django Reinhardt, initiated the trek in 1934, when the Quintet of the Hot Club of France, of which he and Reinhardt were nominal co-leaders, made its first recordings.

Grappelli's style has changed little since then. As is true of all adventurous creations, its inspirations are diverse and subtle. They include the piano playing of Bix Beiderbecke ("It have a fantastic *psychologique* effect on me"); the buoyant, baroque dance music of the twenties and early thirties; the singing of Louis Armstrong; George Gershwin, both as pianist and as composer; Billie Holiday; Frankie Trumbauer; Art Tatum ("He was for a long time the only reason for me to come to this country. Then, when I am ready, he died, and—*incroyable!*—I miss him"); and Django Reinhardt, an extraordinary performer whose inventions have yet to be entirely absorbed. Grappelli's playing is often called "elegant," and so it is. But there is more to it than that. It has, at its best, a controlled ecstasy. It is fluid yet structured, flamboyant yet tasteful, lyrical yet hardheaded. Grappelli is a superb melodist; that is, he can play a song "straight" while subtly so altering its melodic line that its strengths double. And he is a tireless improviser. At fast tempos, he often gives the impression that he is carrying on two solos at once. He will start a chorus with a long, molten phrase in the middle register and, without warning, leap into the highest register; there, continuing his chain of thought, he begins solo No. 2 (while his opening middle-register passage still courses through the listener's mind); then, after flashing along almost above hearing, he will, again without pause, drop back to solo No. 1 (while No. 2 still seems to be sailing along), and close the chorus by plummeting into his lowest register for a fat double-stop. He is fond of rhapsodies, which he plays with a blueslike directness, and he is fond of the blues, which he plays rhapsodically. His tone is clear and measured; it doesn't go thin at fast speeds and it doesn't balloon at slow speeds. Grappelli has always swung. He often unwittingly made the ingenious Reinhardt sound chunky and heavy, and he does the same thing in a couple of recordings he made with Oscar Peterson. For a long time after Reinhardt's death, in 1953, one heard little of Grappelli, even though he worked almost steadily. A few years ago, he began to shine again. The reasons were many: Reinhardt was inevitably receding in memory; Grappelli had just spent the better part of five years at the Paris Hilton, which put him firmly before the public; the younger generation, astonished by his joyousness and honesty and musical aplomb, took to him; he began recording prolifically again, often with startling results (marvellous collaborations with Menuhin and the vibraphonist Gary Burton); and for the first time he started travelling widely (he returns to Carnegie Hall March 2nd).

GRAPPELLI stayed at the Americana when he was here, and he made his trip to Macy's and back on foot. It was a cold, blowing afternoon when he set off, and he went down Seventh Avenue at a near jog. He had on a tan sweater, a thin tan safari jacket, and purple pants, and he said he was cold. His white hair has receded, but it is long at the neck, as if it had begun to slip off and been caught in the nick of time. A block from the hotel, Grappelli pushed the time button on his Pulsar and red numerals appeared: 7:26. "I do not want to lose the London time," he said, in his soft, somewhat high voice. "I love London, and it comforts me to always have it with me. I must be back by five o'clock at the hotel for an appointment, and since I am very nervous I must be on time. Djangoo was always late, and often he forget to appear at all at night, because his only watch was the sun. He was taciturn and childish. He was illiterate, and he spoke French—joost. He had the intelligence of the *paysan*. He did not have the intelligence of the poet, except when he play. He was not handsome and he often dressed badly, but he have great personality. When he walked down the street, people turned to look at him. Ah! The troubles he gave me! I think now I would rather play with lesser musicians and have a peaceable time than with Djangoo and all his monkey business. One time, Djangoo and I were invited to the Élysée Palace by a high personality. We were invited for dinnair, and after dessert we were expected to perform. Djangoo did not appear. After dinnair, the high personality was very polite, but I can tell he is waiting, so I say I think I know where Djangoo is when I don't know at all. The high personality calls a limousine and I go to Djangoo's flat, in Montmartre. His guitar is in the corner, and I ask his wife where he is. She says maybe at the *académie* playing billiards. He was a very good player of billiards, very *adroit*. He spend his infancy doing that and being in the streets. His living room was the street. *Alors*, I go to the *académie* and when he sees me he turns red, yellow, white. In spite of his almost *double* stature of me, he was a little afraid. In the world of the gypsy, age count, although I am only two years older than him. Also I could read, I was instructed. He have two days' *barbe* on his face and his slippers on, so I push him into the limousine and we go back to his flat to clean him up a little and get his guitar. Djangoo was like a chameleon; *à toute seconde* he could change keys. He was embarrassed about everything, but his *naturel* self came back, and when we arrived at the Élysée and the guard at the gate saluted the limousine, he stick up his chin and say, 'Ah! They recognize me.' He disappeared again when we were playing a posh place in Biarritz named The Four Seasons. We were, for once, living just like customers in a good hotel. Djangoo says he is going fishing and I tell him I will go along to keep him company, even though I do not like to fish. Djangoo loved fishing! He would cut a branch and fasten some incredible string and find a worm and catch a big fish while people with *moderne* stick catch nothing. I go to his room, but he is gone—clothes, everything. I look and look and I finally find him in an abandoned caravan outside the town. I say to him, 'Now what have you done? For once, we have a good lodging. What push you to leave that hotel?' He say, 'Oh, I don't like all that carpet. It hurt my feet.'

"He was always trying to be something he wasn't. The first time we went to England, in 1937, the impresario made up a very good contrac'. We get travel by first class going and coming. When the impresario show the contrac' to Djangoo, Djangoo studied it a long time—he cannot read, remember—and suddenly he banged his finger down on the page and said, 'I don't like that!' I looked where his finger is and it is the business about the first-class travel. I laugh and laugh and tell the impresario never mind, Djangoo is making a big joke, that's the way he always is. *Alors*, that same trip we play a concert at the Cambridge Theatre, and the master of ceremonies introduce me before Djangoo. Djangoo looked around and when the time comes he won't play. The other two guitarists in the group are terrorize of him and they just stare at him. So I started with the bass and finally after two or three choruses Djangoo started to play. I did not speak with him for one week, and always after that there was a little tension from him to me."

Grappelli stopped for a light at Fortieth Street. He looked up and down Broadway, and said rhetorically, "Why is this the only street that run diagonal in New York? Very strange." The light changed and he scuttled across the street, hugging himself to keep warm. The wind plumed his hair and made him squint, and his small, narrow face was fierce and hawklike. "When I first met Djangoo, it was 1931 and I am just coming back to



"Let's see. I believe that's it—one Rugby shirt, one Peruvian llama cloak, one Irish peat-bog hat, one Mexican sarape, one Danish fisherman's sweater, and one terry-cloth jump suit."

the violin. Three or four years before, I had shut my violin box and *pouf!*—Stéphane Grappelli, pianist. I learn the piano the way I learn the violin and how to cook—from books and from watching others. I like the piano for two reasons: I discover I can play parties by myself in the Sixteenth Arrondissement for Madame This and Madame That and make a lot more money, and I discover I like the *harmonique* aspect of the piano. I am nineteen, and I play the piano in a French band at the Ambassadeurs, in Paris, for two seasons. *Voilà!*—one thousand dinnairs every night for five hundred men and five hundred women all covered with diamonds. Two or three maharajas. Clifton Webb singing Cole Porter's 'Looking at You.' Paul Whiteman playing. Bing Crosbee, who was one of the Rhythm Boys, asking me at the bar, 'Hey, man! Where can I get a *chasseur*?' Fred Waring and twenty girl singers going from table to table. Oscar Levant and George Gershwin playing 'Rhapsody in Blue' on one piano with two keyboards. I manage to congratulate Gershwin on his way out, near the kitchen. I grasp his hand and nearly kiss him. He smile and was very polite to me. *Alors*, after that I spend two seasons with Gregor and his Gregorians. Gregor was an Armenian who was picking up about ten languages and who arrive every night at the Palais de la Méditerranée, in Nice, in a Renault with two black chauffeurs. Gregor was a teetotaller, but if we go to a night club after work he sometimes had a little drink, and it would go right to his head. One night, he have a drink and he say, 'Hey, Stéphane, you used to play the violin. Why do you not play it now?' Well, by then I haven't played it in three or four years, but I'm having a little drink myself, so I borrow a violin and play and I play *gauche*. Just three days away from the violin is like sitting in a chair with arthritis too long: it take the feet a while to get going again. But Gregor stay after me and pretty soon I am back with the violin, and I stay with it until this day. After Gregor, I go back to Paris, which was marvellous then. I play violin and saxophone, which I learn in the South of France in a little café where painters like de Kooning come in in bare feet and short pants and where the Prince of Wales sit in on drums with us. And I play accordion, too.

"One night when I finish work, this big, dark, funny-looking man come in and say, 'Hey! I'm looking for a violinist to play hot.' It was Djangoo. But I lose contact with him for two years until I take a job playing for tea between five and seven in a hotel on the Champs-Élysées. There are two bands, and Djangoo is playing rhythm guitar in the other one. One evening, between sets, after I fix a new string on my violin and am testing it, Djangoo starts to play, to accompany me. It go very well. 'Hey, tomorrow we do it again,' he say, and 'Yeh! Yeh!,' I say. Soon Djangoo's brother Joseph come in and *he* has a guitar and join us. He play rhythm, and it was the first time I ever heard Djangoo take a solo. Then Louis Vola, who is head of one of the bands and plays the bass, come with us. *Alors*, Pierre Nourry, a young businessman, say, 'Why not do a concert?' He rents a small amphitheatre in an *école de musique*, and we give our first concert. The place was filled up and they would not let us get out. And that was the beginning. A few weeks later, Djangoo bring in still another guitarist, and we decide we need a name. Hugues

"I don't think we should accept any more invitations for a while. We've been getting too much exposure."

The Saab Philosophy, No. 2 in a Series:

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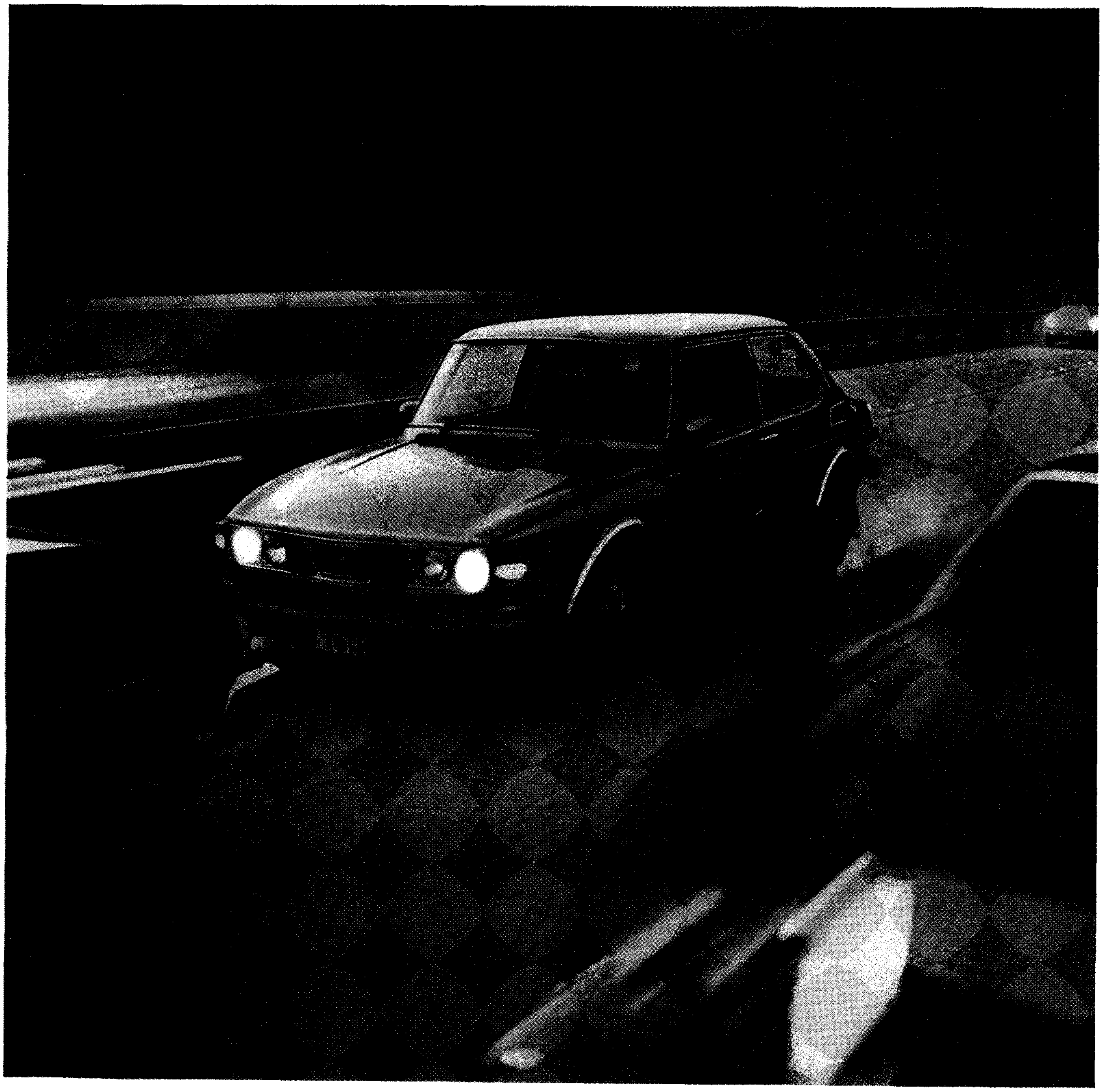

When you're heading down the highway at 55 mph, you probably don't think about how fast you can stop. Until somebody stops in front of you.

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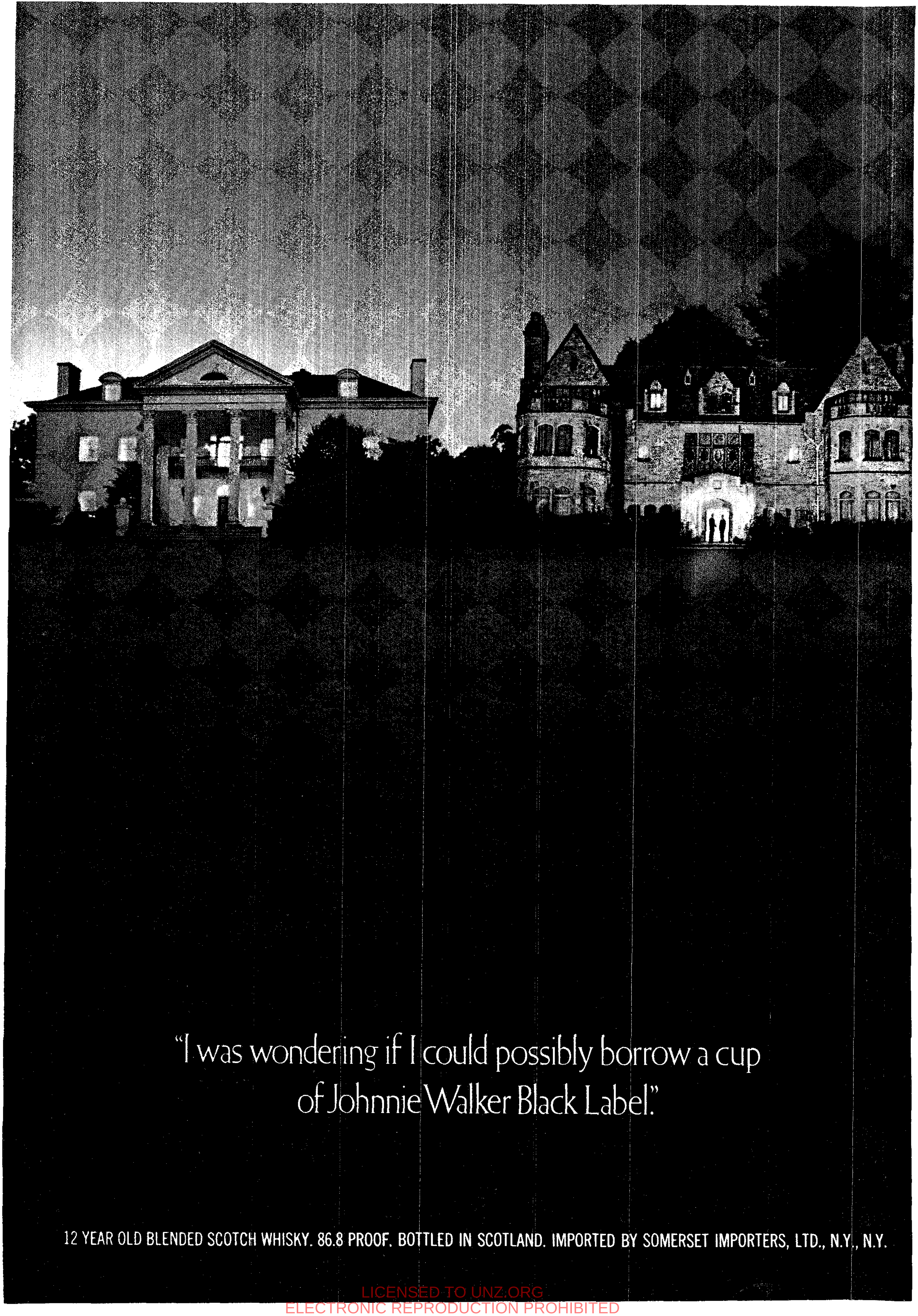


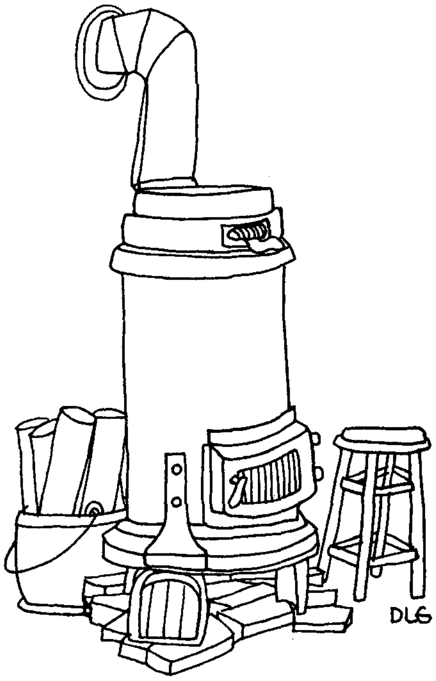
"I was wondering if I could possibly borrow a cup of Johnnie Walker Black Label."

12 YEAR OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 86.8 PROOF. BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. IMPORTED BY SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y., N.Y.

Panassié, the *critique*, has begun the Hot Club of France, so I suggest we call it the Quintet of the Hot Club of France, and *voilà!*—it stick. We make our first records on Ultraphone, and we do 'Sweet Sue,' 'Tiger Rag,' and 'Lady Be Good.' Djangoo is like a child, he wants so badly to hear how he sounds. The records are a success, and pretty soon we start working together all the time. One of the best jobs we get is at Bricktop's, in Paris, for four months. The Quintet came in from ten until 6 A.M., and during the intervals I play piano for a marvellous singer named Mabel Mercer. Incredible clientele there, due to Bricktop—the English gentry like Lady Mendl, the King of Italy, the King of Belgium, Cole Porter. Every night, I ask Mabel Mercer to sing 'I've Got You Under My Skin.' It drive me mad the way she do it. So the Quintet compose a tune in her honor called 'Mabel.' "

GRAPPELLI charged through the Herald Square doors at Macy's and came to a stop ten feet inside. His head moved in a hundred-and-eighty-degree arc, and he smiled and lifted one hand, palm up, as if he were asking a throng to rise in honor of what he saw. "Iss *magnifique*," he said. "There is *absolument* nothing like this in Paris or London. I wonder, where are the gadgets?" During the next hour, Grappelli ascended gradually by escalator, giving off a rich "Ah" at the top of each flight. He bought steadily but carefully, and by the time he had reached the ninth floor he had acquired half a dozen pairs of fit-any-size socks in white, red, and red-and-black checks; a lined leather jacket, which he put on; an aluminum measuring cup, and two adapter plugs to use on his hot plate in London and Paris; a couple of wild, multicolored shirts and an equally blazing pair of bell-bottoms ("These colairs, they are very good for the stage"); and a bottle of pear vinegar from Oregon ("If you brush your teeth with this kind of vinegair constantly, they will get very white"). From the ninth floor, he descended to the basement, where he found a restaurant and had a leisurely cup of coffee. He sat at the counter, and ceaselessly skated a saltcellar back and forth while he talked. He suddenly wondered if he had double-locked his hotel room, for he had left his violin on his bed. "That violin is from 1742," he said. "Nicola Gagliano was the maker. It is not as good as a Strad, but I am used to a smaller car, and to switch to a Rolls now would be difficult. That Gagliano is like a person, and I must be very careful not to let it get too hot or too cold. Coldness change the tone, and too much heat, like those terrible lights at Buddy's Place, make the glue melt, which is why I try and stand in a shadow there when I play. Before you play, you must prepare your way—first your violin and next yourself. If I'm doing a concert, I must have a good diet and I must be in the theatre at least one hour before. I must not be distract by anything—disease, chagrin, or too much sadness, although being sad is sometimes a great help to my playing. Not too long before I play, I take a large whiskey to give me courage. Fifty years ago, Maurice Chevalier told me, 'You must start well and you must end well. What is in the middle is not so important, because no one is listening then.' The alcohol make its effect. It liberate me and I'm free to improvise. Improvisation—it is a mystery, like the pyramids. You can write a book about it, but by the end no one still know what it is. When I improvise and I'm in good form, I'm like somebody half sleeping. I even forget there are people in front of me. Great improvisers are like priests; they are thinking only of their god. Sometimes I get an attack of memory. I have been playing 'Nuages' twenty-five years, and then one night I completely forget it. And once when I'm playing 'Lady Be Good' I think of the letter I just get telling me the water in the bathroom in the house I own at Chartres does not transport itself properly. Mostly, I improvise on the chords of the people playing behind me. The more good the chords, the better I play. I have made progress in the last four years since I stop smoking. My cerebral is clearer.

"The house at Chartres was a farm. I make the living room from the *grange*, the barn, and put a pavement in, and a huge red carpet. I would like to build an atelier, too. But I am almost never there. I have a flat in London, on Beaufort Street, where my grandson live, and I have a flat in Paris, on Rue de Dunkerque, that an ex-drummer of mine take care of. I have a flat in Cannes, where my daughter live. But I love London. I live there during the war, and I think I will get rid of everything and take a place there that has a porter and service. When you get old, you must have protection. My daughter's mother was a very good-looking woman, younger than me, but very *difficile*. I can't retire. What shall I do? I have always work since I am twenty years old, because I must keep away the miseries that happen to me as a child. Also, when I'm not working two weeks, I'm *mélancolique*. The world stop. And I like different scenery. If I am offer a beautiful contrac' in the best place for a year I refuse it. I must fold up my blanket and my cot and move on. When I am at the Paris Hilton so long, I discover it is stupid to stay in one place so much."



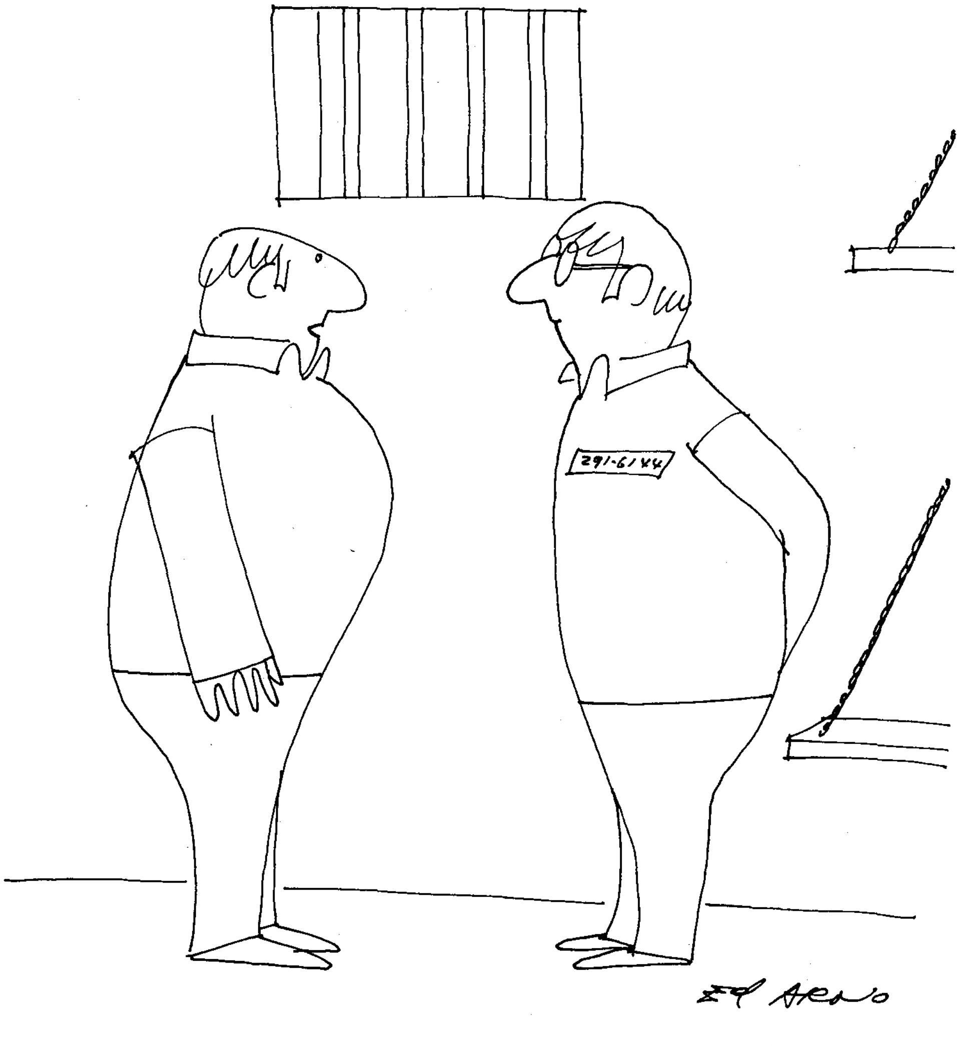
GRAPPELLI paid for his coffee, zipped up his jacket, and went out into Herald Square. The wind was blowing hard, and the streets were in shadow. It was four-thirty, and Grappelli headed up Broadway smartly. "This jacket is pairfect," he said. "It will be very good at Chartres. But my head, it is still cold. I must find a hat. The miseries I have as a child started when I was three and I lose my mother. It was 1911. My father was a Latinist and a professor of philosophy, and he was always penniless. He had come from Italy when he was nineteen, and he could never go back because of his politics. Whenever he get a few francs together, he went to the Bibliothèque Nationale to work on his translation of Vergil, which he said would be the best ever made. He was not a gypsy, like Djangoo, but he live like one. He was the first heepie I met in my life. When my mother die, he had no choice, and he put me in a very strict *catholique* orphanage. When I was six and the war of '14 was breaking out, he realize that that *pension* was not right. We were unique together, my father and I, and he was very unhappy about what would happen to me. He find out that Isadora Duncan was looking for a young subject to personify an angel. I was hired, but I only was there about six months. I was not born to be a dancer. I listen only to the music, which was a revelation to me and which was sometimes a pianist and sometimes a chamber orchestra. Isadora Duncan's school was in trouble anyway, because she had so many Germans in it, so when my father came on *permission* from the Army, he took me out and put me in another orphanage. After Isadora Duncan, it was not a pleasure to go back to a Dickens-type *pension*. This place was supposed to be under the eye of the government, but the government look elsewhere. We sleep on the floor, and often we are without food. When my father came back from the war, I was in bad condition. Undernutrition. Since then, all my life I have been *lymphatique*. Feeble. Several times I nearly die. My father and I find a room and life starts again.

"My father love music, and he would take me to the top floor of the concert hall to hear the great orchestras. I became habitual to listening to music, and I was getting hungry to play something. My father found a little violin in the shop of a shoe-repair man who was Italian, and finally he bought it. There was no money for lessons, so, as with everything, my father took a book from the Bibliothèque and we learned solfeggio together. It was not very fast, but I learn. I learn, too, from watching the street violinists. When I was fourteen, I went to work in a pit band in a *cinéma*—three hours for the matinée and three hours in the evening. There were two violins and a piano and a cello, and I manage. In fact, I remain there nearly two years, and it was when I learn to play the violin. I also heard my first jazz in a shop nearby that had a Victrola. One record was 'Tea for Two' with a vocal, and the other was 'Stumbling,' by somebody called Mitchell's Jazz Kings, which I never discover any more about. The pianist at the *cinéma* was a little illuminated, a little *fou*. He told me he had invent a way to play Chopin better than Chopin himself. I took him to hear those records. He was still living musically in the middle of the nineteenth century, so the music explode in his head. After that, whenever Charlie Chaplin came on, we play 'Stumbling' and 'Tea for Two.' When I was fifteen, I start dividing my time between the *cinéma* and playing in the streets, which my father never find out about. I work with an old guitarist, and we play in restaurants, too, when they would let us in. So things are getting better. My father and I get a flat with two rooms and a kitchen. By this time, when I was making a little bit, I get more power over my father and we get a piano, and that is when I start to learn it."

Grappelli found a tiny Knox hat shop just off Seventh Avenue in the Forties. He tried on a big white fedora but settled for a narrow-brimmed maroon one. He punched his Pulsar. It was five minutes to ten, London time, and he raced out the door and up Seventh. "Djangoo have a hat like this once," he said. "But, *naturellement*, he lose it. He spend the war in France, and afterward we gave our first big concert ever, at the Salle Pleyel, in Paris. We were together in and out after that. Djangoo took up the electric guitar, but he was playing it with the enormous strength he use on the acoustic guitar, and it was no good. He retire more and more in the late forties, for in the world of the gypsy it is the women who get the money. Then, in 1953, someone arrange an American tour for Djangoo and me. I go to Paris to look for him, but he is nowhere. Then I hear the news: His brains have burst and he is dead."

A block from the hotel, the wind seized a piece of paper from the sidewalk and shot it into the air. Grappelli was startled, and he stopped and shouted, "Look at that!" He bent over backward and, holding his hat on with one hand, pointed at the paper, which was dancing violently around ten feet above him. "*Merveilleux!*" he shouted again. "What city has so much beautiful commotion!" He righted himself, looked at his Pulsar, and ran the last block.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

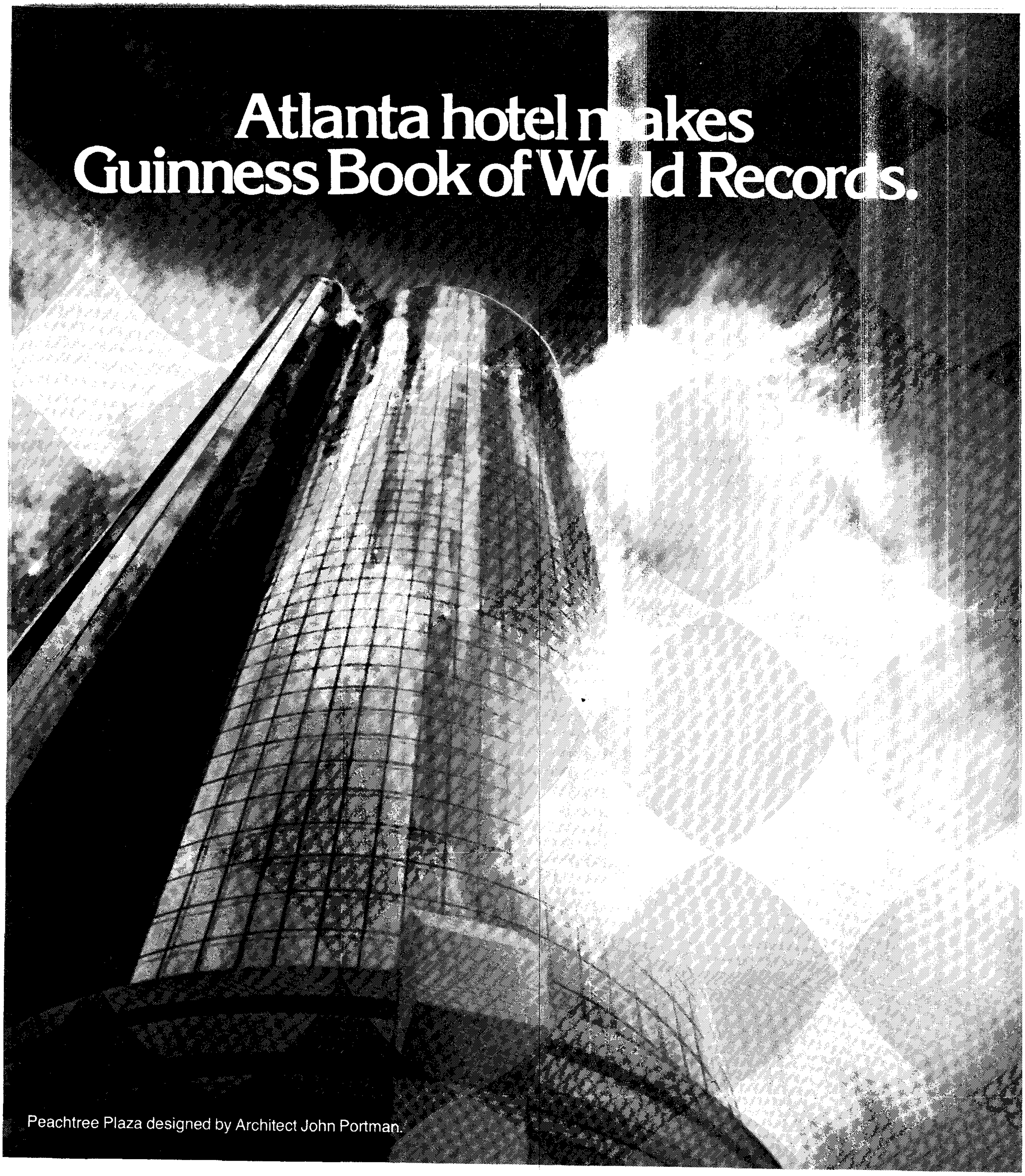


"But enough about my subsidiary rights. Tell me about your subsidiary rights."

•

But as it is over six months since the firms were nationalised, the US Congress could now invoke the Hick and Looper amendment which says that US aid can be suspended to any country which does not compensate US firms in the six months period.—*African Development, London.*

Looper died, if we remember right.



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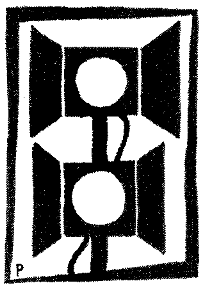
THE THEATRE

THE CASE OF THE MISSING PINKERTON

"Pacific Overtures," at the Winter Garden, strikes me as an inexplicable misadventure on the part of half a dozen of the people I admire most in our theatre. Its director and (with Ruth Mitchell) co-producer, Harold Prince, is surely the ablest maker of musicals we have, and in the present instance he stands shoulder to shoulder with a number of favored comrades: Stephen Sondheim, who wrote the music and lyrics; Boris Aronson, who designed the sets; Florence Klotz, who designed the costumes; Tharon Musser, who did the lighting; and Patricia Birch, who invented the choreography. Though the book is by a newcomer, John Weidman, the program mentions that the show contains "additional material" by another trusted Princeling, Hugh Wheeler. And what has this dazzling assortment of musical-comedy adepts provided for our entertainment? Why, a very long and very stately and almost totally humorless dissertation on a characteristically ugly episode in the history of our foreign policy—the supposed opening up, in 1853, by force of American arms, of the feudal kingdom of Japan. What a curious choice of subject, and how curiously it has been dealt with!

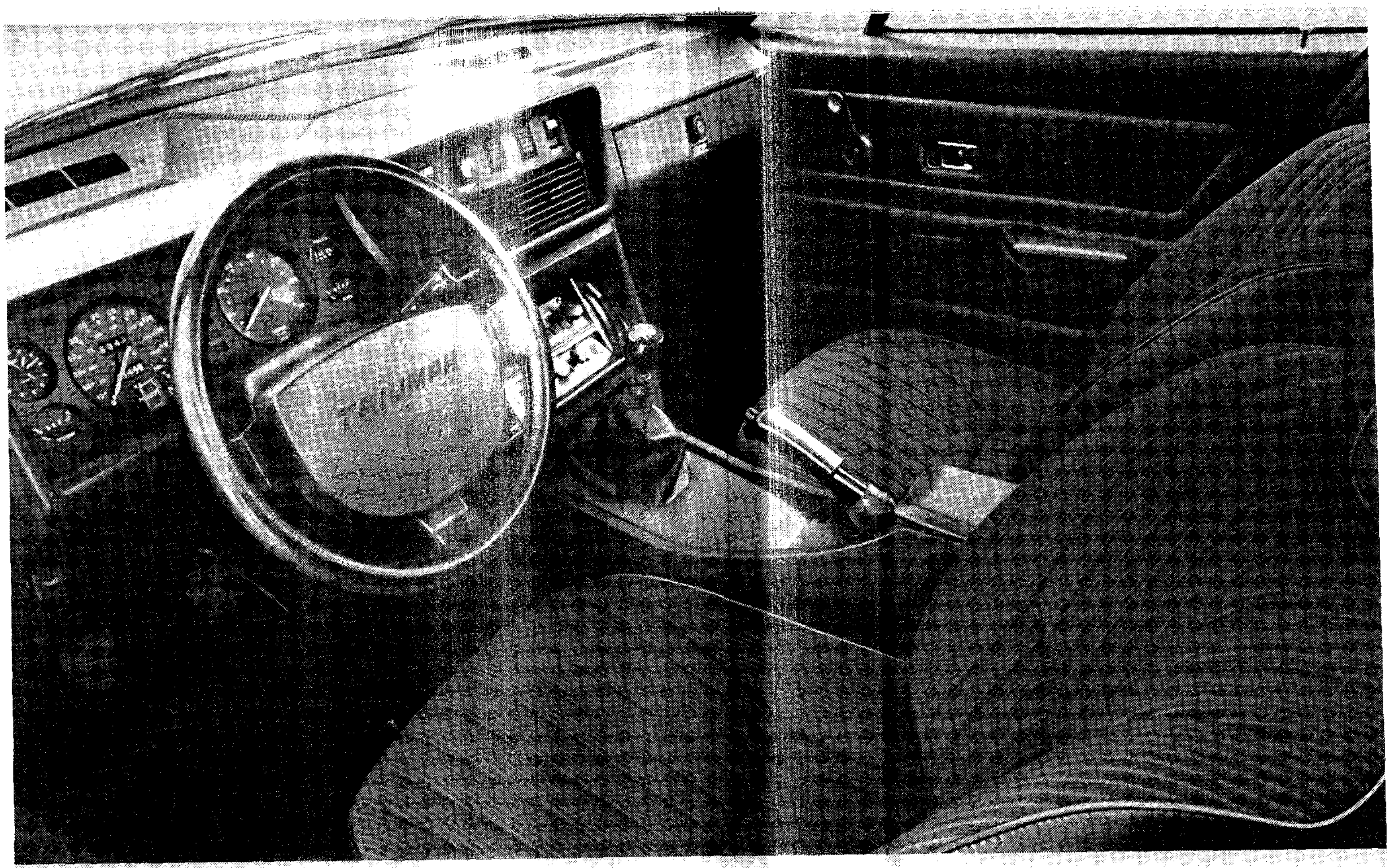


One doesn't ordinarily expect the book of a musical, even when it is based on a historical event, to prove an act of devout scholarship; nevertheless, the program notes for "Pacific Overtures" make a claim to that effect, and it is an insubstantial one. Japan didn't establish contact with the Western world as a result of the harsh gunboat diplomacy of the self-promoted "Admiral" Perry (a slow-witted, pretentious man, whose counterparts are still to be observed making mischief under official auspices throughout the world); the Dutch had long enjoyed exclusive trading privileges with the Japanese, and the English and the French preceded us in their eagerness to gain similar privileges. No, the American contribution was a threat of violence graver than that offered by any of our rivals, and even more unsavory in its motive: what we wanted from Japan, along with commercial profits, were ports for the repair and provisioning of our whaling ships and other ships of ours already trading with the East. In short, and as usual, our "manifest destiny" required territorial footholds where none existed by right; and so, as usual, we seized them.

Since the story of "Pacific Overtures" is told mostly from the Japanese point of view and inside a dramatic framework that we are assured is the Kabuki McCoy, we perhaps oughtn't to object to the prettified account we are given of the state of affairs that prevailed in Japan at the time of Perry's visit. Our confidence in that account is certainly not enhanced when we find that it borrows elements of both "Madame Butterfly" (including a faithful wife's suicide) and "The Mikado" (including a clever takeoff of one of the most celebrated of Gilbert and Sullivan's polysyllabled patter songs). Neither of those works asks, as "Pacific Overtures" does, to be judged by its authenticity; indeed, it is precisely their inauthenticity that has made them popular. In its final number, "Pacific Overtures" unexpectedly turns its back on its own highly stylized and solemn beginnings; instead of ending, as I suspect that it originally did, with the narrator's uttering of the ironic words "Welcome to Japan," it explodes into a bitter indictment of contemporary Japanese life. And the burden of the indictment is that the Japanese have consented to become as dangerous to the world as we Westerners, whom they first learned to imitate and then to surpass, giving themselves up to the manufacture of cars, watches, and silly plastic gadgets and to the pollution of air, earth, and water. A shocking show-stopper, for which no foundation has been laid, and in which, for only the second time all evening, Miss Birch gets a chance to display her talents and, for the first time all evening, girls are welcomely present. (In Kabuki, all roles are played by males.)

The very large cast and the three musicians who are seen onstage are all Asian. The most important role is that of the narrator, played with great presence and charm by Mako; other actors whom I admired behind their many disguises are Sab Shimono, Isao Sato, Soon-Teck Oh, Jae Woo Lee, and Haruki Fujimoto. If Miss Birch has few opportunities to choreograph dances, Mr. Sondheim has few opportunities to bless us with songs; the most pleasing of them is called "Someone in a Tree," and the liveliest is "Please Hello." The melodic range of the songs appears to be deliberately modest and inexpressive, and in "Please Hello" the temptation has not been resisted to make much play with our current headline word "détente." The song is evidently intended to gain a ready response from an audience which up to that point—the beginning of the second act—has been kept at a considerable distance. As the book has been written, that distance was unavoidable, not least because a number of events take place offstage and must be described rather than embodied. It startles me that nobody seems to have noticed this defect in the book until it was past mending; where was Aristotle and his "Action is character" when Hal Prince needed him?

"The Poison Tree," which spent a few days at the Ambassador, was an old-fashioned, well-made, realistic, and continuously exciting melodrama about life in prison. Its author, Ronald Ribman, devised a plot in which questions of morality were raised and resolved in an atmosphere of extreme urgency and under the shadow of the playwright's implied conviction that injustice is as old and unalterable as man. The inmates of the prison, which is gratuitously identified as being in a Western state, are mostly black and their keepers are mostly white. Having gone mad in a so-called Adjustment Center (which is to say a maximum-security area), a young black strangles a white guard and is beaten to death. One of the guard's colleagues, also white, partly because he finds the black's brutal death an insufficient revenge and partly because he has long felt a disposition to do so, cajoles an aging homosexual prisoner into planting a knife in the cot of a cellmate. The cellmate was just about to be granted parole; framed and unable to prove his innocence, he hangs himself. The rest of the play concerns itself with the violent and sad consequences of this dreadful deed. Ribman is white, and in an aesthetic sense he took enormous risks in daring to enter so freely into the minds of blacks and to write in a mocking and passionate scatologi-



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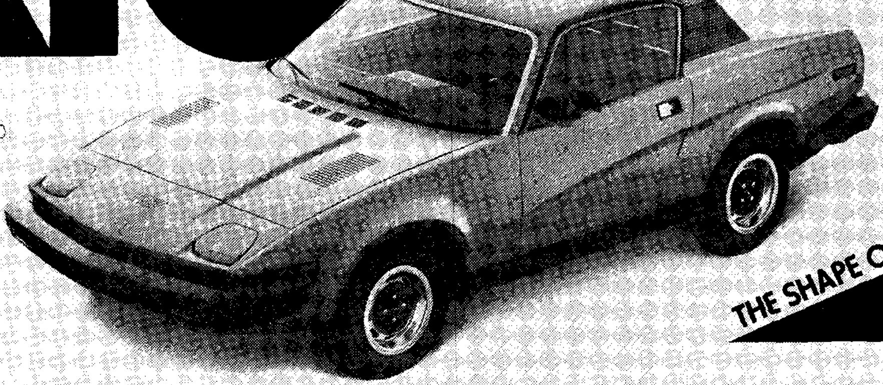

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cal prison argot that cannot be his at first hand. As far as I could tell, he brought off his tour de force with complete success.

The cast was exceptional. Among those to be singled out for praise were Peter Masterson, Cleavon Little, Dick Anthony Williams, Moses Gunn, Northern J. Calloway, and Dennis Tate. The settings were by Marjorie Kellogg, the lighting was by Martin Aronstein, and the costumes were by Judy Dearing, who, under the circumstances, was not allowed to give free rein to her imagination. The pell-mell direction was by Charles Blackwell.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Clarence at Fifty-seven

THE Roundabout has always had a knack for choosing plays to produce that you've heard about all your life but have never had a chance to see—and then, unfortunately, and more often than not, doing them poorly. The chief reason for seeing its production of "Clarence," at Stage One, is just to see "Clarence," which Booth Tarkington wrote in 1919, and in which Alfred Lunt played his first important role and Helen Hayes also appeared. The play is a light, day-before-yesterday comedy, but the production emphasizes its quaintness—or forces a museumy quaintness upon it—at the expense of its own considerable charm. Nevertheless, I enjoyed a lot of it, partly by imagining what it could have been if it had been done right—but only partly; some of it does come through. Clarence, a gawky, mud-stained, stoop-shouldered young veteran of the First World War, is hired by a rich financier to serve as a general handyman in the rich man's lavish suburban house, where the family is all at sixes and sevens. Such are Clarence's attractiveness and ingenuity that before long all family difficulties are resolved: daughter's unsuitable suitor dismissed, son's threatened breach-of-promise action forgotten, jealous wife appeased, Clarence's true identity discovered, and much-put-upon pretty governess engaged to marry him. The good lines are full of foolish, endearing puns and jokes, and there are funny bits of action, too. Clarence's entrance in mufti playing "Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag" on a saxophone is a moment I'll remember with pleasure.

The show is well cast. The actors, though often misguided, seem right for their roles. As Clarence, Stephen Keep shows promise of a personal comic style, and demonstrates considerable stage presence as well. Among the others are Nancy Addison, Sam McMurray, Carolyn Lagerfelt, Marian Clarke, and Anthony McKay. The setting—an enormous living room that is a wild discordance of flowered chintz—is by Holmes Easley; Christina Giannini designed the costumes and Ian Calderon the lighting. When Tarkington died, in 1946, Wolcott Gibbs commented in this magazine that "he often wrote with a happy grace that has no precise counterpart in American letters." The audiences that made "Clarence" a hit fifty-seven years ago knew what they were doing.

RICHARD FOREMAN'S "Rhoda in Potatoland" was my first exposure to Mr. Foreman's work at his Ontological Hysteric Theatre, on Broadway at Broome Street. (His enchanting "Dr. Selavy's Magic Theatre," of a few years ago, played at another house.) The show is a startling and startlingly original exercise in surrealism (which I usually don't take to), and much of it is a matter of aural and visual images. Buzzers and bells and brass instruments sound, strings are stretched at various angles across the stage, huge models of potatoes try to push their way through small windows. Much is required of the players in the way of physical agility. There are recorded voices, sometimes prompting and at other times mingling with the onstage voices; one authoritative recorded voice (Mr. Foreman's?) does the announcing. Mr. Foreman himself sits at a small table playing the tapes; at one point, he austerely joins the action, then goes back to his seat. The words are almost invariably strong and effective and mysterious. Rhoda, presumably the heroine of the story (if any enterprise as abstract as this one can be considered to have a story), is performed by Kate Manheim, whose face is the only one to show any expression. What we have here is a kind of savvy, knowledgeable "Alice"—we know so much about dreams and their symbols—without the clarity and mental joy of Lewis Carroll. Mr. Foreman is a powerful director, though. There is no acting to speak of, but the players are obedient.

—EDITH OLIVER

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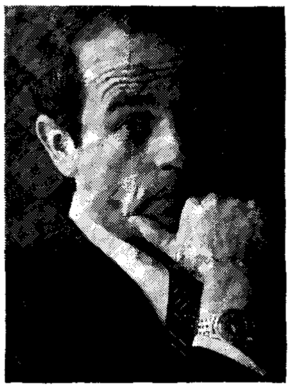

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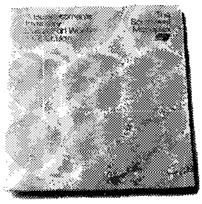

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

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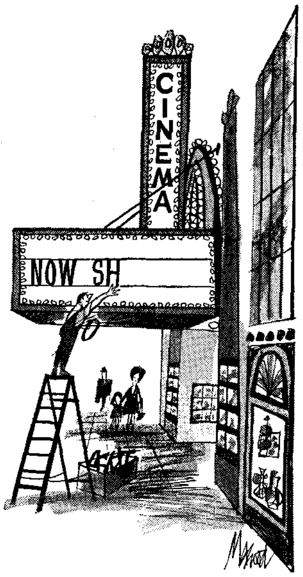
UNIVERSAL has gone back to one of the most primitive forms of movie advertising for "The Hindenburg"—"TWO YEARS IN THE MAKING . . . PRESENTED AT A COST OF $15,000,000." And that's what it's selling: a hefty enterprise. Everything's been done to produce the illusion of a giant zeppelin sailing along, but the film doesn't have the flotation it needs—we don't experience the beatific sensations of lighter-than-air travel. In the late twenties and early thirties, before transatlantic plane service, people with enough money could make the crossing by dirigible; smoothly and *noiselessly*, they were wafted across the ocean in two and a half days. This form of vibrationless travel, perfected by the Germans, got a black eye when the Hindenburg—filled with explosive hydrogen, because the United States wouldn't sell Nazi Germany nonexplosive helium—blew up while coming down for a landing at Lakehurst, New Jersey, on May 6, 1937, with ninety-seven people on board. Thirteen passengers and twenty-two members of the crew were killed. Since there were newsreel cameramen waiting there to photograph the arrival, they recorded the disaster, and millions of people saw it in theatres. In thirty-four seconds, this great luxury airship, longer than two football fields, became a mass of flames, and its aluminum-alloy skeleton was exposed as it crashed. The movie is a fictional version of what happened on its last flight.



Zeppelins have an inflated-toy, sci-fi humor. Compared to the structure of planes, the fat-cigar shape seems amorphous, loony—a blob. Yet travel in them, with windows open to the fresh air, must have been intoxicating. There are so many easy ways that "The Hindenburg" could have suggested the giddiness—couldn't one of the passengers have at least picked up the hundred-and-twelve-pound aluminum grand piano in the lounge? But Robert Wise directed with tame, impersonal good taste; there's none of the blissful trippiness of being carried in the belly of a zeppelin, and none of the carnival vulgarity of the recent disaster thrillers. How can you agree to do one of these disaster epics and then con yourself into thinking that you can do it like a gent? There's a time-honored Hollywood device that enables those who compromise on all the important things to convince themselves that they're engaged in something of real importance: they give it social content. Robert Wise turned his disaster picture into an anti-Nazi disaster picture. The plot is an elaboration of the speculative thesis that the Hindenburg was destroyed by a saboteur's bomb, as an act of resistance to Hitler. But the elaboration of this plausible idea is so pompous that one might think Hollywood was taking credit for the explosion. The film builds up every kind of sympathy for the saboteur, who, being anti-Nazi, didn't intend for anyone to get hurt; he's infinitely courageous, and he even loves dogs. Wise brings all his flatulent seriousness to this endeavor. One gasbag meets another.

The introduction of the cast of characters is the most routinized part of the movies of this genre; it's like the animals going up the ramp to the Ark, and moviegoers have become connoisseurs of this assembling process. Robert Wise's convocation doesn't measure up. He was the director of such Academy Award-winning hits as "West Side Story" and "The Sound of Music," and even a few pretty good pictures, but he'd never make it as Noah. He dawdles over the gathering of the clan, and the transatlantic swingers in "The Hindenburg" must be the frowziest bunch ever put together outside an ABC "Movie of the Week." Anne Bancroft plays the blasé doper Ursula, a sneering German countess whose hair has been coiffed to be so authentically thirties that it looks like black potato chips stuck to her head. (If Bancroft takes this "Ship of Fools"-Signoret spinoff role, what can the roles she rejects be like?) As soon as she speaks with that familiar New York intonation, her hauteur crumbles, though her eyebrows remain elevated. She's such a likable actress you want her to come off the great-lady pose. When she uses her classy allure on George C. Scott—a disillusioned Luftwaffe colonel—those eyebrows waggle like Groucho's. This cast really ought to get the troupers' award; perfectly good actors like William Atherton, Burgess Meredith, and Charles Durning all hang in there while Wise and his scenarist, Nelson Gidding, shuffle the subplots in order to create the impression of action. Wise tries to force conviction into the hollow characters; and dialogue that might pass if it were casually overlapped is delivered with such stick-to-itiveness that the actors could be bulldogs playing charades.

It's obvious that the logistics of this production were a real killer, and Albert Whitlock's matte effects are very fine trompe-l'oeil. Authenticity has been the keynote of this production—right down to the copying of the pattern of the Hindenburg's crockery and silverware. When moviemakers don't have strong feelings about what they're doing, solid research is the only kind of integrity left. This is a technically complicated primitive film that has been made in such a spirit of self-deception that it fails to work on the primitive level. It's so dry you begin to feel dehydrated and your mind goes on the fritz. Still, with the promotion it's got going for it (which may be included in that suspiciously high fifteen-million-dollar figure), chances are that it will do all right at box offices anyway—it can be "The Great Gatsby" of disaster movies.

"The Hindenburg" has, however, been the cause of a new complaint: some viewers (and members of the press, too) say that they've been gypped—that the disaster footage is *real* rather than *faked*. They don't like the ten-minute climax, which is the famous newsreel footage extended and intercut with newly shot scenes showing the actors—some perishing, some fleeing the wreckage. If the movie had begun with the newsreel material, followed by a large-scale detective story trying to account for the crash, probably no one would feel let down, but it's likely that Universal wanted to retain the formula of the recent fantasy-disaster moneymakers, which have big, showcase climaxes. What Wise may not be able to accept is that, despite his efforts at authenticity, the movie is essentially every bit as fakey as "Earthquake" or "The Towering Inferno," and the audience sits waiting for the final thrills. So when people complain, they're not necessarily being stupes: they could be expressing the feeling that the movie hasn't earned the right to bring in actual suffering;

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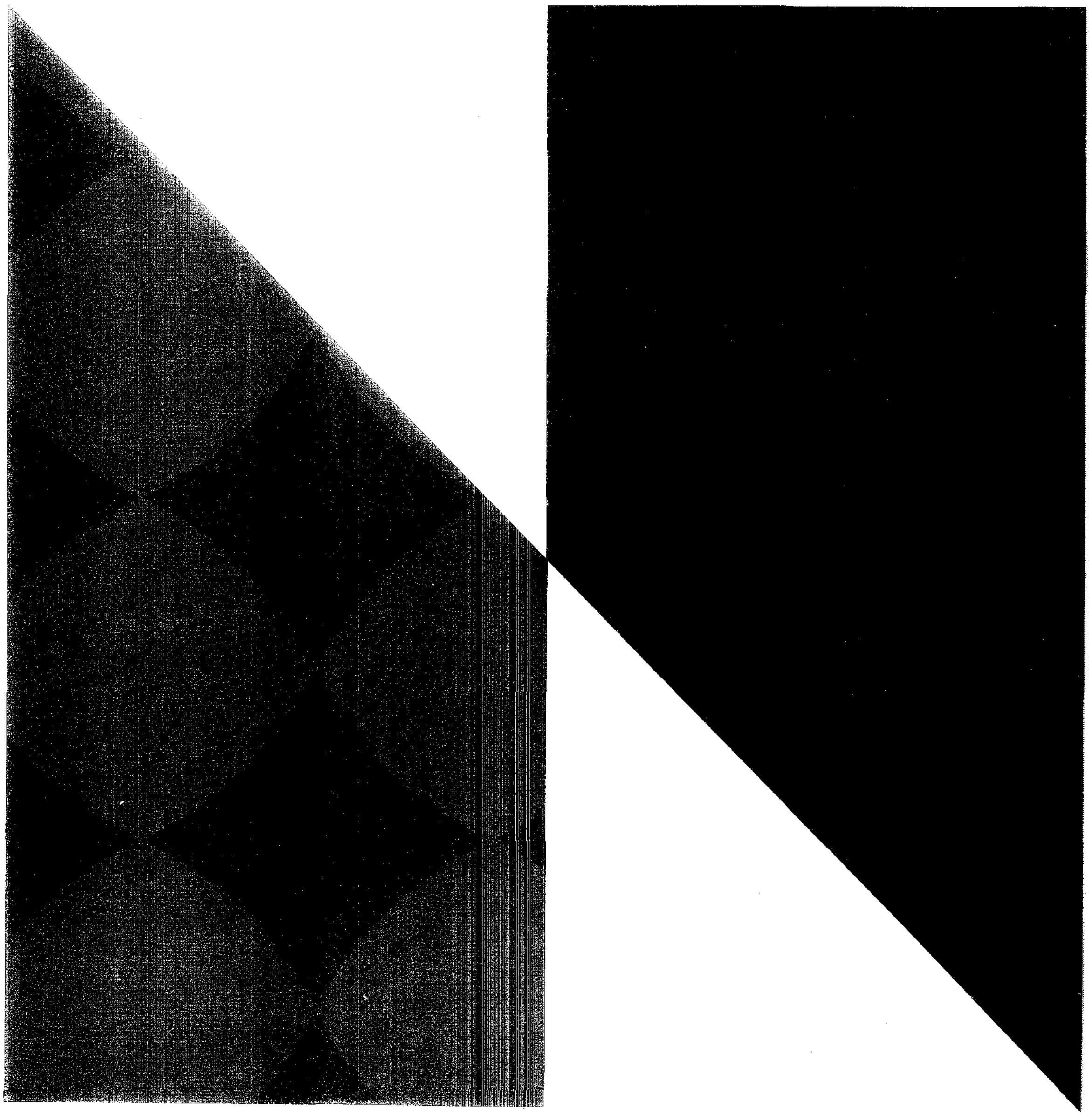

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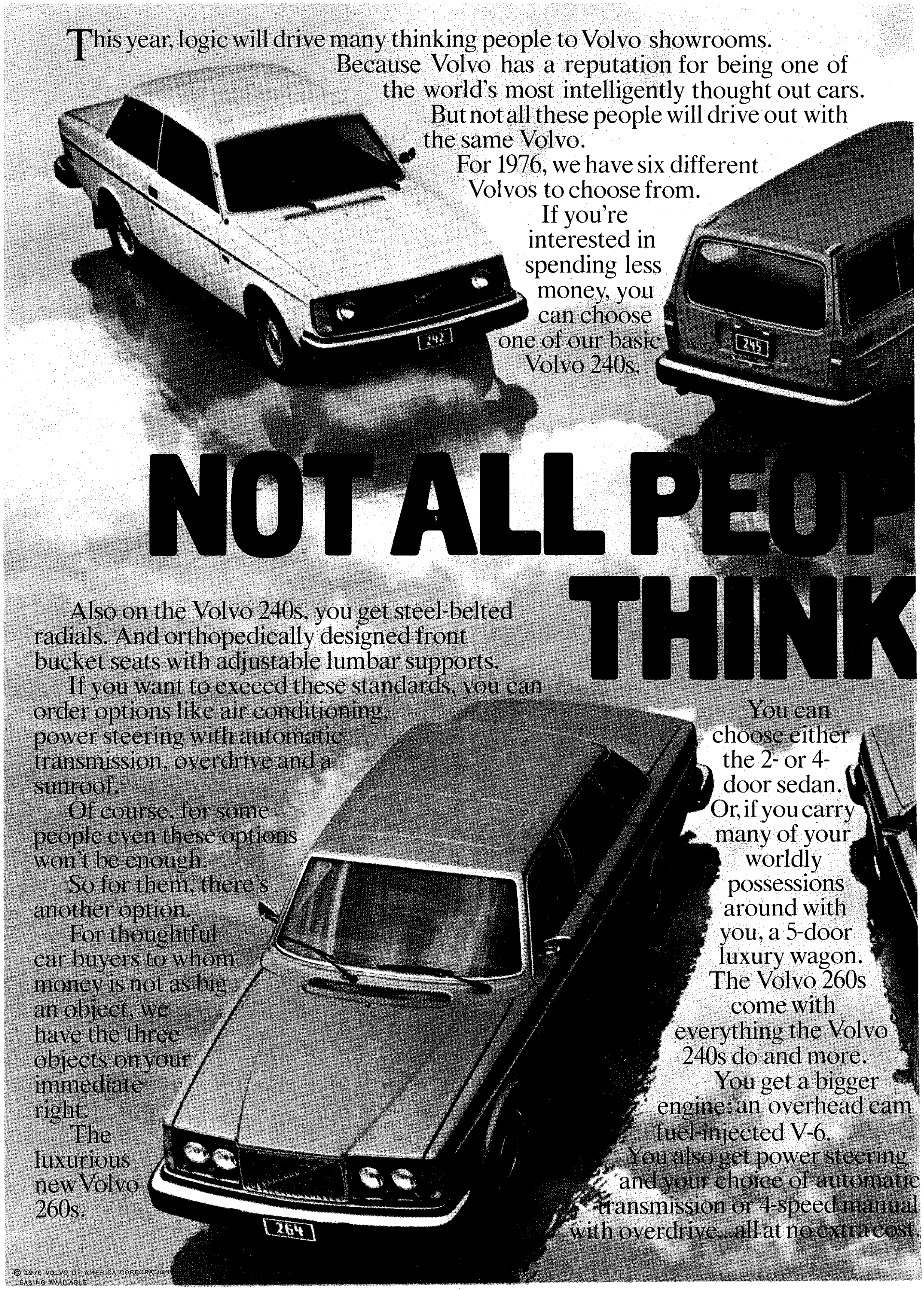

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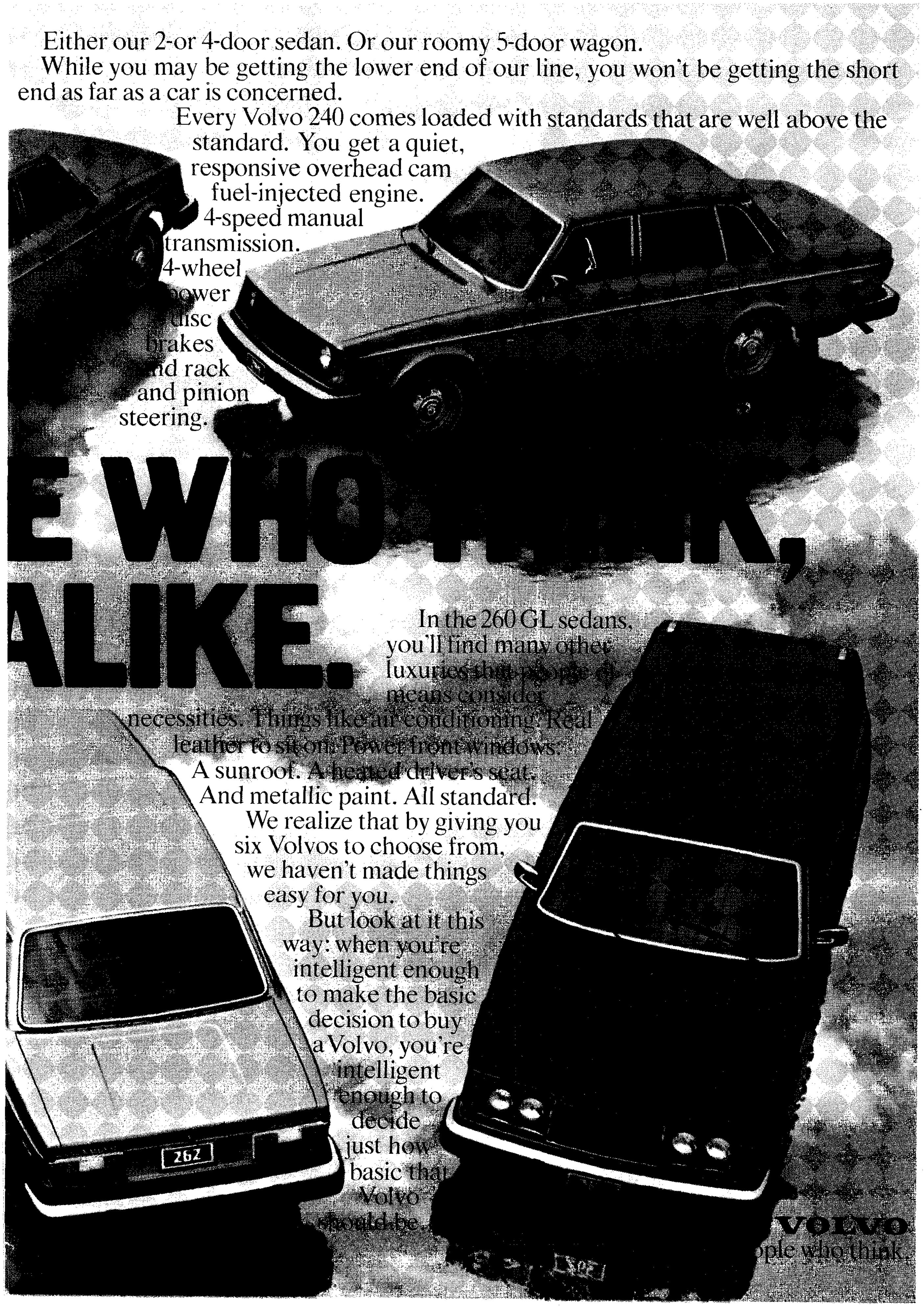

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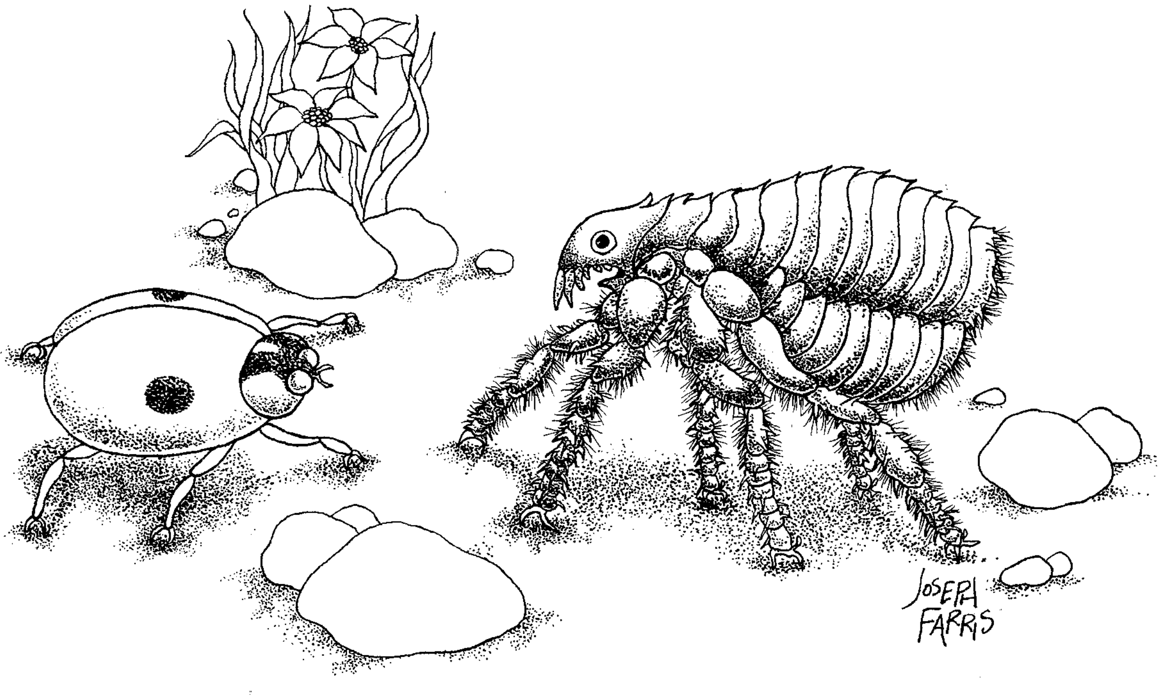
they may want the gaudy finish that would be more appropriate to the twerpy story. If it's possible to violate the disaster genre, "The Hindenburg" has done it. Blending documentary-catastrophe footage with simulated-catastrophe footage is fundamentally insensitive: how can a viewer look at true horrors and be a jaded connoisseur of movie thrills in practically the same instant? The mixture is like a visual "Ragtime" without satire. The original newsreel material is blown up, padded, interrupted, frozen, though when flames are shown in still shots you don't see more—all you get is the feeling that people are playing around and turning a newsreel into graphics. I had a very strong desire to see the newsreel as it was before all these graphics wizards got to work on it: I wanted the integrity of that famous thirty-four-second catastrophe respected. After the climax, the moviemakers appear to be clowning around when they give a report on which of the fictional characters have survived; when they provide the upbeat news that the pet Dalmatian on board, released from its cage by the saboteur, came through, they seem to be playing the audience for ninnies. At the close, Wise has tacked on to the sound track the words delivered to the 1937 radio listeners by a reporter at the scene: "Oh my, this is terrible. . . . This is one of the worst catastrophes in the world. . . . It's a terrific crash, ladies and gentlemen. . . . It's smoke and it's flames. . . . I don't believe it. . . . I'm going to have to stop for a minute. . . . This is the worst thing I have ever witnessed." Is Robert Wise, recent president of the Directors Guild of America, nostalgic for the relatively innocent days of radio reporting? Probably he is. But this ending may be less naïve than it seems. In the film, Scott, who is endowed with wry hindsight, calls the Hindenburg a flying dinosaur. Since the passengers who died in the actual explosion were the only passenger fatalities in nearly three decades of commercial dirigible service, what purpose does the film's contempt serve but to reinforce the impression given to the world by the newsreel and radio accounts? In order to make the disaster seem retribution for the Nazis and large enough to rival the fantasy horrors of recent hit films, this movie omits the most remarkable aspect of the Hindenburg story—that the media coverage of the crash resulted in the end of a mode of air travel which was superior to the airplane, and far safer. The crockery may be authentic all right, but the picture is a crock.

IF ever a movie needed to be made on location and in a loose, hand-held-camera style, it's "The Black Bird"—an attempted takeoff on "The Maltese Falcon"—because the only base for its humor is the contrast between the lives of Humphrey Bogart's Sam Spade and George Segal's Sam Spade, Jr. In the 1941 John Huston film, the crooked fantasists trying to get hold of the jewelled falcon invaded Spade's orderly life in the sophisticated metropolis of San Francisco. Spade Junior's San Francisco is the zonked city of fantasists, and he's scrounging around for a living in an inherited trade that makes no sense to him. Something could have been done with the idea of a renewed search for the falcon in these changed circumstances if this new film, written and directed (more or less) by David Giler, had been able to roll along, moving among the street people and their throwaway conversations, and parodying modern filmmaking techniques as against the controlled, studio style of the Huston film. There are bits of this attempted, and there's potential humor in seeing Effie (Lee Patrick), who was Bogart's proper, adoring secretary, arrive at Segal's office in a hostessy caftan and make no bones about her loathing of her boss. But the movie was shot in L.A., with only a few days of actual location work in San Francisco, and Giler, a writer making his début as a director, is too inexperienced to achieve anything like the slouchy, wacked-out style that might have released the humor in some of his gag ideas. Instead, "The Black Bird" is a dumb comedy, with an insecure tone and some good jokes mixed with some terrible ones.

The picture uses a lot of faces from the past—performers such as Lionel Stander (dressed in a frogman's suit, he's grotesque to the point of adorability), and the enigmatic John Abbott, and Elisha Cook, Jr., as Wilmer the Gunsel again—but Giler didn't manage to write roles for the actors which would satirize the roles they used to play, and no character in the movie gets a chance to develop. However, as a red-haired scholar trying to translate an Aramaic fragment for Spade, Signe Hasso is as trim as ever and speaks with a precision that recalls the gilt-edged intonations of the forties. And George Segal salvages scene after static scene. He's got his comic transparency back, after looking ill and exhausted in "Russian Roulette" (and letting Richard Romanus, as one of the villains, take the film clean away from him), and though he can't make "The Black Bird" go, his peppiness is so engaging that you keep rooting for the picture to pull itself together. Stéphane Audran makes her



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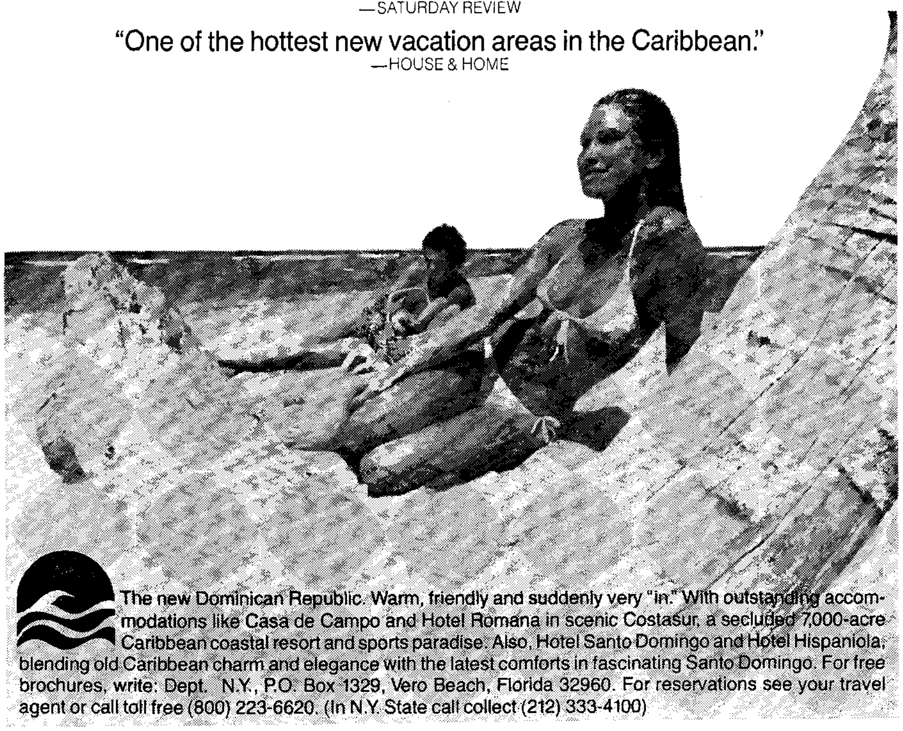

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American début in the old Mary Astor mystery-woman role, and she's right on the edge of being charming, though her deadpan makes it apparent that nobody let her in on the mystery, either.

David Giler didn't initiate the idea of a comedy sequel to "The Maltese Falcon;" the producer Ray Stark bought the sequel rights over a decade ago, and Giler is just one of many people who worked on the project—not even the last, apparently, since he refused to direct the "Jaws"-joke ending. If this picture seems dumb, it's because so little of the humor (or the attempted humor) is organic to the subject: people went to work to try to give the producer what he wanted, and the raft of names in the credits suggest that he had fluctuating desires. (It seems an act of kindness that these overflowing credits don't mention Dashiell Hammett.) "The Black Bird" has the same look that some other Ray Stark productions have had: the look of interference. There are movies that go off the track but at least you know you're on a train. With "The Black Bird," someone in a gym suit comes in and blows the whistle and calls out, "All right, everyone out of the pool! This is now a Ping-Pong pavilion."

—Pauline Kael

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THE COMPOUNDING OF INTEREST IN OREGON

[*Adv. in the Clackamas County* (*Ore.*) *News*]

In the Morning when birds flock together to look for worms, or to anxiously wait for the sky to fall...
At Noon when calloused, lunchtime heels pad the walks of city streets as so many footmen preoccupied...
In the Evening when harpies fold their wings and shopkeepers lock their doors and assorted fables descend upon our land like a mysterious blanket...
And during other nooks of time (so chameleon as to be invisible), the hardware of a Savings and Loan goes on—subterranean machinery compounding interest, figuring payments, printing supplies, always looking ahead.

•

She and the potato industry enjoyed her year as Maine potato queen (after she had been Miss Fort Fairfield), and the five-ten brunette is still working part-time at it—as "Brenda Baker." Her next efforts for "the cause" will be in New York City and Philadelphia... She spent last weekend at home with her parents, and says they're "TOO short!"—*Fort Fairfield* (*Maine*) *Review*.

In a parent, you can't have everything.

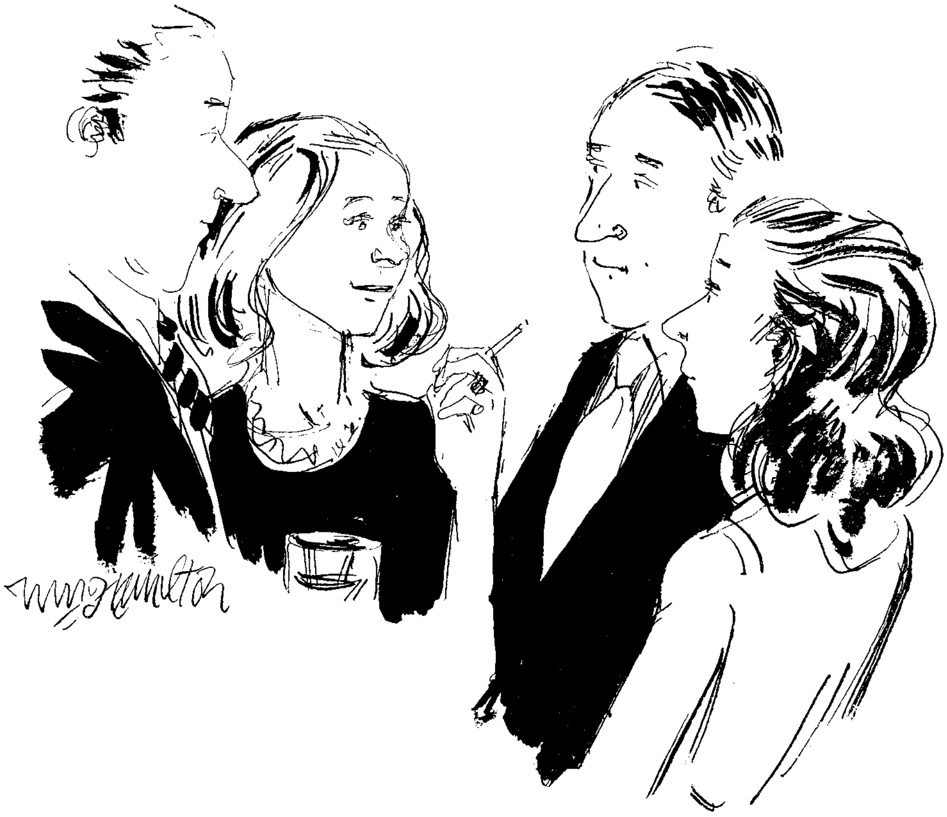
MUSICAL EVENTS

Enjoying the Sound

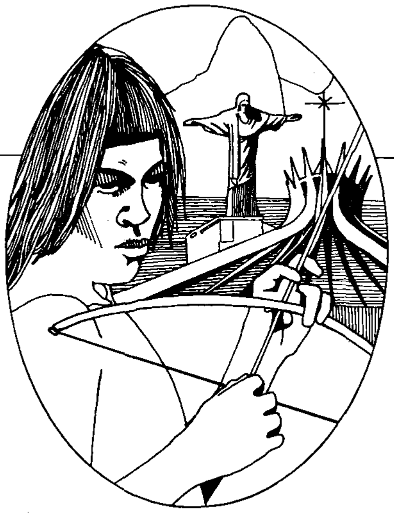
I SELDOM visit Carnegie Hall without a thought of thankfulness that it is still there. Without it, New York would be for musicians a sad and sonically drabber place. Yet some fifteen years ago it was in danger of being destroyed. The Philadelphia Orchestra's Carnegie concert, last week, was a feast of first-rate orchestral sound. It began with Krzysztof Penderecki's "De Natura Sonoris" No. 1. This is modern music without tears, made of sounds high and low—often the highest and lowest notes of which the instruments are capable—of silences, and of clusters and flurries that coalesce into blocks of quivering sonority. Short, shapely, skillfully assembled, it made a good starting piece. Brahms's Fourth Symphony followed, laid out clearly, broadly, and lyrically by Eugene Ormandy, and superlatively well played. The Philadelphia Orchestra produced a warmly homogeneous sound, of peerless blend and balance. Its woodwind choir, in the Andante, seemed to breathe a benison on the audience. Nothing was forced or labored. It was not a passionate performance, not tragic, but serene, majestic, Olympian. In the second half, the Mussorgsky-Ravel "Pictures at an Exhibition." This is generally deemed an orchestral showpiece, but there was no sense of showing off on this occasion. Everything fell effortlessly into place. The colors were vivid, the phrasing was subtle, the virtuosity unself-conscious.

THE next day, Itzhak Perlman and Samuel Sanders, violin and piano, gave a recital in the same hall. The most substantial piece in the program was one for violin solo, Bach's Third Sonata, in C. Before it, there was Stravinsky's "Suite Italienne," an arrangement of music from the ballet "Pulcinella" which violinists enjoy playing. The second half brought forward three works employing American themes: Dvořák's Sonatina, Op. 100, the Larghetto of which Kreisler arranged as "Indian Lament;" Charles Ives's Second Sonata, which includes hymn tunes and barn dances; and Henri Vieuxtemps's "Souvenir d'Amérique," a set of variations on "Yankee Doodle." There was also Scott Joplin's "Pineapple Rag," arranged by Mr. Perlman, and, as encores, Kreisler's "Schön Rosmarin," another Joplin rag, and Antonio Bazzini's "Ronde des Lutins." Curious hodgepodge of a program. But the evening was enjoyable because Mr. Perlman plays the violin so well. His tone is unfailingly beautiful—not, on the one hand, schmalzy and syrupy or, on the other, gritted and forceful. Round but not fat, sweet but not cloying, smooth but not slippery, thewy but not wiry, glittering (when glitter is needed) but not flashy—in short, everything one wants violin sound to be. The musical personality is harder to appraise. There is warmth, and exuberance. Mr. Perlman was particularly captivating in the Vieuxtemps—a violinist's counterpart to a soprano's "Ah, vous dirai-je, maman" variations by Adolphe Adam. With the delicacy of a great singer, he delivered the theme, not tongue-in-cheek, not mockingly, but with such daintily artistic inflections that the result was at once bewitching and witty. He played the long fugue of the Bach sonata with excellent intentness. The Dvořák was agreeably lyrical. But the Ives did not hang together—it sounded only half the work it can be (in, say, the masterly performance that Paul Zukofsky and Gilbert Kalish have recorded for Nonesuch). It was as if Mr. Perlman had explored and mastered the sounds but not discovered their meaning. Mr. Sanders was a sure, efficient, and bold pianist but he seemed content to remain an accompanist; the sonata was presented as a work for violin with piano, not a dialogue between equals. I sat near the back. At the back of Carnegie Hall one is still close to the music.

THERE is a large repertory of sacred music worth hearing and seldom heard, and the Sacred Music Society of America, which gave its inaugural performance, in Avery Fisher Hall, the day after Epiphany, may have a valuable part to play in New York's musical life. To be sure, the work chosen for its first concert, Massenet's *drame sacré* "Marie-Magdeleine," proved to be barely worth revival in its own right, and scarcely sacred music in any respectable sense. But the performance, with Régine Crespin in the title role, *was* worth hearing, and the piece is one about which Massenet enthusiasts—a growing band, soon to be cheered by "Le Cid" in Carnegie Hall, "Esclarmonde" at the Met next season, and, one hears, "Thaïs" the season after that—have long been curi-



"Oh, you'll adore them. They're from France and they have lots of— you know, money."



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ous. "Marie-Magdeleine" is early Massenet, begun while he was a Prix-de-Rome winner at the Villa Medici. It was first performed at the Odéon, on Good Friday, 1873, with Pauline Viardot as the Magdalen. After her, a succession of famous singers of widely differing vocal types undertook the role—among them Pauline Gueymard (the first Eboli in "Don Carlos"), Marie Miolan-Carvalho (the first Marguerite, Juliette, and Mireille, in Gounod's operas), Gabrielle Krauss (a "Falcon," or French dramatic soprano), Marguerite Carré (a Mimì, Mélisande, and Manon), and Aïno Ackté (the heroine of London's first "Salome").

Mme. Crespin's performance was in the big dramatic line. It was announced that she had been suffering from a cold and a cough, and possibly for this reason she ventured little soft singing. But at the top of the staff, and above, her voice was in freer, more ringing form than I have heard it for some time, and as lustrous as ever below. She looked beautiful. She acted not with gestures, in this concert performance, but with touching expression in her eyes, in the carriage of her head, in the way she held her eloquent hands. Her utterance of French words is always an uncommon pleasure. The Magdalen has three airs. Mme. Crespin sang all three with passionate feeling and in firmly molded, seamless lines, infusing them with the noble "classical passion"—at once sensuous, ardent, and dignified—that good French actresses can command. (To Gluck's "Iphigénie en Tauride," Mme. Crespin brings the same quality.) The central air, "O Bien-Aimé," set at the foot of the Cross, was particularly striking. Jesus is a robust tenor role, and by Louis Roney, a Samson, Don José, and Othello, it was powerfully and impressively sung. A Christ who put on gold-rimmed half-glasses to read by looked a shade odd, but otherwise Mr. Roney's demeanor suggested that in the theatre, where I have not yet seen him, he should cut a heroic figure. Judas was cast at strength, in the person of Joseph Rouleau, and Sheila Nadler made a vigorous young Martha. The Sacred Music Society had assembled an able orchestra and chorus. Anthony Morss conducted with a steady beat but did not give sufficient light and shade to the music. His handling lacked charm and finesse. A specially printed libretto, with Louis Gallet's text and an English translation, was available free of charge.

The score, like those of Handel's oratorios, carries scenic indications. Act I is set beside a fountain in Magdala.

Act II is the supper party given for Christ by Martha and Mary. It opens, like the last scene of "Così Fan Tutte," with servants' preparations, and ends with the Lord's Prayer, launched by Christ and continued in male-voice chorus. Act III has two scenes. The first is the Crucifixion. At its close, in a big climax, Christ from the Cross cries with a loud voice "It is finished," reaching a diminished-seventh chord, fortissimo, through which the Magdalen sings "Ah!" in octave with Him. The chorus clinches things in brief, fierce C-major shouts. (At the Fisher Hall performance, all this brought the house down.) The final scene is by the Sepulchre: the Magdalen's lament, with a chorus of attendant women; a sweet *Noli me tangere* dialogue; and a final Resurrection outburst for full choir, full orchestra, and the assault of full organ. In his memoirs, Massenet speaks of a "presentiment that the work would in the end gain honors on the stage." In 1903 it was staged by the Nice Opéra, and three years later by the Opéra-Comique. Did those audiences also cheer the Crucifixion? When Vincent d'Indy, who admired some of the choral writing, congratulated Massenet on it, he was shocked by his colleague's reply: "Oh, I don't believe in all that creeping Jesus stuff . . . But the public likes it—and we must always agree with the public." "Marie-Magdeleine" had successors in the *mystère* "Ève," and then the *légende sacrée* "La Vierge," music from which accompanies some episodes in Kenneth MacMillan's "Manon" ballet. The public liked Eve but did not care for the Virgin; Massenet's next Biblical heroine was Salome, in the opera "Hérodiade," and then came the secular Manon.

The prettiest number in "Marie-Magdeleine" is the first, a chorus that opens with a fragment of bright bagpipe tune (which Massenet heard in the woods of Subiaco, St. Benedict's retreat, and "noted down on a bit of paper borrowed from a Benedictine monk in a neighboring monastery") and continues in lilting pastoral vein over drone basses. This movement has the light touch of his "Scènes Pittoresques." Much of the rest is prentice work—repetitious, uninspired, and constructed sometimes in a lame "academic" style, with imitative entries, such as Berlioz parodied in the epithalamium of "Béatrice et Bénédict." By the mention of Berlioz, at the mere thought of any passage in his "L'Enfance du Christ," serious regard for "Marie-Magdeleine" is put to flight.

What will the Society do next? The Halévy-Bizet "Noé"? César Franck's "Ruth"? Sir Hubert Parry's "Judith"? Perhaps Sir Frederick Arthur Gore Ouseley's "The Martyrdom of St. Polycarp"? Or Schoenberg's "Jakobsleiter"?

MASSENET soon became a more inventive and interesting composer. Let me pay belated tribute to the Bel Canto Opera's production, last month, of his "Esclarmonde." It was a shoestring performance, piano-accompanied, simply but intelligently staged, by Jane Judge, in the hall of the Madison Avenue Baptist Church. I went expecting little—and came away with a sharp impression of what a full-scale "Esclarmonde" might be. The young soprano Marilyn Brustadt was brave and brilliant in the role Massenet devised to show off the glamorous accomplishments of Sybil Sanderson. As Roland, Lawrence Farrar, a former baritone who has made the transition to robust tenor, broke on some high notes but was generally triumphant. Stuart Price was musical director and one-man orchestra. "Esclarmonde" proves to be an opera seria, based on enchantress-and-crusader matter such as Handel used to deal in. It is a surprising and striking piece.

—ANDREW PORTER

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DESIRE

Like the wind
that abandons everything.

Like the drift of stars
across the window.

Something loose in my life,
in this night that lies slack
and heavy in my hands.

A moment ago
I thought of the dead in their rags,

one foot in the grave,
the other—the slow one—
turning like an ox
in its circle.

Now another night arrives
from years ago:

Winter. The new snow banked high
in the back yard, lit by the moon.
A boy almost asleep,
a low rumbling
deep inside the house.

—PETER EVERWINE

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DANCING

A Tragedy of Fashion

IT'S always a pity when good dancers become bad choreographers, but Murray Louis, who in his own performing person is still the sole attraction of the Murray Louis Dance Company, is a bad social critic as well. In "Catalogue," a work featuring members of the company and presented at the New York University Theatre, he's a bad choreographer and an inept showman, and as a thinker he keeps pressing a nonexistent point: that in the early years of this century popular songs and fashions and advertising foisted upon American women an image of femininity so repugnant that they rose in force and abolished it by creating the Nineteenth Amendment. For décor Louis uses old newsreels, blowups of family-album portraits, fashion plates, magazine covers, and Sears, Roebuck ads; for music there are scratchy period recordings of songs by Victor Herbert. All this is innocence itself. But while we look at the Gibson girls and the bathing beauties and listen to "Sweethearts" and "Indian Summer" and "The Isle of Our Dreams," Louis is busy staging his turnoff: rowdy spoofs of the social dances and music-hall numbers that in his view were false and demeaning, alternating these with introspective solos that, again in his view, represent the underside of things. First one woman and then another is seen in private, protesting her condition. Neither the social-theatrical dances nor the solos have the slightest expressive value. The former are *so* false, so negative and witless, that they could never have become popular, and the latter—mopey little dances for girls in their undies—tell us only one thing: that these women are enslaved not by social conventions and theatrical stereotypes but by the choreography of Murray Louis. Both sets of dances are alike in their narrowness of range, their dull rhythm, their overreliance on ogles and grins or set, angry faces and clenched fists. The polemical spirit of the piece, such as it is, is defused through incompetence; every number is a dud.

Perhaps Louis could have carried out his impossible theme if he'd been able to make better dances? Maybe then he could have come up with a *good* wild-eyed piece of feminist propaganda? I doubt it. He wants us to think it no wonder that women took to marching in the streets, what with all the insulting coquettish tangos and waist cinchers and labor-saving gadgets, and he wants just too much. Not only is there a limit to what can be said in dance, there's a limit to what can be said in dance, song, or story in defiance of the actual truth. Some of the outlandish kitchen contraptions actually did save labor; some of the household remedies cured. Louis peddles the view that these products were nostrums to keep woman in her place. Because we ourselves have no use for such things, must it follow that they were in fact useless? "Catalogue" feeds on the vices of hindsight, and it goes hog-wild in imputing significance to trivia, a fateful design to kitsch. One reason to go to dance performances is to get away from the intellectual rubbish that circulates through verbally controlled forms of theatre. When I encounter this same flak in the dance theatre, there's no use pretending that it's less noxious because it's presented in dance or quasi-dance form. Flak is flak. It happens that at the moment there are better period dances in the revival of Jerome Kern's "Very Good Eddie" than there are in "Catalogue," but it isn't the poor choreography in "Catalogue" I object to so much as the attitude behind it. I have said that Louis's point is nonexistent, and only in part because he lacks the means to argue it effectively; his catalogue of sins is cut short by his lack of precision in the use of his materials. What utterly destroys the piece is his scatty notion that the past is quaint when it is not altogether ridiculous. When he gives us his "scathing" vaudeville turns or an oily wheedling voice reading mail-order-house copy, we know he isn't telling the truth about the era he indicts; he doesn't trust it, or know it well enough to let it indict itself. And when he burlesques old-time melodrama it's in the cheesiest old-time way—complete with mustache-twirling villain and strobe lights to remind us of the flicks.

Louis's attitude is naïve, I think, rather than corrupt. In "Catalogue," he probably wanted to do nothing more than mount a trendy dance-and-fashion parade. But he got hold of the wrong end of the trend. He appears to have picked up the paranoia of some of the women's liberationists as well as the punitive overtones in such treatments of the American past as E. L. Doctorow's "Ragtime." Doctorow has Emma Goldman throwing off Evelyn Nesbit's corset (and Louis closes his ballet on a picture of Emmeline Pankhurst), but the real influence on the fashions of the period was fashion, not politics. Diana Vreeland's exhibit at the Met "American Women of Style" shows the era in question to have been marked by freedom and innovation in both dance and clothing; two of its stars, Isadora Duncan and Irene Castle, were dancers. Mrs. Castle's effect on the popular culture of her time was profound, but Louis seems not to have heard of her; to him all popular culture is chaotic and

"But aside from being analysands, dear, what do we actually have in common?"

absurd, a view he has also expressed in "Junk Dances."

"Junk Dances," which many consider Louis's masterpiece, isn't contemptuous of its materials, like "Catalogue," but in its own way—the way of highfalutin low comedy—it's as misguided; Louis plays the cultured clown. To appreciate his skill as a performer you have to see it disinfected, away from Chaplinades like "Junk Dances." Yet even in his more lyrical or "abstract" numbers (what might be called his Art Dances), there's a side to Louis the performer—a posturing, perfumy side—that has to be separated from the sheer physical wonders he works as a dancer. Once he starts to move, the attitudinizing falls away, and he becomes enthralling to watch. He's vigorous and specific, yet never impetuous, febrile, or dry; all his effects, and where they come from, are wonderfully unobvious. And though they're central to his style, they're apparently impossible effects to imitate. None of the dancers in his company can dance like him, and Louis can't build the effects that make his dancing expressive into his choreography. He is a great soloist—Katherine Litz is another—whose technique remains nontransferable.

In "Moments," which preceded "Catalogue" on the program, Louis danced a role he had originally made for Rudolf Nureyev. When I saw Nureyev do it, backed by Louis's male ensemble, in the Nureyev-Fonteyn season at the Uris, the ballet looked like Socrates at Muscle Beach, and I thought I wouldn't care to see it again. With Louis, it's still a perfectly foolish-looking piece, but the lead role acquires edge and polish. Louis has a strange way of lightening the intensity of a movement without losing its evenness of tone. It gives his whole figure, which is short and rather squat, a kind of ghostly warmth. Sometimes—often—he starts a phrase with a sforzando-like push and ends it in a flurry of tics. You see the accent fracturing delicately, but it doesn't break up in his musculature; it returns whole, like an echo, to start the next phrase. Without Louis's own hypnotic shading, Louis choreography isn't interesting, and Nureyev was unwise to take it on.

NUREYEV had better luck working with the Martha Graham company at the Mark Hellinger last month. He took the role of the Preacher in "Appalachian Spring" for one performance, submerging himself in the ethos of the piece and achieving an outstanding success. Apart from his stand-

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ard repertory—"Giselle," "Corsaire," etc.—it was the best dancing I've seen him do in years. The best acting, too. He also adapted well to Oedipus in "Night Journey," resumed his cosmetic "Lucifer" of last spring, and appeared in the première performances of "The Scarlet Letter." Unfortunately, the piece makes no great use of his abilities (or of Peter Sparling's, who later took the part) and not much sense of the book. If, as Henry James maintained, Hester Prynne is really a secondary figure, she is theatrically a more active character than Dimmesdale. But the ballet centers on the secret torment of Dimmesdale, and by leaving out the process of Hester's purification by the scarlet letter it both nullifies Hester and forfeits its chances of capturing a mobile dramatic image. Of course, I'm only suggesting the terms under which an adequate stage version of the book might be possible—not the something higher that might have been envisioned by an earlier Graham. We know from her published notebooks that in 1948 she planned an experimental film based on the book; it was not produced. The present version doesn't reflect the radical flair of Graham's notes for the film. It's like a study guide, breaking the book into its components but never fitting them back together in a new matrix. There's a chorus of demonic Puritans, three witches who flay Dimmesdale, a lightsome Pearl. Hester (Janet Eilber) is a sober matron, Chillingworth (Tim Wengerd) stomps about on a crutch. The set is by the sculptor Marisol, who obviously tried for symbolic density. But her heavy scaffold encased in a curved ramp, her fins and waves and conch shells are stubbornly unsuggestive, and I could make nothing of the moment when profiles of Chillingworth started flying up and down on black streamers.

NIJINSKY'S costume no less than his dancing always presents a problem in revivals of "Le Spectre de la Rose." With Nijinsky's luxurious, bulging muscularity in mind, Bakst made the Spirit in the image of a pale-pink cabbage rose. The costume—the petalled cloche and the tunic foliating around the thighs—is seldom attempted in modern times. And yet anything less than full leaf and the dancer looks informal. For the American Ballet Theatre revival, Mikhail Baryshnikov wore body tights of American Beauty rose diminishing to pink at the calves, a thin spray of rose leaves across his chest, and a few petals in his hair. Designed by Stanley Simmons, the costume is of some sheeny stretch material that flattens Baryshnikov's large thighs. It doesn't create a very soft or rich impression, but I was relieved to see it—first because it is a costume and not an evasion of one, and second because it is in relatively good taste. In the previous revival, the dancer wore a pink nylon wig.

Baryshnikov doesn't evoke, as people said of Nijinsky, an erotic sexless being, although he might be an elf: an elf-king. Despite legend, the role emphasizes turns rather than leaps, and the wreathing arms, immortalized in the Nijinsky photographs, are in constant play. The arms climax the spiralling turns of the body in a way that suggests an upward-gushing fountain, inexhaustible and self-replenishing. And we see clearly the gift the Rose Spirit brings—the life-force. Baryshnikov makes us see it. But although he honors the role and infuses it with tenderness, it really can't belong to him. The old-fashioned curlicued poetry is not his line, and he can't make its emotion the straight rush of romantic ardor it has to be—he's too unassuming a fellow. With Marianna Tcherkassky, perfect as the Young Girl, he gave two performances—evidently all he could fit into his crammed rehearsal schedule.

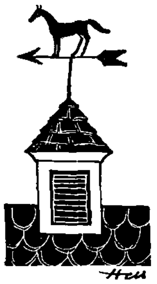
A few nights later, Baryshnikov was Hamlet in John Neumeier's "Hamlet Connotations." The music was several Aaron Copland scores, chiefly "Connotations for Orchestra;" Gelsey Kirkland was Ophelia, Erik Bruhn and Marcia Haydee the King and Queen, and William Carter the Ghost. That was the whole cast. But the ballet is the play passed not as through a sieve but as through a doormat. Neumeier comes up with a few strands of interpretation—some doleful Freudian psychology, with Gertrude as a slut—but he really has nothing to tell us about "Hamlet" and probably no way of telling it if he had. His overwrought, opaque style keeps the pressure of every event equal, and it's only physical pressure that we feel. The choreography works the dancers—especially Baryshnikov and Haydee—so relentlessly that their exertions become unbearable to watch and physical strain takes over as the subject of the piece. "Hamlet Connotations" is a ghastly bore but the kind of gruelling spectacle audiences love to reward with applause. It will probably be a hit. But if there were an A.S.P.C.A. for dancers it would be trying to close this thing down.

—ARLENE CROCE

THE RACE TRACK

News from the Coast

DECEMBER 31ST



IT has always been your wandering correspondent's opinion that winter racing doesn't really begin till Santa Anita opens, the day after Christmas. This year, a crowd of more than fifty-four thousand, the largest in a decade, came out for the traditional Palos Verdes Handicap and the eight other races, and it couldn't have been a better day. The sun was warm, the air clear, the competition keen. If you went to the paddock between races to look at the horses in the walking ring, you could hear the lively music of a mariachi band. There was also a free calendar for everyone from the management, with color photographs of scenes from the track and the dates of the meeting's stakes.

As expected, Messenger of Song, one of the smarter sprinters, won the Palos Verdes comfortably. Though he gave as much as ten pounds in the weights, he finished nearly two lengths in front of Willmar, in the snappy time of 1:08⅗ for the six furlongs. His owner, B. J. Ridder, was so pleased with him that his next start will be in the Malibu Stakes, a prep for the Charles H. Strub Stakes in February.

Also on opening day, Pincay, everybody's favorite jockey after Shoemaker, rode three winners, and the next day he stole the show in the California Breeders' Champion Stakes with Stained Glass, who beat Telly's Pop, generally looked on by horse-watchers as the best, if not the handsomest, two-year-old hereabouts. Winner of five of his six starts, including the California Juvenile Triple Crown and the Haggin Stakes, Telly's Pop was odds-on in the betting and looked fit as a fiddle in the parade to the post, but his racing luck left him when he reached the gate; though there were only six starters, he was caught in a jam right after the break, and before he began to make up ground he was ten lengths behind the next-to-last runner. Meanwhile, Stained Glass, whom Pincay had kept out of trouble, was winging along in good position. He took the lead at the quarter-mile pole and was never headed, though he was under pressure to stand off the challenge of Telly's Pop in the last furlong. Something named Real

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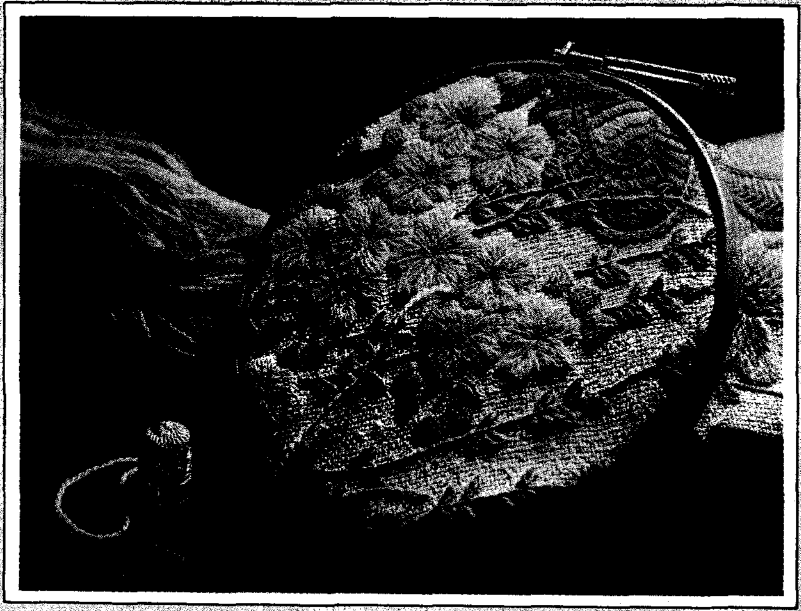

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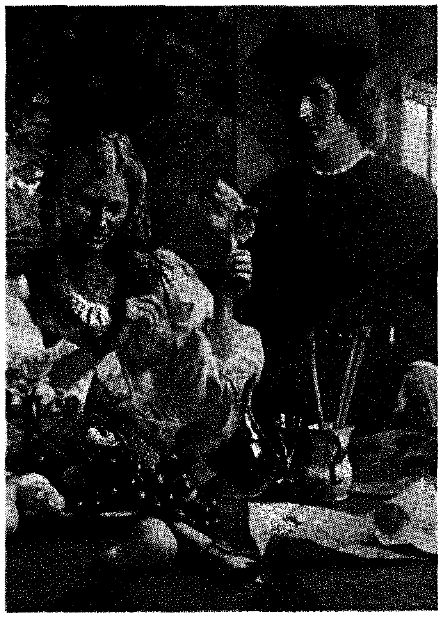

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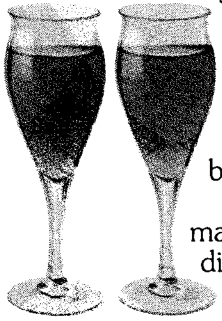

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Hot was third, six lengths away. Stained Glass is a well-made bay colt by Olympiad King, and runs under the colors of Riva Grown, a Hollywood restaurant owner, and Rod Steiger, the movie notable, who bought a piece of the colt last summer. Telly's Pop, as you may know, is owned by Howard Koch and Telly Savalas—Kojak on CBS. Both horses are in the Santa Anita Derby on March 28th but may meet again before that's run.

On Sunday, Bobby Frankel, a young man from New York who went West several years ago and since then has been claiming horses and moving them up, as the late Hirsch Jacobs used to do, gave the crowd a sample of his work. Zanthe, whom he bought for $15,000 in a claiming race, led all the way in the $40,000-added San Gabriel Handicap and won by six lengths. Since Frankel has had him, the six-year-old by T. V. Lark has won six of his nine starts.

Charlie Whittingham saddled three for the San Gabriel, hoping they'd get enough of the purse to break Eddie Neloy's record for winnings by a trainer in a single season. One of Whittingham's horses, Riot in Paris, came in third, but at the end of the year he was still $9,906 short of Neloy's $2,456,250 mark. I wouldn't bet, though, that Charlie won't make it in 1976. He has a powerful stable, including Nelson Bunker Hunt's Dahlia, winner of $1,364,389 and twice England's Horse of the Year. Though she's never raced on a dirt track, she might have a go at the Santa Anita Handicap on March 7th, which has been moved up to the $250,000-added bracket. A surer thing is the $125,000 San Juan Capistrano in April, which is over the turf course. She had a gallop on it the other morning, and the clockers said she did all right.

No big invasion from the East this year, although Laz Barrera has a sizable string of horses out here, including three owned by Alfred Vanderbilt.

WORD comes from Bowie that Dick Dutrow has saddled his three-hundred-and-fifty-second winner of the year and that Chris McCarron has booted in his four-hundred-and-sixty-eighth. Fair enough.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

ISSUE AND DEBATE

THE RETURN TO FUNDEMENTALS
IN THE NATION'S SCHOOLS
—*Headline in the Times.*

Good idea. Start with spelling.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

HOME TO JAMAICA

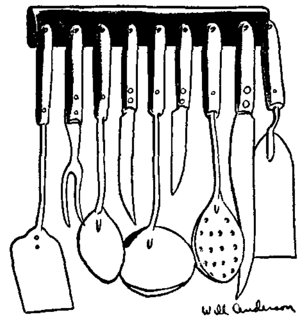
Thomas B. Allen

FOR most of its modern history, the little Caribbean island of Jamaica has been known abroad—when it has been known at all—chiefly as a tourist resort or as a producer of sugar, rum, bananas, ginger, bauxite, and, nowadays, reggae music. In the last year or two, however, it has been getting more and more attention in the serious columns of the world's press. The main reason for this is that now, when the problems and the politics of the Third World are attracting wide interest, Jamaica's political leadership has gradually been emerging as one of the more insistent advocates of economic development in the Third World. This is a rather striking circumstance, considering Jamaica's size (it is about as big as Connecticut) and the previous estimates of its importance. In the recorded history of the island, there may have been only two other developments of comparable dimensions. The first was the abolition of slavery there, in August of 1838, and the second was Jamaica's attainment of independence, in August of 1962, after three hundred and seven years as a colony of Great Britain—one of the longest periods of British colonial rule on record.

On a visit I paid to Jamaica not long ago—roughly sixteen years after I had last lived there—it became clear to me that the ripples the island was making beyond its own shores, and within them as well, flowed directly from the fact that it had only recently begun to assert itself as an independent nation. The government, almost as though it had come into office to find the island sleeping—perhaps from an overdose of celebration in 1962, or a torpor resulting from the long British rule—was exhorting the public and making proposals to the legislature with all the zeal and drive of a moral awakening. What sort of society should the independent Jamaica shape or reshape for itself? What sort of political and economic strategies would be necessary or appropriate for it to pursue abroad? These were some of the questions that seemed to be preoccupying the government and agitating the feelings of its opposition.

The government was that of Michael Manley, the present Prime Minister, whose party, the People's National Party, took power in 1972. One new program after another was being announced and discussed. Some were aimed simply at enabling the island to bear up under conditions of world recession and inflation, but others, which were perhaps the more important, were aimed at altering the island's social and economic structure. This structure had evolved partly out of the old colonial plantation system and partly out of a fairly rigid class order that the English colonial élite—and those Jamaicans who had graduated into it—established. It had institutionalized a strikingly wide economic gap between the masses of Jamaicans and a much smaller upper and middle class. That this gap exists is one of the points on which the two major political parties are in agreement, although when it comes to deciding what is to be done about it, they are separated by an ideological and programmatic gap of their own. Edward Seaga, the leader of the opposition Jamaica Labour Party, which is moderate to conservative in its politics, has borrowed the term "haves and have-nots" to characterize Jamaica's society. And Manley, whose People's National Party is moderate to Socialist, sees the island as being made up of "provocative extremes of wealth and poverty." In 1970, in an article in the magazine *Foreign Affairs*, Manley pointed to the dangers latent in these extremes. "Where gross disparities in wealth, massive unemployment, showpiece industries, and conspicuous consumption coexist in one overpopulated island," he wrote, "violence and even revolution must lurk in the wings." In part, his party's social programs may be designed to reduce these dangers—not so much by a redistribution of wealth as by a broadening of existing economic opportunities and the creation of new ones.

At the time of my visit, Manley's administration was also embarking upon new ventures in foreign policy, a number of them bolder than anything the British would have allowed. It had opened diplomatic relations with China and Cuba, and was exploring the possibility of entering into relations with the Soviet Union. Jamaica had become one of the main advocates of Cuba's readmission to the Organization of American States. More significant, the Manley government had declared Jamaica to be a part of the Third World—a perception of Jamaica that was without precedent among its inhabitants. In 1974, Manley—who seems to be emerging gradually as one of the more articulate, if also one of the more moderate, spokesmen in the politics of the developing countries—was prominent among a group of Third World leaders who met for a conference in Algeria. And for the past two or three years the government has been sending small sums of money to help support liberation struggles in Africa. Perhaps in acknowledgement of such aid, Jamaica was among the relatively few countries invited to the independence celebrations in Mozambique last June.



If the new foreign policies that Jamaica is pursuing seem to have gained the support of Manley's considerable following, they also appear to have created some uneasiness, not only among elements within the political opposition but among Jamaican traditionalists outside it. In the minds of these critics, the Third World is made up mostly of African or Asian countries, and, accordingly, they feel that Jamaica, even though its population is predominantly black, is a multiracial country, and belongs instead to the multiracial Caribbean, with which it shares a similar history. Ironically, it was some of these same critics who in 1961 helped to vote the island out of the now defunct West Indies Federation, on the ground that it ought not to submerge its identity within a federal structure and that, in any case, the island was quite able to "go it alone." Manley and his ministers—most notably, P. J. Patterson, the youthful Minister of Tourism and External Trade, and Dudley Thompson, the Minister of State for Foreign Affairs—defend their policies by maintaining that Jamaica, a developing nation, faces economic problems similar to those faced by Third World countries, and that such problems are related to the colonial and post-colonial experience common to them all. Manley has argued, further, that if the island is to improve its prospects for economic independence it must diversify its opportunities for foreign trade, and that one way of doing so, obviously, is by supplementing old international contacts with new ones. In August of 1974, he told the Jamaica House of Representatives, "We operate on the simple proposition that every new avenue of trade that can be opened up between Jamaica and other Third World countries, provided it makes sense, is a reduction of our dependence upon metropolitan economic power."

Following this strategy, the Manley administration has added its voice to the demand for "a new world economic order" which the developing countries are currently making upon the industrialized world. A major part of what the Third World countries are asking is that they be paid a guaranteed price for the raw materials they sell to the industrial nations; that is, a price that is negotiated, and not left to the caprice of the free-market system. It is the contention of these countries that the free-market system is a game in which they have been perpetual losers, and thus is one of the major contributors to the economic plight in which many of them now find themselves. They argue that the rules of the free-market game give them, as suppliers, little or no say in the value placed upon their raw materials; that it is the industrial nations that, by controlling demand, determine the relatively small income the developing countries derive from these materials; and that, as a consequence, the developing countries have been unable to earn enough to finance their internal development, raise their standard of living, and pay for the expensive finished products that the industrial nations export to them. Therefore, they say, the prevailing terms of free trade, as they apply to raw materials, should be altered or scrapped, and replaced with a system of negotiated commodity-price agreements—a system that would allow them greater control over the market value of their resources, yield a more equitable income, and lessen their dependence upon foreign assistance. A number of economic thinkers in the developed world, however, are not so sure that higher prices for raw materials would benefit the developing countries. One of these skeptics is Thierry de Montbrial, a professor of economics at the École Polytechnique, in Paris, who in the October, 1975, issue of *Foreign Affairs* had this to say: "In the first place, developed countries rather than the developing countries dominate most raw-material markets, whether as producers or as exporters. Furthermore, the developing countries themselves are very unevenly endowed with natural resources: all other things remaining equal, a general rise in prices of raw materials would prove harmful to most of them. They would benefit less from the increased value of their exports—if any—than they would suffer from rising costs of energy, minerals, metals, fertilizers, and manufactured products which they import."

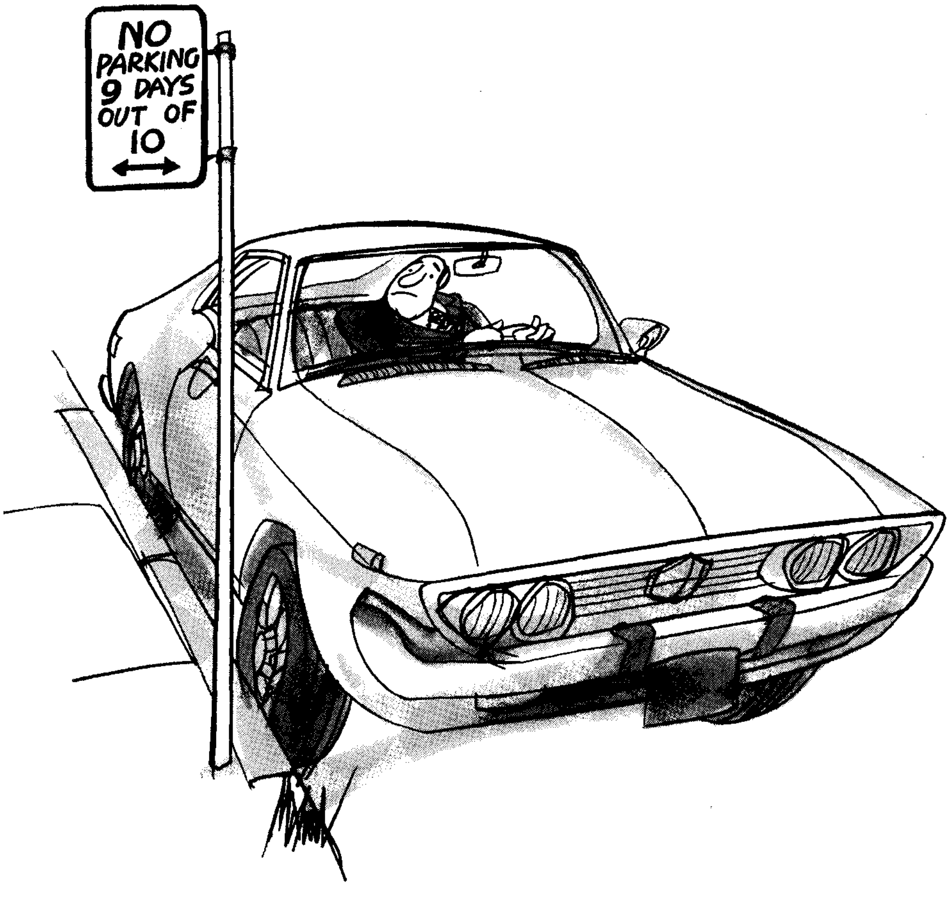
Julius Nyerere, the President of Tanzania, who visited Jamaica in 1974, suggested some years ago that at least one means of seeking better prices for raw materials and primary products was for the developing countries to band themselves, however informally, into a sort of trade union of the poor. Manley, who admires Nyerere greatly and has called him one of the most original political thinkers in the world today, now subscribes to that view—in part, one suspects, because he was once one of the more resourceful and effective trade-union leaders in the Caribbean. The theme crops up with some frequency in Manley's public remarks. And he made headlines last April when—speaking in a similar vein to the British Commonwealth heads of state, who were holding their biennial conference in Kingston, Jamaica's capital city—he appealed to the developed countries to respond by negotiation and coöperation, rather than by confrontation, to whatever steps the developing countries might take to improve their own economies.

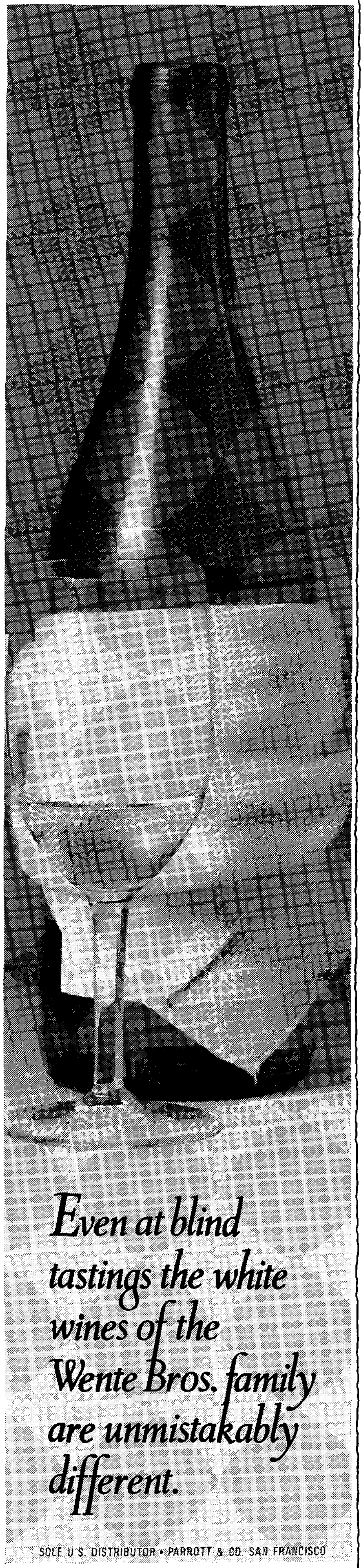
It is conceivable that the majority of people in the Caribbean are still in favor of preserving the strictly regional perspective in which they have always viewed themselves and have been viewed in return. There may be good arguments in favor of retaining it, but there are many others against it. These British West Indian territories—surrounded and overshadowed historically by the influence of Latin America, North America, Europe, and Africa—have been nourished upon centuries of insularity. Whatever advantages they may have derived from this, the cost to their standing in the world has been considerable. Politically and economically, they have simply never been taken seriously abroad. "The islands," many people in the United States say—expressing a vision of bright sunshine, cool breezes, palm trees, splendid beaches, resort hotels, and a languid life. By linking the more serious affairs of the Caribbean—at least, of Jamaica—to one of the major forces for social and economic development now claiming the attention of the world, Manley just may succeed in changing the history of the area, which has spent centuries contemplating itself in its own provincial mirror and being viewed from abroad chiefly through the stereotypes of local color.

THE urgent tone that marked the words and, in a sense, the actions of the Manley government seemed to me to imply that the awareness of self-rule had not been evident enough in the actions of the previous administration—or, for that matter, in the attitude of most Jamaicans since independence. In his book "The Politics of Change," published in England in 1974, and more recently in the United States, Manley identifies "the psychology of dependence" as one of the worst legacies of colonialism. And in one of his speeches as Prime Minister he said that when his government took office in 1972, "the most fundamental problem in Jamaica was that the country was not committed to any concept of where it was trying to go." Not everybody in Jamaica, however, accepts this analysis, and there is considerable objection to the innovations Manley's government is introducing, especially from the opposition party. In Jamaica, party loyalties are intense and sometimes give rise to violence. Stone-throwing, stabbings, and shootings are not unknown in the rivalry between the two parties. "What are a few broken skulls in the building of the nation?" a prominent Jamaican politician once asked. Actually, it is how Jamaicans feel about the political party of their choice that is likely to determine how they feel about even as basic an issue as national independence. Just last week, there was another outbreak of violence, in the slums of Kingston, between groups supporting the two parties. It occurred while the International Monetary Fund was meeting in Kingston to discuss Third World economic problems, and was described by some observers as an effort to embarrass Manley's government.

Watching and listening to the current manifestations of Jamaican party loyalties, I could not escape the impression that the island was a small and poor ex-colony slowly being seized by the realization—probably an awesome experience, after centuries of dependency—that the colonial authority was no longer there to arbitrate its disputes or to be held accountable for what the citizens liked or disliked in their affairs. Soon after I arrived, someone said to me, "You have come back at a good time, when we are examining the subject of our autonomy more closely than ever before. For the first time, we are getting down to the brass tacks of dealing with the implications of our independence." Why this examination should be taking place only now, nearly fourteen years after the island gained its independence, I cannot say with any certainty. I suspect that it has to do largely with the fact that the return of Manley's People's National Party to power has revived an impulse in Jamaican life which that party was the first to generate—which, indeed, the party was founded upon, in 1938. The fact is that the P.N.P. first raised the demand for independence in Jamaica, led the independence movement for almost twenty-five years, and devoted a good proportion of its considerable intellectual resources to stimulating what it used to call "the national spirit."

All this puts me in mind of a song that was sung up and down Jamaica in the nineteen-forties, when I was a boy in elementary school. I do not remember all the words now, or what the song was called, but I know that it was sung to the tune of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." And I remember a line that was repeated over and over in the refrain, because it was what the song was all about: "We're going to build a new Jamaica." What this song meant to those of us who sang it in school was probably a good deal less than what it meant to the adults we often heard singing it at public meetings. We were attracted chiefly, I believe, to the sound of idealism and inspired purpose that radiated from the words and music. As far as I can remember, it was the first Jamaican patriotic song I sang in school—or heard anywhere around me, for that matter. This is not to say that I had never before sung or heard patriotic songs of some sort. Actually, the local repertory was heavily weighted with them. But not one of them was about Jamaica or Jamaicans. Like almost all our holidays, they were concerned with England, and it was mostly on


NO PARKING 9 DAYS OUT OF 10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English holidays that we sang them.

Take Empire Day, the official birthday of Queen Victoria, which we used to observe on the twenty-fourth of May. It was surely not *our* Empire or *our* Day. Yet every year, when the twenty-fourth rolled around, our parents would scrub us, dress us up, and turn us out with faces shining to sing songs and recite verses in praise of England's sway and England's way. "Britons never, never, never will be slaves." Of course, we didn't know then what we were doing, or saying. And it wouldn't have mattered very much if we had known, because some of our teachers—to whom we conceded a higher wisdom in all things—behaved as though they subscribed to every syllable of what they taught us to sing and recite on Empire Day. But it amuses me now to think that a rural schoolhouseful of black kids, almost all of whom were the descendants of Britain's slaves, could sing "Rule, Britannia" with at least as much volume and feeling as any gathering at Eton or Harrow. And, though I would not have thought to put it this way then, were not those the places where Britain's future rulers were being trained to maintain its imperial position, partly to insure that not a single one of them ever would be a slave? The song about building a new Jamaica was the first I had ever heard which gave me an inkling that there was an ideal closer to home to which young people could raise their voices. I sensed, however, that the adults singing it were in touch with an idea about the country and its future which was much more concrete than anything we children could grasp. I also sensed that behind their singing was the memory of an experience they had recently gone through together, which had kindled a light that they were still following. It was only when I had grown a little older that I learned what this experience had been, and where its origins lay.

In 1938, Jamaica had been swept by a series of violent labor eruptions, which began around the sugarcane plantations and sugar factories and later spread to the banana plantations and the docks. These outbursts expressed grievances that had been festering for generations: low pay, exploitative working conditions (there was then no organized trade-union movement on the island), and the general indifference of the colonial planters and entrepreneurial classes toward such problems. The uprisings produced two national leaders: William Alexander Bustamante and Norman Washington Manley. Their supporters liked to declaim the full names in introducing the two men from public platforms. (The Washington in Manley's name came from the fact that he was born on July 4th.) By the early nineteen-forties, Bustamante had generated a grass-roots movement for social and economic change, and Manley had founded one for political development and national self-government. The two men became the dominant figures in Jamaica's public life for decades—Bustamante until his retirement from active politics, in 1967, and Manley until his death, in 1969.

Bustamante's route to national power—which he shared off and on with Manley for close to twenty-five years—began in the trade-union movement, which, indeed, was one of his outstanding contributions to Jamaican life. After the labor uprisings of 1938 had subsided, Bustamante, who had helped to lead them, emerged as the most colorful and popular spokesman for the working class. That same year, he formed a trade union, which—in keeping with his penchant for self-dramatization—he named the Bustamante Industrial Trade Union, or B.I.T.U. More important than its name, however, was the fact that the B.I.T.U. was the first trade union of any consequence formed in Jamaica, and so represented the beginning of the organized labor movement on the island. At first, the voice of the B.I.T.U. was a strictly pragmatic, bread-and-butter voice, lacking those progressive or liberal political overtones ordinarily associated with working-class movements. It called strikes and fought for higher wages, and that was about all. A few years later, Bustamante, using the B.I.T.U. as a base, formed the second of the two major political parties that developed on the island. This time, he left his name out of his creation, and called it the Jamaica Labour Party. The B.I.T.U. served as its trade-union arm, and as the chief reservoir of its popular support. But the J.L.P. was something of a misnomer. It was not "labor" in the sense, say, of the British Labour Party—certainly not Socialist in disposition, as most "labor" parties tend to be. It was "labor" essentially in the grass-roots spirit of the B.I.T.U., seeking increments of social improvement. As such, it was a working-class party, yet it was a party that shied away from social planning and was a staunch defender of Queen, country, the social establishment, and untrammelled free enterprise. Nevertheless, owing largely to the flamboyant personality of Bustamante, the J.L.P. managed for several years to keep the support of the majority of the Jamaican electorate. So effective, in fact, was the chemistry of Bustamante's personality and politics that in the thirty years since the first general elections were held the Jamaica Labour Party has been in office for more than twenty years.

I used to see Busta—as most people in Jamaica called him then (they now call him Sir Alex, for he was knighted in 1956)—when I was a little boy growing up in a rural area. This was in 1945 and 1946, when he was becoming more and more important in local affairs. He would go around to the small towns and villages, checking up on branches of his union and his party, which were strongest in the rural areas. He would arrive in a large, chauffeur-driven black Buick, cruising slowly, with a few of the local people running behind and beside it, some of them sticking their hands through the window to shake Busta's hand. He sometimes had a small retinue of attendants, whose major duties seemed to be to keep him amused and to call him "Chief." Busta was one of the most striking figures I have ever seen. Then in his early sixties, he was a tall, strapping Creole—what people on the island generally call a "Jamaica brown man." However, his skin was lighter than that of the average Jamaica brown man. It was light enough, in fact, to pass for white. In the warm Jamaica climate, and with the added warmth of a drink or two (it was said that he always had a few Scotches in him), his face was often quite pink, and this highlighted in a spectacular way his bushy black eyebrows and wild shock of white hair, the strands flaring out as though electrified. As Robert Frost once said of Ezra Pound's head, Busta's was "abloom with hair." He customarily wore a close-fitting, three-button jacket, a vest underneath, trousers that hugged his legs and thighs, and a white bow tie. When he laughed, it was in a high-pitched cackle, and when he chuckled it was as though he were enjoying something about someone which only he had observed. He was a master of the dialect spoken by most Jamaicans—in fact, was much

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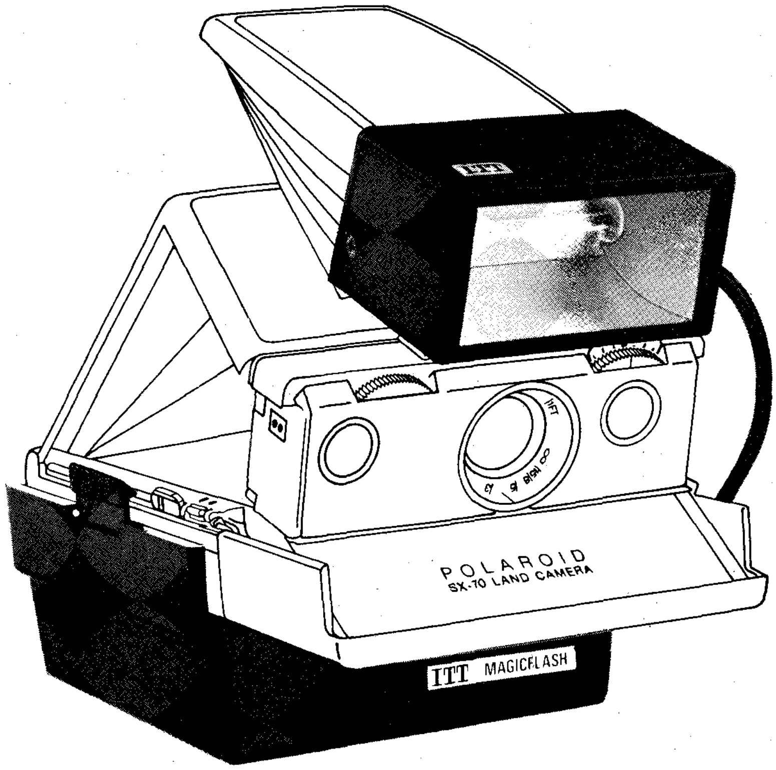

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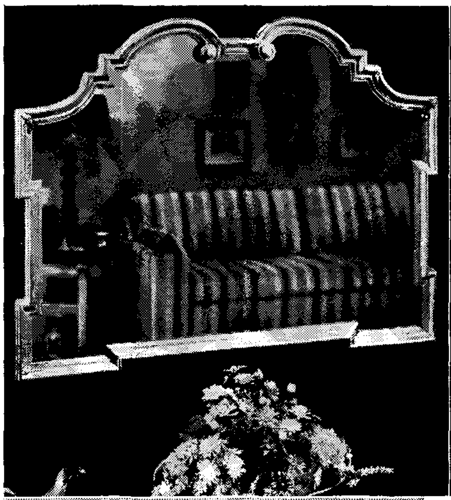

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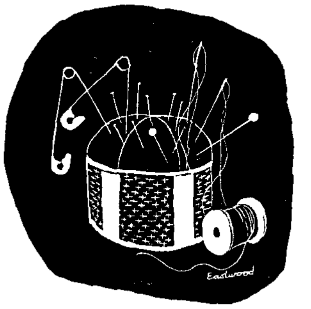
better at it than at standard English—and in those days he was seldom seen in public without a revolver on his hip.

The ordinary Jamaicans were much taken with that revolver, perhaps because the sight of someone wearing a gun in public was not a common one on the island. Busta was said to have spent some of his early years in Cuba and Spain, and to have changed his name from Clarke to Bustamante in one or the other of those countries. Most Jamaicans were, for some reason, fascinated by any of their countrymen who had once lived in a "republic," by which they meant a country in which ordinary citizens could put on a gun as casually as they would clip on a fountain pen. Bustamante's revolver seemed to quicken the image that his followers were forming of him as a messiah of the island's working class. And it may have accounted for much of the passion with which they used to sing his trade-union song, "We Shall Follow Bustamante Till We Die." I must say that, listening to the song, I, too, was impressed. It was sung mostly at open-air meetings, which usually took place at night, and it usually started just as Busta was about to climb the platform to address his followers. The song would grow louder and louder as Busta slowly made his way up the steps of the platform and more and more of the assemblage could get a sight of him. When he arrived at the microphone and was in full view of the crowd, he would take off his jacket, stand with his arms akimbo, and look out masterfully over his flock. And as he did this, the anthem they were singing to him would rise to a crescendo:

We shall *fol*-low
Busta-*man*-te.
We shall *fol*-low
Busta-*man*-te.
We shall *fol*-low
Busta-*man*-te,
We shall follow Bustamante
till we die.

This would be followed by a dead silence; even if you were standing somewhere in the back of the crowd, you could hear one of Busta's aides on the platform mumbling something close to Busta's ear. In the silence, that sound was as stark and ominous as a cough in a concert hall just as the conductor is about to lift his baton. Then, after Busta had looked out over the crowd once more, he would begin to speak. When he was finished, the song would swell up again, and warm him during his descent from the platform. Later on, in the dark streets, the black Buick would be seen cruising out of town, with people running behind and beside it, some of them sticking their hands through the window to shake Busta's hand.

NORMAN MANLEY, Bustamante's chief political rival, stirred no such fervor among *his* followers, but what he did stir was much deeper. Manley, a cousin of Bustamante, was also a "Jamaica brown man," but his complexion was slightly darker. Trained at Oxford and at Gray's Inn, he was the most brilliant barrister on the island, and, in the opinion of his peers, as fine a trial lawyer as was then to be found at the English bar. Although Manley and Bustamante were related, and resembled each other more than slightly, their personalities did not seem to have much in common. Manley was himself something of a spellbinder, but the sort who encouraged reflection and idealism rather than any upsurge of mass feeling. His brooding eyes, in a face that was always solemn and introspective, were probably indications of what people said was his excessive concern with the moral side of public issues and the value he placed upon intellectual, rather than emotional, persuasion. He was a man of exceptional eloquence and seriousness. In later years, when I was in Kingston attending high school, listening to Manley taught me as much about the richness, precision, and persuasive power of the English language as I ever learned in school. It is said that he was happier when people understood his arguments and were convinced by them than when they simply took him at his word. His more devoted and impatient supporters were annoyed by this trait. They said that it merely signified a lack of political cleverness, and was part of what kept him from gaining as much political popularity and success as Bustamante. Bustamante did not hesitate to take any position that would give him political advantage, and many of his successes were gained at the expense of principled positions that Manley had taken—advocacy of the West Indies Federation, for example. There came to be a saying in Jamaica: "Every time Manley sows, Busta reaps." In 1961, it was Busta who forced a referendum on the Federation issue, won, and subsequently replaced Norman Manley in the government.



Busta also gathered the first fruits of political independence from the tree that Manley—who was known as the Father of the Nation—had planted. In 1938, after Bustamante founded his trade-union movement, Manley organized the People's National Party, which was the island's first political party. It was pledged to fight for progessive social reforms—later spelled out to mean Socialist—and to lead a campaign for self-government and independence. The P.N.P. then included Bustamante as well as the B.I.T.U., which constituted its working-class base. The night the P.N.P. was launched, at a public meeting in Kingston—with both Bustamante and the late Sir Stafford Cripps, of the British Labour Party, on the platform—all the necessary elements of a new and unified Jamaican progressive movement seemed to be at hand. Manley, in his opening remarks, stated, "I take the view that no amount of benevolent administration, no amount of contribution towards making a happy and contented people, will ever produce a nation unless you have a political organization that shares and marches with the destiny of the nation as a whole. . . . The labor movement is essentially in that program." It was this event—the founding of the P.N.P.—and the thoughts about nationhood that Manley had encouraged among the people which were chiefly behind the song I began hearing in the nineteen-forties: "We're going to build a new Jamaica." Before the founding of Manley's P.N.P., there were no political parties in Jamaica in the modern sense. The colonial apparatus (called Crown Colony government), which existed until 1944, provided no role for political parties. Candidates for office in the Crown Colony legislature ran as independents or were sponsored by small interest groups. The legislature was virtually a token body, having little or no power in the shaping of national policy. In 1944, the British granted a wider constitution, under which candidates could run and be elected on political-party platforms. The new constitution also instituted parliamentary government and universal adult suffrage. (Previously, only property holders and those in the higher tax brackets had been qualified to vote.) These were the first in a series of constitutional changes that led gradually to full autonomy, in 1962—and

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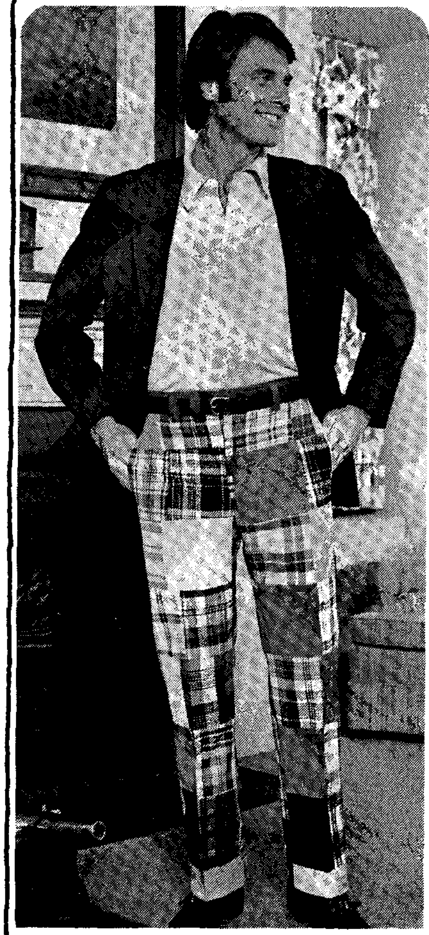

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the first response the British had made to the movement for self-government that Manley had begun in 1938. Manley and Bustamante did not remain on the same side of the national and social struggle, as it had appeared in 1938 that they would. After 1943, when Bustamante broke away from the P.N.P. (taking the B.I.T.U. with him) to form his own party, the J.L.P., the two men became bitter political enemies. Since 1944, the parties they founded have alternated as the island's government. True to the ironic terms of the long Bustamante-Manley rivalry, when independence arrived it was Bustamante who became the first Prime Minister. Manley, who had fathered the idea of independence and led the fight for it over the years, sometimes in the face of ridicule from Bustamante, and who was the chief author of the island's new constitution, found himself consigned to the opposition bench. He was never to become Prime Minister of the independent Jamaica for which he had fought during the major portion of his political life. When he died, in 1969, after retiring from politics, the party he had founded was still struggling to regain office.

IN 1972, Manley's younger son, Michael, who had succeeded him as the Party's leader, finally led the People's National Party back into political power, after winning the largest parliamentary majority either party had ever won. With the return to power of the P.N.P., the issue of nationhood has again emerged, and, for the first time since the nineteen-forties, people are using the phrase "a new Jamaica" with some frequency.

When Michael Manley is asked why his government has been adopting certain policies and positions, he often begins by referring to a speech his father made to the P.N.P. just before his death. In that speech, the elder Manley told his colleagues, "The mission of my generation was to win self-government for Jamaica, to win political power. . . . I am proud to stand here today and say to you . . . 'Mission accomplished for my generation.' And what is the mission of this generation, the generation that succeeds me? . . . It is to be founded on the work of those who went before. . . . Tackling the job of reconstructing the social and economic society and life of Jamaica." This, in effect, is the new ground that Michael Manley is trying to break in Jamaica today. For many reasons, however, the ground is far from easy to break, as one could gather from an article by Manley that appeared in September of 1974 on the Op-Ed page of the *Times*. He wrote:

> We Jamaicans are part of the Third World, and I am a part of a team trying to struggle with economic reality in an island that is as full of promise as it is beset by difficulties. . . . We watch with wry amusement the panic that develops in the richer countries when the inflation rate reaches 10 per cent and unemployment 6 per cent. We started out in 1972 with a chronic unemployment rate above 20 per cent and are currently trying to wrestle our inflation rate back down to 20 per cent a year! At the root of this inflation lies a deeper chronic problem that is disabling for the Third World: the problem of the terms of trade. This is not a phrase dealing with some refinement of economic theory, but rather it describes the brutal ground rules of a game in which we are cast as permanent losers.

I have already mentioned Jamaica's and the Third World's reaction to the existing terms of international trade. The boldest move at home in the government's search for economic viability—and about the only one so far that has won the unanimous support of the people—came in the spring of 1974. With its economy staggering under the sudden and steep increase in Arab oil prices (they increased Jamaica's bill by fifty million dollars in 1973 and by two hundred million dollars in 1974) and hard pressed to meet increases in the prices of such other imports as wheat, soya, rice, cornmeal, meat, and agricultural machinery, the government imposed a steep increase of its own on the taxes and royalties it had been receiving from the island's bauxite-mining industry, carried on by six foreign companies—five American and one Canadian. This increase—to about two hundred million dollars in 1974, from the previous year's figure of twenty-five million—added only about two and a half cents per pound to the cost of aluminum on the world market, and possibly saved the island from bankruptcy. Since then, Manley's government has been negotiating with the companies—Alcan, Kaiser, Alcoa, Reynolds, Revere, and Anaconda—to acquire a fifty-one per cent interest in their local operations, and Reynolds and Kaiser have already signed agreements with the government which grant something close to that. Revere, which had also signed, recently suspended its operations on the island because of rising labor costs.

The Manley government is also striving to break new ground in the social structure of Jamaica, setting as one of its goals the creation of what it calls an "egalitarian" society, "based on the principles of democratic Socialism." But, because Jamaica's society retains many of the rigid class attitudes that the British colonials left behind, Manley is finding it almost as difficult to alter the social and economic structure of the island as to change the terms of international trade. The resistance from some of the wealthy and middle-class groups is intense, although many of the social programs he is trying to introduce are not much more radical than those that have been introduced in the United States since the New Deal.

Under a new free-education policy, the government, in addition to running the primary-school system, pays tuition and board at all major secondary schools and at the University of the West Indies, whose main campus is in Kingston. The chief aim of this policy is to bring more of the island's poor into the stream of higher education—to make such education accessible not just to those who have so far been able to afford it but to everyone who qualifies on academic merit. In order to help increase food production locally, the government has set up model farms in the countryside, and it hopes eventually to share the ownership of them with the workers who are developing them. The new Jamaica Development Bank now lends money to "the small man," whose applications have traditionally not been well received by the private banks. Nathan Richards, a director of the Jamaica Development Bank, told me that the new lending policy is meant to broaden the base of business ownership on the island. The government has acquired a controlling interest in a few small but important industries—textiles and flour milling, for instance—some of which were on the brink of bankruptcy. This is intended both to prevent unemployment from spreading and to keep the prices of flour, cloth, and the like within the reach of poorer consumers. A year ago, the government took over the Jamaica

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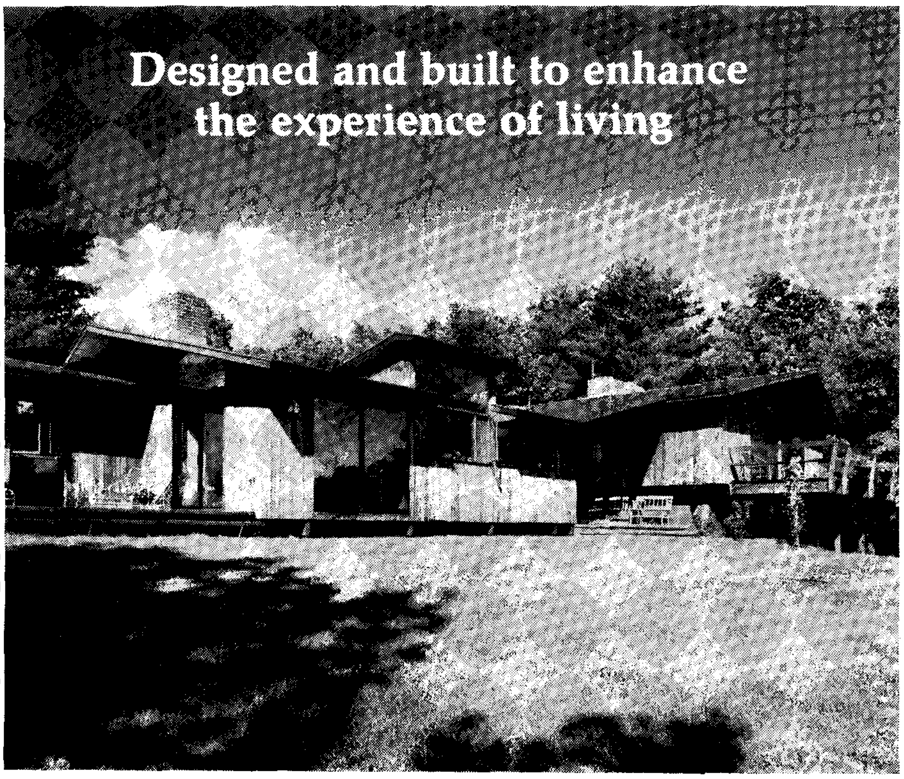

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Omnibus Service, which operates the public-transportation system in Kingston and adjoining areas. Those who have criticized the government's previous takeover of certain public utilities say, with some amusement, that in taking over the J.O.S. it may have finally bitten off more than it can chew. Governments, they argue, are notoriously poor managers, and in acquiring the bus service, which is a notoriously unreliable public facility, the Manley administration can only make it worse. To judge by an exchange I overheard one day in Kingston, these critics may have a point. When a passenger boarding a bus complained that it was fifteen minutes late, the driver merely cleared his throat and said, "Anyway, we working for the government now. We can't get fired again."

What really upsets Manley's critics, however, is the frequency with which he and his ministers use the terms "egalitarianism" and "Socialism." Businessmen, in particular, are worried. Some of them have been stashing assets in foreign banks against the day when they may decide to leave the island, for they fear that their interests and their position may be jeopardized by the government's apparent obsession with diminishing poverty and taking into its own hands areas of the economy previously controlled by private ownership. Surprisingly, the shock waves of egalitarian anxiety have spread even into the established church. An Anglican rector got up one day before a public meeting and said, "An egalitarian society does not come easily. It has to be earned. . . . An egalitarian society cannot be one in which people strive to do as little work as possible. . . . Politicians can talk until they are blue in the face, but even if God were the Prime Minister, the society could not be changed until the hearts of the people were ready."

But that sort of criticism is gentle compared with some of the salvos being fired off in Jamaica's *Daily Gleaner*. Two of the more formidable guns are a columnist who writes under the pseudonym of Thomas Wright and a cartoonist named Leandro. Since the early nineteen-forties, when Manley's party openly adopted a moderate Fabian Socialist philosophy, it has suffered severely from Red-baiting. One of the reasons it has been in office for only ten of the thirty years it has been contesting elections is that its opponents have made liberal use of the words "Red," "Communist," and "Russia" in discussing the Party's election platforms. In the nineteen-fifties, Manley's

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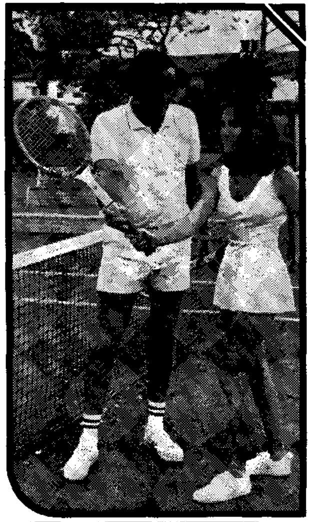

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party played down its Socialist identity, but now that a serious discussion of Socialism has again developed, the old words are being pulled out—and new ones, too, like "Cuba," "Castro," and "China." For example, the following paragraph appeared in one of Thomas Wright's columns while I was visiting the island:

> The word "Communist" has a very special and restricted meaning when it has any precise meaning at all, and both Russia and China describe themselves as socialist countries. There is, in fact, no such thing as a Communist country except in so far as the word is used by some in the West to describe the socialist systems of Russia and China. How, then, can a manifesto which begins "The policy of the People's National Party is to create a Socialist State" describe as an enemy someone who "falsely" calls the government Communist. It is the same thing.

In one of Leandro's drawings, Jamaica is pictured as a trembling and reluctant bridegroom, being marched up the aisle by Michael Manley, who has a shotgun jammed in Jamaica's back; waiting at the altar—on the arm of someone who is presumably Manley's Minister of Finance, David Coore—is the voluptuous-looking bride, Socialism. In another drawing, a wolf (Communism) draped with sheep's wool (Socialism) is portrayed standing over an innocent and unsuspecting Jamaica, drooling at the prospect of gobbling the little island up.

Possibly to counter criticisms of this sort, Michael Manley, in December of 1974, issued a statement of the government's intentions, in which he said:

> There has recently been a considerable misunderstanding in Jamaica about the role which ought to be played in the future by . . . the private sector of the Jamaican economy. . . . Ever since 1940, the People's National Party has accepted and believed in the principles of Socialism. Recently we have undertaken a major exercise of democratic reëxamination . . . with a view to examining how these principles relate to modern Jamaica in a changing world. . . . We could not hope to continue in Jamaica with a situation where a minority of the population were secure and well off while the majority . . . hover either at the margin of poverty or are a part of that lost, hopeless army of the unemployed.
>
> Under the Socialist system there is a perfectly reasonable, honorable, decent, respected, and permanent role for a businessman. . . . For all the various types of business people there is a legitimate place in our Socialist system. . . . We believe that the mixed economy has a permanent place and relevance in Jamaican economic affairs. The government is committed to the concept of a mixed economy within . . . the Socialist organization planned for Jamaica. The role of the government within this type of economic organization is to ensure that all development takes place in accordance with the needs and goals of the society.

To help make sense of everything I had been hearing and reading about the "new Jamaica," I looked up a few of the people I thought capable of providing a perceptive analysis of the local scene. One was John Hearne, a novelist of considerable gifts. Hearne, who is almost fifty but looks younger, was born and brought up in Jamaica, then attended the Universities of London and Edinburgh. Like many West Indian novelists, he lived and wrote in England for several years. His accent is a mixture of the musical undulations of Jamaican middle-class speech and the brassy and commanding tones of a British colonel—whom he might also be said to resemble, with his light skin and bushy, blondish mustache. Some of his novels are "Voices Under the Window," "Stranger at the Gate," "The Faces of Love," "The Autumn Equinox," and "Land of the Living."

At his home, in Stony Hill, a suburb overlooking Kingston, Hearne said to me, "You see, in 1962, when Jamaica gained independence, people weren't ready. They didn't know what to do with it. What Michael Manley has seen—and what Edward Seaga, the leader of the opposition party, has also seen—is the need to fill the structure of independence with the sort of action and the sort of vision that make independence meaningful. Under all the talk of Socialism versus capitalism, and state participation versus private enterprise, that's really what has been going on. A good deal of the tension you may have spotted since coming back results from an effort at self-confidence and self-possession. You see, this assertion of self is new business for Jamaicans. I am talking chiefly about the exercise of authority. One of the legacies of the colonial period—although it was a useful schooling period—is a certain prudishness in Jamaicans about exercising authority. It bedevils the Jamaican of talent. I don't think we are aware of it, any more than a Victorian, say, would have been aware that he or she was prudish about sex. People are afraid of taking final responsibility for final decisions concerning their national affairs. They were so used for so long to having decisions made for them by the Colonial Office in London. I think Michael Manley's contribution is that he is forcing upon the whole society a recognition of the need to make final decisions and to take final responsibility. Some Jamaicans are prepared to

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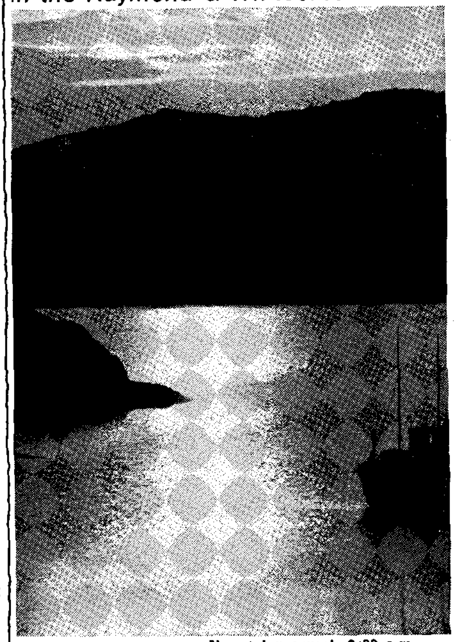

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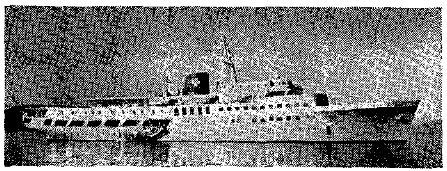

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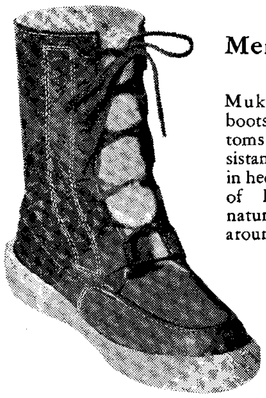

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risk it with him; some are a little dazed, but sympathetic to the attempt; and some are furiously resisting. Those who are resisting are the ones who have the least understanding of the splendors and miseries involved in the exercise of sovereign political will.

"Take the bauxite matter. The negotiations began quietly, but as the confrontation came nearer and nearer, a proper pride seized some very unlikely people—people who up until then had not had any particular pride in the country, who had regarded themselves as being very special Jamaicans. It was these Jamaicans who, when the colonials were here, were extensions of the colonial system, or lived under the protective wing of that system. They had no serious feeling about what it was to be Jamaican. They were the sort of people who say, 'I love Jamaica because it is the most beautiful place in the world'—which, as you know, is the most banal reason for being in Jamaica at all. Anyway, all of a sudden a number of these people, who had never had any serious consciousness of Jamaica, realized that the country was in a battle that it had to win—and that if it did not win, it had to come out looking damn good. The bauxite stand was a risky stand to take. But, well, you can't go through life as a eunuch—not and have any fun."

Next, I dropped in at the *Daily Gleaner* to have a chat with Theodore Sealy, the editor-in-chief. The *Gleaner* is now one of two major daily papers in Jamaica, the other being the *Daily News*, which is much younger and poorer and has a much smaller readership. For several decades before the *News* started publication, a little over two years ago, the *Gleaner* had no competition in the daily field, and during those years it so dominated the thinking of some of its readers that they came to use "gleaner" as the generic term for newspaper. Sealy is a tall, heavily built black man of sixty-six, with a voice and facial expressions that are a fine blend of aggressiveness, sensitivity, and conscious restraint. Largely self-educated since leaving high school, he reads widely and voraciously, has long been a brilliant and forceful editorial commentator, and is one of the ablest judges of Jamaican life and character. Although the *Gleaner's* interests and its editorial voice are generally thought to be conservative—not so friendly toward Manley's party, and somewhat friendlier toward the opposition—Sealy's attitude is open and practical, cutting across political divisions. Facing Sealy across his desk in the *Gleaner's* new headquarters, in the central part of Kingston, I asked him if I was right in sensing that Jamaican affairs had taken a new turn.

"I wouldn't exactly call it a new turn," he said. "I think of it, rather, as a case of Jamaica's adjusting its compass to what the world is doing. Nixon and Mao changed the whole magnetic field of world politics. Now that the Iron Curtain and the Bamboo Curtain are both impostures—now that all relationships are mixed up, with the United States subtly courting Cuba, and vice versa—a country like Jamaica, small and beset by problems, has to orient itself so that whatever happens it isn't left in a backwater. So, regardless of what the government here may say that it is doing, all that it is in fact doing is pointing the bow of the national ship toward where the needle indicates that the center of world influence is. The same thing applies when Jamaica describes itself as part of the Third World. All this talk about Third World ideology doesn't really mean anything. Where Jamaica is concerned, the Third World posture is merely pragmatic—assumed for whatever we can get out of it. We are merely focussing our energies wherever a country like ours can make the most headway. Then, we have been having this big kite-flying thing with Tanzania. Tanzania is a great country, the way every other country is a great country. But nobody has studied its relevance to Jamaica. I think it is just a country that we have decided to pick up and have some fun with, since we are in the black world. Whether Jamaica is going to drop it one day, or it is going to drop us, I don't know. But that and Cuba—our being buddy-buddy with Tanzania and Cuba—both have caused some people here to ask 'What is going on? What about us?' But I still think we have a reasonably good government, although a little too fancy-pants. They are much like Muhammad Ali. They like to skip and do a lot of things, rather than get on with the fight.

"As to what is happening on the

local scene, my feeling is that the government is simply trying to keep up with inflation. It has to do some fast footwork. To my mind, that's mostly what it's been doing. The rest of what is going on is window dressing. Fortunately, inflation has helped our sugar price. But it has helped it at a time when the industry was dying, because it couldn't survive on the price it was getting. For the same reason, the banana industry has practically gone out of existence. Why should we grow bananas to sell abroad for pennies, when we have to pay such high prices for soya beans and other commodities from abroad? The local racial situation is rather complex. Our motto is 'Out of Many, One People.' But ethnically we are still some ninety per cent African. Caucasians are only about one per cent. Descendants of immigrants from India are our largest minority. Chinese are about half as numerous as Indians. Jews are about a thousand, at most. Then, after these, you have odd lots. But wealth in Jamaica is in reverse proportion to darkness of skin. So the ten per cent of the people who are not black or verging on black own the preponderant share of the economy. As far as Jamaica's history is concerned, however, they have been good citizens. Until the last eight years or so, they have been concerned with creating employment, industry, exports, and business. But harmony in today's world is not what it used to be. Old-time harmony involved a certain amount of complacency. Today, it is harmony in combat, not harmony in complacency. This is due partly to the fact that, in the economic and financial context I just sketched, it is hard for many blacks to feel they are properly citizens of their country, because history has shared up its wealth so badly. Mark you, at the same time the black man generally accepts that he is not aggressive in financial matters. But if he may not want a great deal for himself, he somehow envies those who have a great deal. Then, too, the attitude toward race in the United States, East Africa, and other parts of the world has had repercussions here. It has created more talk. And it has affected not only blacks, who now shout a little louder than they once did. It has also affected the Chinese and the whites; some of them feel that they have lost stature. But, of course, this is not so. Someone once said you seem to yourself to grow less when other people grow more. But, in fact, you have not lost ground. It

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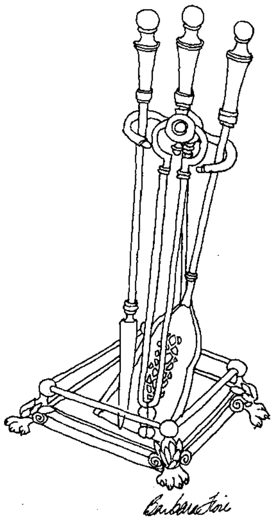
is simply that a lot of people are gaining ground. So a lot of our established people are feeling today that they are not as important as they used to be, because so many of the people who are now important are black. And they don't feel as comfortable walking the streets today as they did fifteen years ago. This is because ordinary black people now walk the streets as if the streets were theirs. They don't give way to people as they used to. It is a case, I think, of the ordinary Jamaican's making Jamaica his own, by physical as well as psychological assertion.

"But part of what is going on in Jamaica is an evolution of the country's independence psychology. In 1962, I was chairman of our first independence-celebrations committee, and I remember going around the country making speeches in which I told the people what I thought was going to happen in our national life. One of the things I remember telling them is that it would take us from seven to ten years to find out that we were really free. Well, we passed that ten-year point only three years ago, when the present government took over. I like to remember an experience of my own that I think illustrates this. When I was a boy, growing up in a rural area, I used to raise poultry. And one of the things I used to notice was that when I opened up the fowl coops in the mornings, it took a while before the birds started coming out. Finally, one of them would step out, cautiously and doubtfully. Then another would come out. Then another. Then, all of a sudden, the rest of them, realizing that the coop had been open for some time, would come pouring out. I think that that is what is happening in Jamaica right now. We have just discovered that we have been free for some time now, and we are all in the process of pouring out."

A few days later, I had a talk with Rex Nettleford, who is one of the island's more important young intellectuals, being both an artist and a cultural nationalist. Nettleford, who is now in his early forties, studied at Oxford on a Rhodes Scholarship; is a lecturer in politics at the University of the West Indies; is the director of Jamaica's Trade Union Education Institute; and is the artistic director of the National Dance Theatre Company.

Our talk took place under circumstances brought about by one of the little wildcat labor disputes that flare up in Kingston almost every week. Just as I was about to sit down in Nettleford's office at the university, word came that the gasoline deliverers would be going out on strike later that day and that motorists were rushing to fill up their tanks, at a dollar-twenty a gallon. Beckoning to me to come along, Nettleford, who is lithe and ebony, and seems to see all physical motion in terms of dance, grabbed his car keys, dashed from his office, leaped into his English compact, and raced off in the direction of the nearest gas station. A long line of cars had already formed when we arrived, so our talk went on as we inched ahead in the long procession. I asked Nettleford, "How do you account for the tension in Jamaican life today?"

"I think some of it has to do with trying to complete the task of independence and bring back into the Jamaican consciousness a strong nationalist commitment," he said. "This is frightening a lot of people who will be called upon to change their ways. One of the stumbling blocks is the business community. I don't mean to say the entire business community, because there are many young businessmen who understand what is going on in the world and how Jamaica's problems relate to that. The stumbling block is what I call the commission-agent outlook—where a businessman sees himself as merely a transmission belt for imported goods, bringing, say, codfish into the country and foreign exchange out. You don't get much of a national spirit among such people. Then there are problems of economic and social power. Those who are entrenched in positions of power in those areas are not about to yield. Our national motto is 'Out of Many, One People,' but a lot of our people here prefer to emphasize the 'many' rather than the 'one.' Doing so enables them to perpetuate a pluralist situation, in which those who have power can maintain their own position, without necessarily feeling any obligation to the rest of the society. Sometimes, in some quarters of the society, you will hear the discussion taking on a racial character. But one



has to be careful how one listens to this, because the Jamaican, though race-conscious, is not a racist. It just happens that the majority of the people in Jamaica are blacks and that the blacks are the poorer people, whereas the higher percentage of the people who are well off are of other ethnic origins. So the question might seem to be resolving itself sometimes in terms of race, but it really isn't. Economic disparity is the controlling factor in our discussion.

"Jamaica is a nonracial, multiracial society—fine! But it cannot be a nonracial and multiracial society with an ethos that keeps the vast majority of people in a situation of degradation. The society is not going to improve itself or get rid of the problems it now faces if it continues to give the impression that black people are relegated to the base, brown people to the middle class, and white people to the upper class. It is not as simple as that, of course, when one looks at the actual life of the country, but the contours are sufficiently sharp to give that impression. I am confident that this situation will be worked out, because we are not a racist people. But in working it out, in trying to fashion a situation that is essentially Jamaican, the African Presence (capital A and capital P) has to be given centrality. This is part of what is frightening a lot of people—and this includes some black people, too, you must understand. But no government in this country needs to proceed along lines of race, as such; it needs only to proceed along lines of the majority, lines of social democracy. Any party that does not address itself to the issues in this way is not worth its salt. Any party that takes power in this country has got to see that the old social structure, born of the plantation system, is broken up. And that realization is also causing some tension."

THAT week, I also had an interview with Prime Minister Manley, in his office at Jamaica House, which is the Prime Minister's official residence. Manley, now fifty-one, was educated at the London School of Economics, and for several years before becoming Prime Minister he was a leader of the National Workers Union, the trade-union arm of his political party. He is a tall, handsome, graying, athletic-looking man, who does a couple of hours of jogging and calisthenics every morning before he arrives at his desk. He was wearing a *kareba*, a Jamaican-designed style of dress which consists of a sort of shirt-

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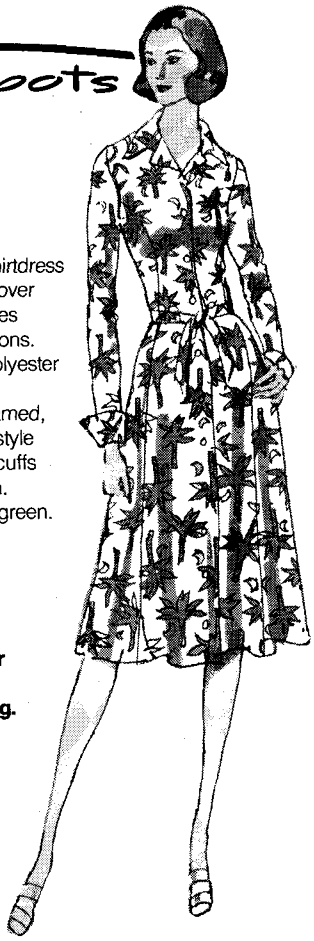

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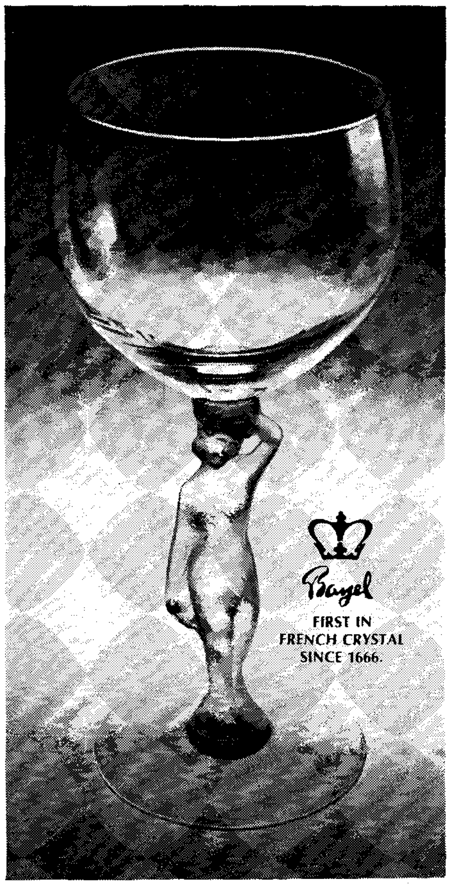

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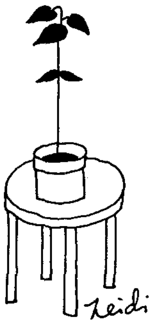
jacket, with an open neck, and flare-bottom trousers. Manley has an open and charming personality but one that is policed by penetrating eyes and an apparent readiness to be incisive, and even tough, when the occasion demands.

"What is it, essentially, that you and your government are trying to do in Jamaica?" I asked him.

"We in the political party that forms this government regard ourselves as explorers of what is involved in the idea of reconstructing Jamaican society," he replied. "It is something that my father, who founded this party, was much concerned with before he died. Philosophically, this means asking ourselves the question 'What kind of society?' Well, we are clear in our minds that our long-term objective is to search for the egalitarian form of society. This is an absolutely firm, irrevocable moral commitment. We may be subject to a thousand criticisms about whether we are going fast enough, or are going too fast, or have misconceived what is the best way to get to the objective. But the objective is crystal clear, and absolutely moral in its formulation. We belong to the stream of democratic Socialism. We believe in the libertarian society. We believe in the free political system—free institutions, the right of dissent, the rule of law, parliamentary democracy, the right of people to form their own political organizations, and the obligation of Socialists to hold on to power by being so effective that they outcompete in the marketplace of the political system. We believe that Socialism should not be imposed at the expense of political liberty but that it should compete freely with other systems. We also belong to the pragmatic stream of Socialist thought, which holds that there is a permanent validity to the mixed economy. We believe that the commanding heights of the economy should be controlled publicly, in the national interest. We believe the free-enterprise system of producing a great range of goods and services to be a very efficient way of doing it, provided the system understands that its activity must harmonize with the national interest. The national interest ought not to be the servant of the free-enterprise system.

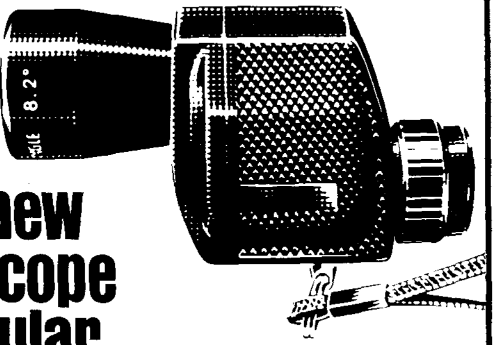


"But, of course, this has to be related to local attitudes. We cannot liberate Jamaica to anything like its possibilities if we don't break the spell of colonialism and all that it has done psychologically to a nation like Jamaica. There are a number of ways in which Jamaica has been grievously marked by its colonial history and by slavery, which was part of that colonial history. The most dramatic example is the dependency syndrome, which is common to many of the colonial parts of the world, and which I try to explore in my book 'The Politics of Change.' You see it in everything. You see it in the villages—in the dependence upon government to do things. You see it in attitudes toward work—where the work ethic is not a natural expression of people's understanding that it is by work that you build great things. Work was for so long an instrument of oppression that the work ethic is misunderstood and resented. You see it in the worship of foreigners, in our lack of confidence in our own institutions, our inability to believe we can develop our own variant of contemporary political philosophy. It never occurs to a lot of Jamaicans that one of our own could develop a brand of Socialism that is unique to Jamaica, as Sweden's variant is unique to that country. In other words, it doesn't occur to people in Jamaica that when the P.N.P. declares itself to be Socialist we are attempting to define Socialist purposes in Jamaican terms, trying to adapt them to Jamaican circumstances. But I think that the worst of the things we were bequeathed by the colonials is élitism, the class structure.

"There is no question that the rate of change in a number of areas—like education, foreign policy, our style of doing things—is causing strains and tensions among certain groups in Jamaica. One area in particular that is causing great tension is the government's taking care to see that the laws are applied equally. We have said that no class in Jamaica is outside the law. There used to be a whole range of laws in Jamaica that a certain class believed didn't apply to them at all. Well, we have gone to the jugular of that class notion. Take the Gun Court. We say that any man in Jamaica, regardless of color or class, who owns or uses a gun illegally must be hauled before the Gun Court. The Gun Court is not here to prosecute only the masses—it is here to prosecute anybody who contravenes the gun laws. It is the first time this country has ever really felt the weight of the majestic impartiality of the law as it should operate.

"In our foreign policy, we are pursuing economic independence and are committed to the view that the most fundamental problem in the world is not made up of those difficulties that flow from ideological confrontation or tension. To us, the whole key to the future of the world is to be found in economic relations among nations. There are many other things that are important, but if you can't find a world economic order that gives to the have-not nations the key to the door of upward movement, then everything is doomed. So we look very clearly at the world, and see it clearly divided into a world of rich industrial nations and one of former colonial territories that suffer from every economic difficulty that is imaginable. We see ourselves as being part of that former colonial world—historically and in the fact of our present circumstances. We see the purpose of that world as being to achieve a coherent posture in its dealings with the developed nations. In our view, the greatest danger to the development of a coherent bargaining posture is any tendency toward divisiveness in this world's ranks. Thus, we have set ourselves, in our little way, on this little island, to play our part in constructing an international Third World economic alliance that cuts completely across ideological boundaries. In the search for Jamaica's own posture, we remain friends with America, friends with England, friends with Canada, friends with Europe. But we are also friends with China, friends with Cuba, friends with Africa, friends with everybody—seeking our survival and our best advantage. And in so pursuing our foreign policy we think we are releasing in Jamaica a new wave of national consciousness. We think we are at last defining for Jamaica a purpose to independence, as that purpose can be wrought and fashioned in the outside world."

EARLY one Sunday morning, I left Kingston, where I was staying, for a day's journey through a section of the countryside. I was invited on the trip by Ken Allen, the *Gleaner's* parliamentary editor, who is a tall, taciturn man in his early forties, with a deep bass voice that he seldom bothers to use unless he thinks it absolutely necessary. He seems content to express most of what he thinks through the typewriter. In offering to drive me out into the country, he had tried to speak as offhandedly as possible, as though he were simply making the usual gesture of hospitality. But he had not been altogether successful. He had



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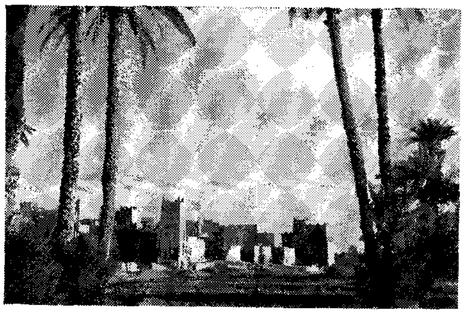

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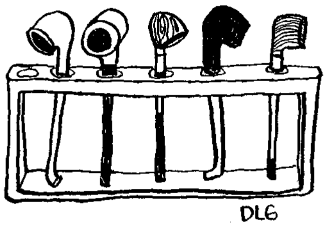
been unable to keep a trace of sympathy from creeping into his voice. I understood what this sympathy was about. The Jamaican landscape and climate are justly praised for their loveliness. When Jamaicans come to list the gifts that they consider themselves especially fortunate to possess, landscape and climate are usually at or near the top. I think Allen was worried by the years I had spent away from all this, and the impoverishment of spirit I *must* have suffered as a result. In suggesting a trip through the countryside, he was really saying that it would be good for my soul.

Less than twenty minutes out of Kingston, which is on the south coast, we were driving through the old city of Spanish Town. There are fourteen parishes in Jamaica. Each has its own local administration, and a town that serves as its capital. Spanish Town is the capital of St. Catherine. The other parishes are St. Andrew, St. Ann, St. Elizabeth, St. James, St. Mary, St. Thomas, Clarendon, Hanover, Kingston, Manchester, Portland, Trelawny, and Westmoreland. Jamaica's history can be traced through the names of its parishes; the names of some of its rivers, mountains, and smaller towns; and the name of the island itself. The names of the parishes are relics of the English presence on the island. Names like Rio Cobre, Rio Nuevo, Puerto Bueno, Mount Diabolo, Ocho Rios, and Santa Cruz are reminders of the Spanish, who owned the island from 1494, when Columbus came ashore in Discovery Bay, on the north coast, to 1655, when a British expedition, sent by Cromwell, took the island away from them. "Jamaica" derives from "Xaymaca" ("Land of Wood and Water"), which is what the indigenous tribe of Arawak Indians, now long extinct, called the island before Columbus arrived and took it away from *them*.



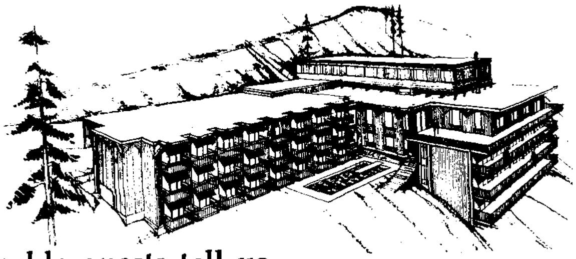
Except for a few architectural remains from the days when it was the seat of first the Spanish and then the British colonial administration—a distinction that lasted until 1872—Spanish Town looks rather run-down. Its chief claims to importance these days seem to be that it is the home of the island's largest penitentiary and that it is where the records of Jamaica's births and deaths are kept. At least, that is the way people in Kingston look at it. People in Kingston are very supercilious in the view they take of the other towns. Just as many Jamaicans regard the rest of Britain's former possessions in the Caribbean as "the small islands"—despite the fact that Jamaica itself occupies only a little over four thousand square miles—so Kingstonians look down on the rest of Jamaica's towns as "country towns" and the people who live in them as "country cousins" or "country bumpkins." Residents of Montego Bay put up a fight, because—with their splendid resort hotels and an airport that has been receiving a larger number of international visitors every year—they consider their town quite as important, in its own way, as Kingston. It is the residents of the smaller towns who are most intimidated by the attitude of Kingstonians. For years now, it has been rumored that whenever Jamaicans abroad are asked what part of the island they are from they almost always reply that they are from Kingston. There are believed to be two reasons for this. One is that thousands of people in Jamaica grow up to find out—the word having been passed down to them from the city—that if they are not from Kingston they are not exactly from anywhere. The other is that Kingston is likely to be the only place in Jamaica that the average New Yorker or Londoner has ever heard of. Therefore, it is only seldom that foreigners are let into the secret that people do come from other places in Jamaica—places with such wonderful-sounding names as Quick Step, Mango Walk, Lookout, Alligator Pond, Maroon Town, Airy Castle, Annotto Bay, Runaway Bay, Mile Gully, Chalky Hill, Comfort Hall, Cashew Ridge, Martha Brae, August Town, Labyrinth, Swift River, Nine Turns, Lovely Point, Friendship, Catadupa, Bounty Hall, Garlands, Lime Tree Garden, Ginger Hill, Cataboo, Barbecue Bottom, Axe and Adze, Emmaus, Elysium, Fat Hog Quarter, Wait-a-Bit, and Mosquito Cove. Even the inhabitants of a locality called Mocho—a term that in Jamaica is a metaphor for the most backward and benighted of communities ("Boy, you so stupid you musta come from Mocho")—are enlightened enough, once they arrive in New York or London, to say that they come from Kingston. With its already crowded slums, and its population of a half million, Kingston could not conceivably accommodate all the Jamaicans who are currently living abroad.

From Spanish Town, Allen—who, as it happens, was born and grew up in Montego Bay, and who, as it also happens, had looked forward to the trip as an opportunity to have Sunday dinner at his mother's table—set his English Ford on a route that would take us across the island to the town of Ocho Rios, on the north coast. Like most Jamaican country roads, this one was full of sharp twists and turns, and it was just wide enough to hold two vehicles going in opposite directions—provided, of course, that both slowed down while passing. The road curled and uncurled around an endless series of curves; climbed low hills and glided down grades; ran through sleepy-looking little towns and villages; sped occasionally alongside ravines with steep drops to the bottom; breezed sometimes through flatlands containing small farms and pastures for livestock; offered us distant views of mountains and valleys overhung with mist; and took us past roadsides and fields vivid with wild flowers, ferns, hibiscus, crotons, bougainvillaea, and the magnificent poinciana tree, its entire crown aflame with red blossoms. It all reminded me of a few lines from the work of one of the Jamaican nationalist poets, M. G. Smith, who is also an anthropologist:

> I saw my land in the morning
> And O but she was fair
> The hills flamed upwards scorning
> Death and Failure here.

Many of the houses in the villages we zipped by had little garden plots beside them, behind them, and sometimes even in front of them, planted with bananas, citrus, sugarcane, corn, yams, sweet potatoes, coconuts, breadfruit, mangoes, limes, avocados, coffee, and pimientos. When one of these crops is gathered, the owners use part of it for themselves, sell part of it to supplement the household economy, and share the rest with friends and neighbors. And on the sides of the road or in front of the houses there were goats grazing and chickens scratching for food.

Every so often, we drove past a small group of people, most of them dressed in white, walking to church, which might mean a walk of several miles. I knew that because, looking at them, I was reminded of the years I had spent growing up in another part of the countryside. People living in areas that buses and trucks passed through very infrequently were used to trudging remarkably long distances to school, to market, to church, to work, or to visit the sick. Sometimes



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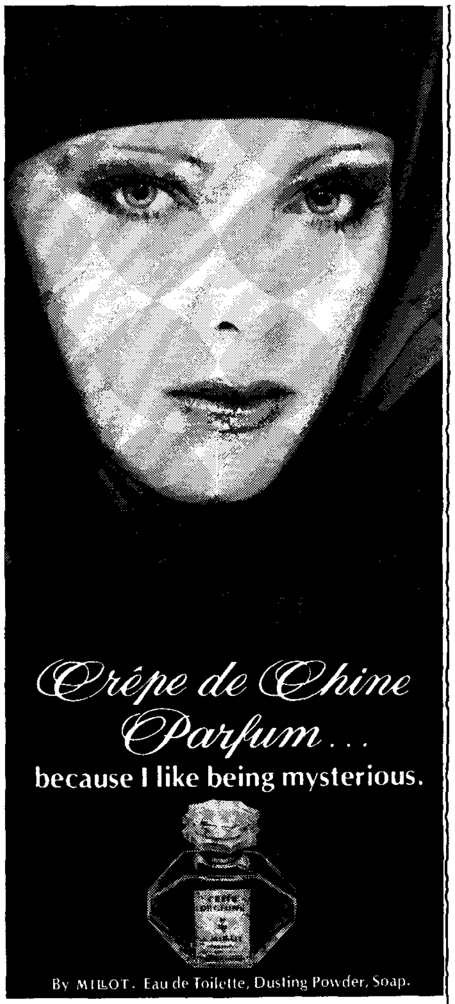
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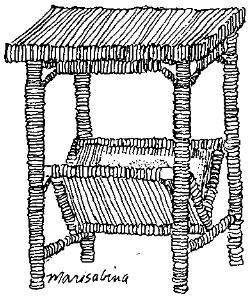
they left their houses early in the morning, before sunrise, reached their destination before noon, and got home by midnight. Those who did not have water tanks or spigots in their back yards walked to rivers, streams, and wells, and brought home one bucket of water after another on their heads. They kept going and coming with buckets for as long as it took to fill up the drums and barrels in which they stored their water for home use. That they were obliged to do all these things, and more, day after day was an example of the extraordinary demands that rural life made. What was even more extraordinary was how little they complained. They followed their daily routine without showing much sign that they felt life had dealt them an unfair hand. But how poignant and tragic it seemed to me that lives of such heroic economy should be lived against the background of one of the most extravagantly beautiful natural landscapes in all the world. How strange it was to observe that among these people what was lovely and ravishing in their landscape—what was clean and healthy in the air they breathed, what was bountiful in fresh eggs, fresh fruits, and fresh milk—passed with as little remark from them as the hardness of their lot.

By midmorning, we had finished cutting across the island and had arrived in Ocho Rios, from which we would travel west along the seashore to Montego Bay. Compared with the winding and hilly route we had just been following, the road to Montego Bay is straight and flat; it offers one of the smoother rides available in the rural areas. It runs along part of what is called the "gold coast" of Jamaica—the several miles of turquoise sea, white sand, resort hotels, vacation cottages, and condominiums that line the north shore.



Going from Ocho Rios to Montego Bay, we would pass through the parishes of St. Ann, Trelawny, and St. James—and through such towns as St. Ann's Bay (where Marcus Garvey, the famous black nationalist leader, grew up); Runaway Bay (the point from which the last Spanish governor fled after Cromwell's soldiers took the island away from Spain); Discovery Bay; and Falmouth (where William Knibb, an English Baptist minister, preached while leading the Jamaican anti-slavery movement). St. Ann is called the Garden Parish. It abounds in beauty spots, farms, coconut groves, and sugarcane plantations. But these are not all. As we began the drive through St. Ann, Allen said to me, "We are now passing through the ganja capital of Jamaica." Ganja, as marijuana is called in Jamaica, has always been grown and sold illegally on the island, without causing more than moderate concern to the government and the police. In recent years, however, Jamaican ganja has been discovered by dealers in the United States, and this has led to a crime wave of such proportions that the government has had to pass harsh crime-control measures. Millions of American dollars poured into the Jamaican ganja trade as planes flew in from the coast of Florida, landed on abandoned airstrips in the countryside, loaded up, and flew out again. When the government destroyed the old airstrips, prosperous middlemen in the ganja trade hacked out new strips in the bushes and on the sides of mountains. When these were discovered and destroyed, planes began landing in sugarcane fields and on deserted country roads, where bags of ganja were brought to them. People on all levels of Jamaican life were suspected of taking part in the traffic and banking huge profits from it. Ordinary country folk—the smaller growers of the weed—were reported going up to Kingston with satchels full of dollars to buy new cars and trucks. A barrister in Kingston who holds a high post in the government service had told me, "It is my belief that the police are themselves involved in the ganja traffic. I also believe that certain politicians are involved. Sometimes you will see an ordinary off-duty policeman driving a fantastic-looking American car. The rich are involved as well, but they are often able to circumvent the law. A rich landowner in a rural area can have a ganja cultivation on his property, but he is protected by working in league with the police."

In the course of the ganja trade between the two countries, the Jamaican suppliers suddenly found themselves being paid off in millions of counterfeit American dollars. But, rather than scrap the business, they demanded that all future payments be made in guns, which they sold throughout the island, but especially in Kingston. This arrangement greatly increased the flow of illegal firearms into the hands of criminals in Jamaica, and the result was an outbreak of gun violence unprecedented in the island's history. People, including some who were quite prominent, were being shot down almost every day. Burglaries, holdups, and bank robberies became more frequent in Kingston than ever before. In the words of one of the government's ministers, "the country was being shot to pieces." Among its emergency crime measures, the government passed laws that empowered it to establish the Gun Court, which tries all cases involving the use of illegal firearms. These trials are conducted, without a jury, before a judge; the press is not allowed to report the proceedings without special permission from the judge, so that the identity of witnesses can be protected and they will not be terrorized by other gunmen; and until recently those convicted were sentenced to an indefinite period of detention in a compound that the government had built specially for gun convicts.

The Gun Court was warmly welcomed by most Jamaicans, but less so by civil libertarians. And lawyers appealing Gun Court convictions challenged the constitutionality of the law that had created the court. In my talk with the editor of the *Gleaner* in Kingston, he had said, "We were among the first to call for a Gun Court. We said that the lawyers of Jamaica were in cahoots with the gunmen. Every gunman had a lawyer, and the minute the gunman got arrested the lawyer got him bail. The case then took two years to come to trial, during which time the gunman had committed five other violent crimes. He had also terrorized the witnesses. Therefore, we said, quick justice should be the method. An accused would go straight from police statement to trial to sentence or acquittal. That way, you would speed up the work and take the burden off the high courts, which got gummed up with gun cases, leaving the gunmen free to go around and practice their crimes. But the government didn't do it in as simple a way as we had in mind. They did this dramatic and highfalutin thing—putting up a Gun Court detention center, painting it red, and creating all kinds of shock effects. In my book, many of the things they did were necessary, but need not have been done that way." Soon after this, Jamaica's Court of Appeal ruled that the law setting up the Gun Court was unconstitutional. The government appealed this ruling to the Privy Council in England. (Upon attaining independ-

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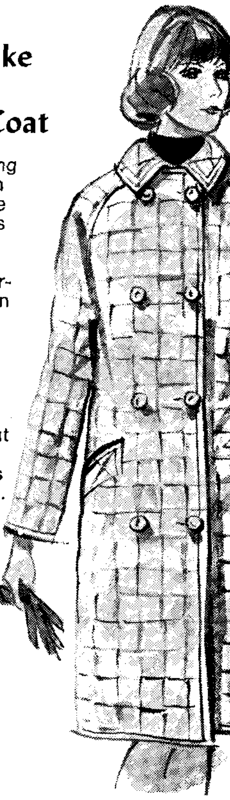

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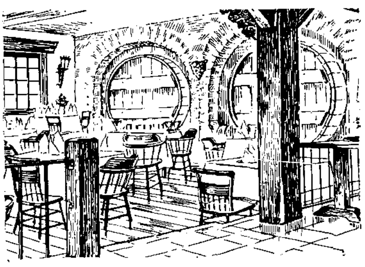

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ence, Jamaica chose to belong to the British Commonwealth, and, like certain other Commonwealth countries, it recognizes the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council as its highest court of appeal.) The Privy Council, in a recent decision, upheld the legality of the Gun Court but struck down as unconstitutional its power to impose indefinite detentions.

ALLEN and I arrived around noon at his mother's home in Montego Bay, and she fed us a huge Jamaican Sunday dinner—rice-and-peas, roasted breadfruit, avocado, fried fish, ackee-and-codfish, roast beef, and soursop juice (ackee and sour sop are two locally grown fruits). In midafternoon, we set out on the return journey to Kingston. Our route this time would take us across the western end of the island to the south coast. We would travel down the coast to Black River, the capital of St. Elizabeth, and would then turn inland and make our way back to Kingston.

We began the return trip rather hesitantly, because dark clouds slanting down on the hills in the distance suggested that it might be raining heavily over part of the route we were planning to take. Although it was autumn, there were none of the seasonal signs that people living in northern climates are used to seeing. In Jamaica, with slight variations here and there, the year looks and feels the same most of the time. Some flower or other is always blooming. Fruit trees are always bearing. The leaves are always green. The days are always hot and the nights always cool. What marks autumn in Jamaica is rain. It is the season of the heaviest rainfall and, in a bad year, of hurricanes that rip across the island, uprooting trees, tearing down houses, and inundating the land. This had not been a bad year, but the rains had been coming down all the same. It was not a time to venture thoughtlessly upon long rides through the countryside. When it rains heavily, water from different directions can converge at narrow intersections and block traffic for several hours; dirt roads can become rutted; gullies can become flooded, and low bridges washed away; small farms and houses on the sides of hills can be buried or carried away by landslides; and electric and telephone wires can go dead for days.

Fortunately, the shower we had seen falling in the distance as we drove out of Montego Bay was not as heavy as we had feared. It had let up by the

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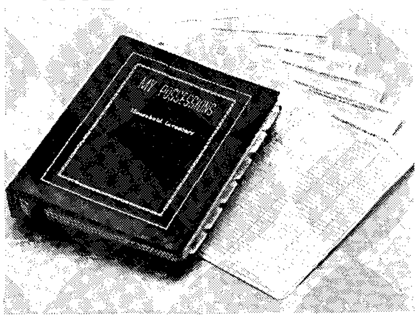

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time we began cutting through the hills over which it had been falling. The sun was out again. The wet leaves were glistening, and the cattle along the way had resumed their grazing. A cool, frolicsome wind had replaced the showers. A rainbow raced ahead of us for miles, so close that it always seemed we would overtake it around the next corner. At the town of Black River, we turned inland toward Kingston on a road that took us through towns and villages with names like Middle Quarters, Lacovia, Mandeville, Porus, May Pen, and Old Harbour. There were absorbing rural scenes along the way: makeshift stalls on the roadsides, hung with fruits and handicrafts for sale to passersby; women hailing motorists in order to sell them broiled shrimps and fried fish. The mists of dusk were settling gently over hills and valleys, and mingling with them were twirls of smoke rising languidly from what could only have been wood-burning fireplaces of outdoor village kitchens. Fireflies began coming out, switching on and off against the darkening bushes. I just *knew* that sitting out in front of those unseen village kitchens were a few old men and women—their faces creased and fixed with the wisdom and self-assurance of experience—puffing pensively on chalk pipes while they watched and listened to the fireflies, crickets, and other night insects slowly coming out to take possession of what remained of the day. Soon it was night, pitch black. There was nothing then for us to watch but the beams of the car's headlights, searching their way around dark curves on the twisting road back to Kingston.

—JERVIS ANDERSON

•

OUR JADED ROCK COLUMNISTS

[*From Danny Fields' rock-gossip column in the SoHo Weekly News*]

Big push expected for Atco's *Backstreet Crawler*, ultra-hard English band featuring the legendary *Paul Kossoff*, formerly of *Free*. Kossoff recently recovered from a scary operating room drama—he was actually dead for 35 minutes (the length of an average LP) before a heart massage brought him back.

•

His first paragraph, called the "lead" in the news-gathering dodge, consisted of only three words but we think he pretty well sized up Ourtown in them.

He wrote, "Incredible Montreal!"

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Crispina found a friend

One who is helping her survive

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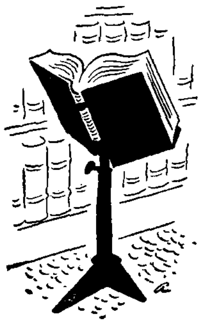
BOOKS

Memoir of the Golden Boy



IN the early nineteen-sixties, when the pollution of the atmosphere was beginning to agitate the industrial cities of the Western world, the governing body of the city of London started to carry out the provisions of the Clean Air Act, passed by Parliament in 1956. While airline passengers in this country were learning to accept a descent into the yellow veil of smog that increasingly lay over New York and Los Angeles, the Greater London Council (as it is now called) systematically banished the burning of soft coal and all other smoky fuels, and by the end of the decade every metropolitan borough had been fumigated. Since the Londoner, like the vast majority of Britons, had until then heated his little castle with a bituminous-coal fire, the restriction on its noxious smoke alone gave London for the first time in memory clean air, undreamed-of nighttime vistas, and a million cold chimney pots as useless reminders of a century and a half of industrial smog. It is today a bright city, the familiar London of every Cockney under the age of thirty.

There was another London, which is still vivid to the American tourist of the second quarter of this century but is encapsulated for the young only in the large body of English fiction that stretches from the early Dickens to the early Graham Greene. It is the London whose winter evenings Hollywood loved to simulate with offstage machines pumping clouds of fog onto the silhouettes of Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce as they strode off for the eight-twenty-nine from Paddington in pursuit of some horrific mischief in the West Country—a London that on the fairest days glimmered with a rusty light and by night simmered in a stew of gray mist through which such a landmark as the Tower or the Houses of Parliament loomed up like the prow of an oncoming liner. Tuesday, the first of December, 1936, ended in such an evening, though one strangely aglow on the southeastern horizon with the still burning Crystal Palace, the glass-and-iron masterpiece of Victorian festival architecture, in whose charred remains clergymen, reporters, and other amateur sociologists were soon to recognize an omen of the collapse of the Victorian ideals of duty and domestic tranquillity. That evening, the English-Speaking Union was holding, in its restored mid-eighteenth-century mansion in Mayfair, one of the first meetings of a newly appointed Research and Discussion Committee. It had called together a dozen eminent and obscure men who had, one way or another, an interest in improving the British view of the United States. In the chair was a handsome silver-haired snapdragon of a Scotsman in his early fifties—Sir Frederick Whyte, who could be expected to keep the discussion on a practical, unsentimental level. He had been for five years the President of the Legislative Assembly of India and subsequently the chief political adviser to the national government of China, had picked up a raft of honorary degrees after much travel in the United States, and was to become, during the Second World War, the head of the American Division of the British Ministry of Information. There was no discernible ideological bias among the group sitting round a long oval table. They were a mixed lot. A soldier; a lawyer; a Conservative Member of Parliament; an American newspaper correspondent; a few academics; an English journalist, a Harvard roommate of mine during our recent tenure of a Commonwealth Fellowship; David Low, the cartoonist; and Kingsley Martin, the editor of the leftist *New Statesman.* Martin was one of those ferocious democrats who insist on dominating any open discussion, but I can't be sure now whether it was this trait or his extraordinarily baleful appearance that makes him, nearly forty years later, stand out in my memory like a Gorgon at a garden party. He had enormous brown eyes, like hyperthyroid marbles, which rolled across a sallow face that appeared to be in the last stages of hepatitis. He was, I recall, buoyant with his accustomed gloom, for he was a man devoted to catastrophe, and just then he had a lot of it to revel in: the siege of Madrid by Franco's forces, Hitler's assumption of the Rhineland, the League of Nations' resigned acquiescence in Mussolini's conquest of Ethiopia. All these things were touched on, but Sir Frederick Whyte kept asking Martin to dismount from his hobbyhorse and kept bringing the meeting back to what had become its main purpose: to suggest ways of adjusting the British stereotypes of America in the nineteen-twenties to the crusading, the then almost heroic, figure of Roosevelt and the phenomenon of the New Deal.

What is remarkable now about the free-ranging agenda of this meeting is that these informed and articulate men, drinking amiably together, at no time brought up the apocalyptic domestic events of the previous two weeks, with which all contemporary historians confidently begin their account of the ten days that shook the British Empire and ended in the first voluntary abdication of a British king. Most of us had been in America that year and read reams of sober and gossipy speculation about the possible dire consequences of the King's affair with Mrs. Simpson. Two weeks before that meeting, the Labour M.P. Ellen Wilkinson had risen in the House of Commons to ask the President of the Board of Trade why two American magazines "of the highest repute" (she was talking about *Time* and *News Review*) had had "two and sometimes three pages torn out" of the copies sold in Britain. "Can he say," she had asked, "what is this thing the British public are not allowed to know?" The Minister said it was not the business of his department, and the question was put down for a later reply by the Home Secretary, whose views, if any, were shortly overtaken by events. After this brief emergence of an inquisitive periscope, the Parliament and the press submerged again. The same day, a Democratic congressman from Wisconsin had announced that he would introduce a resolution asking President Roosevelt to forbid American ambassadors and any other American officials to attend the coronation of a king who "proposed marriage to an American divorcée."

From that day—the seventeenth of November—on, the New York *Times* carried front-page dispatches on what it guessed was inevitably to be a British Constitutional crisis. On the twenty-sixth, it reported a meeting at Buckingham Palace between the King and Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin, at which, the *Times* correctly inferred, the King had threatened to abdicate. The British press mentioned the audience only as a regulation courtesy visit. On the twenty-eighth, the *Times* reported at length an emergency Cabinet meeting, held to discuss the King's personal problem and his apparently implacable decision to abdicate. The British papers headlined the emergency but chose to assume that it was about Britain's decision to stay neutral in the Spanish Civil War. On the morning of our meeting, the *Times* front-paged an assurance by Clement Attlee, the leader of the Parliamentary Opposition, to Mr. Baldwin that the Labour Party would not take any political advantage of the impasse with the King. None of this appeared by even the subtlest indirection in the British press, which had yielded to a nudge from the Newspaper Proprietors' Association to suppress all mention of the King's affair. The crisis, in fact, was practically over and the King was weighing his final decision before a British journal ever printed the name of Mrs. Simpson except as an unidentified Palace guest in the *Court Circular*, and later on as the plaintiff in an obscure divorce case heard in a court in the provinces.

It came out later that Kingsley Martin, days before our meeting, had written and sent to the Palace for the King's approval (a very odd journalistic gesture) a long editorial in which he rent the veil from the whole affair and took the King's side. Whether or not the King was ever shown it by the Palace intermediaries, the approval never came. Martin, that December night, was hot for British intervention in Spain (on the Republican side) and for a campaign to enlist Roosevelt's aid against Franco. Yet we all sat there on a charge of dynamite. We were aware of it. We were concerned. We were tasteful, and mum. Indeed, by about ten o'clock, when the drinks had mellowed the talk, David Low was being urged to discover some more contemporary symbol than the typical American of his cartoons—a moon-faced man with horn-rimmed spectacles and belted trousers hitched high above his ankles. Low facetiously protested that popular national stereotypes took decades to die, and he was promising to reform "if ever horn-rimmed glasses and turndown collars are worn with dinner jackets in this country" when a knock came on the door and a prune-faced butler glided to the chairman's side and announced, "There is a telephone call from New York for Mr. Cooke."

It is hard today to convey the sinister prestige implicit in such a line at such a time. Long before the transatlantic cable, when the radio circuits had to go from New York to exotic places like Algiers, telephone calls between London and the United States were placed only by such as the Rockefellers, Presidents of the United States, and armament millionaires. The meeting was startled into silence by the news that I was wanted on the phone, and Sir Frederick gave me an alarmed but kindly look, as if I, a young and obscure journalist, had been suddenly unmasked as an informer. Flushed with an embarrassment heavily tinged with self-importance, I excused myself and was taken off into an office. The faint but excited voice was that of Frederick Bate, then the European representative of the National Broadcasting Company, an affable Chicago social character who had the professional luck to be a close friend of the King and the ill luck—at that juncture—to find himself for the first time in many years on a holiday in his native land, and stranded, for in those days the fastest way to England, by ship, took five days. I was doing a regular Sunday broadcast from London to the United States. But tonight was Tuesday. Bate's excitable little speech was feverish to the point of delirium—a shock to a close friend, because he was as unlike a network executive as it was possible to be in those days: courtly, modest, and unflustered. Some station in Schenectady had announced that the King would positively abdicate. What in God's name did Schenectady know, and why bring up the matter at all, since Britons had never heard of Mrs. Simpson? Because, Bate panted, the Bishop of Bradford had broken the voluntary censorship and castigated the King that very day. The papers were full of it. NBC had booked a circuit with the BBC; I must get to Broadcasting House at once and do a five-minute talk. They would break into any program on the air. Nothing would be believed in America from now on except what came from London.

Rattled by the naïveté of this outburst, I said I would do the best I could and try to report "the reaction" from the capital city, which so far knew nothing to react to. I collected my old Harvard friend, who was on the editorial staff of the *News Chronicle*, and we drove off to Fleet Street. There we found his newsroom buzzing with the rumor that the Yorkshire dailies were about to break out in a rash of editorials on the Bishop of Bradford's speech before a Diocesan Conference at Bradford. They all appeared to take it for granted that in two sentences Bishop Blunt had

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brought into the open the stifled affair with Mrs. Simpson, and, living up to his name, had roundly lamented the King's need of grace: "We hope that he is aware of this need. Some of us wish that he gave more positive signs of such awareness." Acting on the same assumption, the *News Chronicle* itself had prepared an editorial. We took a smudgy galley of it in a taxi to Broadcasting House. Arrived in a small third-floor studio, I saw that only five minutes remained before the New York circuit would open. I was greeted by one of the BBC news announcers, always, in those days, trenchant, upper-middle-class types. This one was a retired major with an arrogant county manner. I quickly parried his rather peremptory demands to know what this was all about. He ducked into the control room, the red light glowed on, and I ad-libbed as best I could, decrying the mere thought of abdication, recounting for a knowing audience the amazing sustained silence of the British press, and hoping that the Bishop knew what he was doing in breaking it. The moment the red light went off, the announcer bounded in and stood before me trembling with anger. He braced himself like a headmaster about to pronounce the expulsion of a senior prefect caught in an unspeakably loathsome crime. Blue with rage, and flexing his jaw muscles, he said, very deliberately, "I have *never* heard anything like it. It is *absolutely* monstrous that an Englishman should use a BBC circuit to denigrate His Majesty the King before a foreign audience. You may be *quite* sure that I shall report this to my superiors." And he stomped out.

Nothing more was heard of this threat, and no wonder. Eight hours later, every London daily had rocketing headlines about the King and his mistress. Six North Country papers had prized open the floodgates, and after them came the deluge. Bishop Blunt, it turned out, was the most innocent of dam busters. His speech had protested the suggestion of a famous progressive bishop that the clergymen of the free churches should be invited to participate in the Coronation service. To Bishop Blunt this amounted to a radical call for the disestablishment of the Church of England. He had spoken with great gravity about the sacredness of the Coronation ceremony, committing the monarch to a holy union with his people under God. In a sighing afterthought, he had lamented the King's indifference to churchgoing, and then he uttered his pregnant sentences. When he was asked about it, it was revealed that he, too, had never heard of Mrs. Simpson.

For the next ten days, the British press behaved like a Sunday-school teacher who, caught out in some tiny offense, assumes that it must be the first irrevocable step toward damnation and so had better go the whole way down the primrose path. Editors who had been loath to write about the forbidden theme now wrote about nothing else. The London papers added two extra evening editions. The American press and radio networks, vindicated beyond their guiltiest dreams of lèse-majesté, wallowed in what H. L. Mencken called "the greatest story since the Crucifixion." The telephone calls from Fred Bate, in New York, were now as frequent and frantic as those of a movie star separated by the Atlantic from his latest doxy. Whereas the Columbia Broadcasting System decided to enlarge on the agency dispatches from London with nightly talks by such distinguished Britons as H. G. Wells and Harold Nicolson (performing so soon without fear of an outraged announcer), NBC chose to stay with me alone, and set up circuits six and seven times a day. I found myself putting New York to bed at four in the morning London time, doing the same for California three hours later, then waking New York at noon, the Mountain States at 2 P.M., California at three, and so on. This gruelling routine brought me down for several days with an infection that was roaming around London, but the alert Bate was not to be put off by a low-grade fever. He had the British Post Office set up a line to my house and install a microphone in my living room, into which I pattered from my bed every two hours or so to deliver an installment of a running story that amounted, by the time it was all over, to about four hundred thousand words. Luckily, just before I got sick I had had a call from a young American at Oxford, the younger brother of one of my first American friends. This excitable Rhodes Scholar was coming to London, and he jumped at the offer of bed and board in exchange for his services as a legman feeding both the wild and the responsible talk of the town to a housebound correspondent. Every day, this blond, bespectacled twenty-year-old dashed between the pubs and the clubs, including rallies of the Communists and of Oswald Mosley's Fascist Black Shirts, both of whom agreed, for once, that the King was a sorry victim of what we then called "the System." My eager legman infiltrated the small crowds outside 10 Downing Street and the large crowds swarming round the Palace, and he was plainly agog to find himself even peripherally engaged in the royal crisis. Thirty years later, he was to become more than an observer of great events; he was to conduct them, at the elbow of the President of the United States. His name was Walt W. Rostow.

By the tenth of December, it was all over. In the morning, the King signed the instrument of abdication. In the afternoon, the Prime Minister rose in an unforgettable session of the Commons to give the simplest account of his meetings, his "I said to the King . . . The King told me" falling like tolling bells in the graveyard silence of the House. On the eleventh, an order of the new King quietly resolved a fuss of protocol over how the ex-King should be introduced for his broadcast speech to the nation. As "His Royal Highness Prince Edward," he gave his farewell talk, went to the Royal Lodge, at Windsor, to say goodbye to his mother, his sister, and his three brothers, and then drove off to Portsmouth to go aboard a waiting destroyer. At two in the morning of the twelfth, the Fury slid into a thick Channel fog. Its passenger was bound for Boulogne and thirty-five years of exile. Three days later, the New York *Times'* epilogue on the whole affair was a single-column dispatch headlined "PARLIAMENT HEARS PLEDGE BY GEORGE TO DUTY AND HONOR."

In the intervening thirty-nine years, all this has been drastically reduced, in several popular histories, to a simple, or a cruel, conflict between a headstrong, or a romantic, King and a bigoted Establishment led by Baldwin and the Archbishop of Canterbury, and it has been made the subject of special pleadings, disguised as reluctant but true confessions, by interested parties, not least by the Duke of Windsor in "A King's Story" and the Duchess in "The Heart Has Its Reasons." At last comes Frances Donaldson, the daughter of the playwright Frederick Lonsdale and herself the wife of a Labour peer, to deliver, not too late in the day, a biography—"Edward VIII" (Lippincott)—that not only is thorough and disinterested enough to make it the definitive Life but is so informed with hitherto unpublished and telling intimacies as to give the reader the continuous shock of discovering a new story and an unknown king. Unlike some earlier biog-

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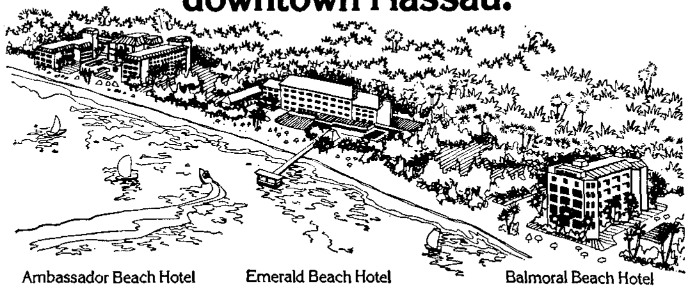

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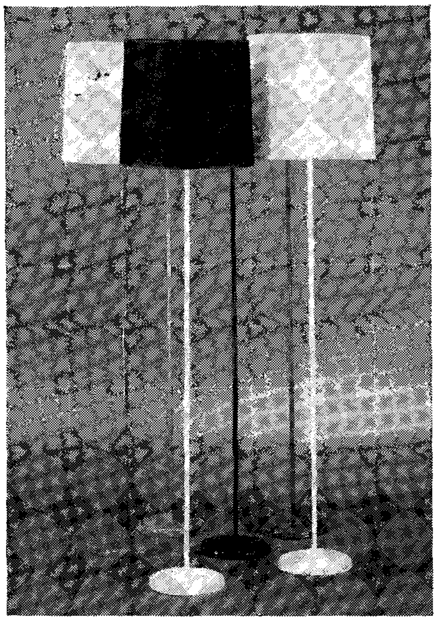

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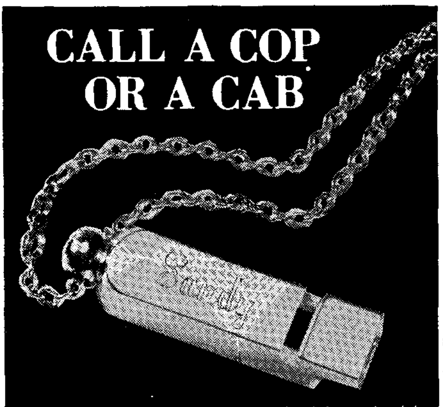

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raphers, Frances Donaldson does not riddle her account of his youth, his apprenticeship for the monarchy, and of his triumphant world tours with prophetic hints and knowing portents of the worst that was to come. Not until the Simpson affair began to trouble George V, in the last year of his life, do we read of his astonishing remark, in a private meeting with Baldwin: "After I am dead the boy will ruin himself in twelve months." Lady Donaldson has had access to an unexampled wealth of official documents and records, such as those of the Foreign Office and the India Office, and captured German documents (relating to the Nazis' eagerness to keep Edward in Spain as a potential puppet king after their intended conquest of Europe), and also to papers, private letters, notes of conversations, and the like contributed by almost everyone who was close to the former Prince, King, and Duke of Windsor—from his cousin Earl Mountbatten to Monica Baldwin, the Prime Minister's niece, and from aides, brother officers, old companions, and the most faithful of his mistresses. The result, in the account of his first thirty years alone, is to make Major Verney's "H.R.H.: A Character Study of the Prince of Wales," and even Harold Nicolson's passages on the Prince in his official biography of George V, seem puffs from the Palace's P.R. man. What Lady Donaldson offers, from Edward's days in the Navy through to his early middle age, is a more rounded and far more complicated, though invariably engaging, figure. With his flashing good looks and his almost childlike naturalness, he had always been Prince Charming to the surging crowds in India, America, and Australia, but he is here revealed as an independent, at times intractable, roving ambassador with a genuine wish to know about the lands he had to visit and the gorgeous range of human oddities who inhabited them. He may have had no enduring interest in elections, defense statistics, Arab kingdoms, or unemployment, but the statesmen, generals, sheiks, and labor leaders were always on tap to surprise and instruct him. And his official duties, though unabated into his forties, provided both a discipline and a curiosity shop that kept him lively and inquisitive. But when the parades were all over, and the bunting was down, we are shown by Lady Donaldson a moody man and a defiant son who never did enough, or never did it the right way (witness his flashy clothes and his informal approach to rajahs and to other kings) for his father, against whose incessant hectoring the Prince mobilized the genes of his grandfather Edward VII, and at twilight went off in pursuit of wealthy playgirls, congenial Army and Navy buddies, American jazz, and the midnight-to-dawn amusements of what came to be called café society.

But the abdication, with its long, uneasy prelude—shortly after the Prince met Mrs. Simpson he refused all telephone calls from the mistress he had seen almost every day he was in London for seventeen years—cannot help but be the overwhelming event of his life. And Lady Donaldson, who takes him from the cradle to the grave, is sufficiently aware of it to devote two-thirds of her book to the crisis and the effects on his life and character after the fall and in his last years. From that December night when he travelled across the Channel and, as Lady Donaldson says, "left the historians behind him," she alone follows him, through nine concluding chapters that, in factual detail and psychological insight, transcend all the confessionals and apologias, whether of the Prime Ministers and clerics and politicians or of the two parties of the first part.

Only in muffling the force of the Constitutional issue posed by the alternatives to abdication can Lady Donaldson be faulted. To this day, the nub of this conflict—which, resolved any other way, could have led to a popular uprising in Britain and to the most destructive debates in the Dominion Parliaments—has not been written about. And here it may be well to summarize the issue, especially for those who, accustomed to a Constitution you can touch and see, tend to assume that the British Constitution, being mostly unwritten, is a rhetorical abstraction, a shadow without substance. Whereas in the United States the Constitution is a written document intended to be construed *as law* by the United States Supreme Court, the British Constitution is a vast body of statutes (beginning with Magna Carta), declarations, common-law principles, and precedents which define the power of the people, through Parliament, *against* the power of the monarchy. It is not illegal, but it is un-Constitutional, for a Prime Minister to stay in office after a vote of no confidence registered by the Commons. And when the departing Prime Minister then goes to the Palace to ask the King to dissolve Parliament, there is nothing in the law to require the King to do so. But in the last hundred years no sovereign has dared to flout the Constitutional custom. In law, too,

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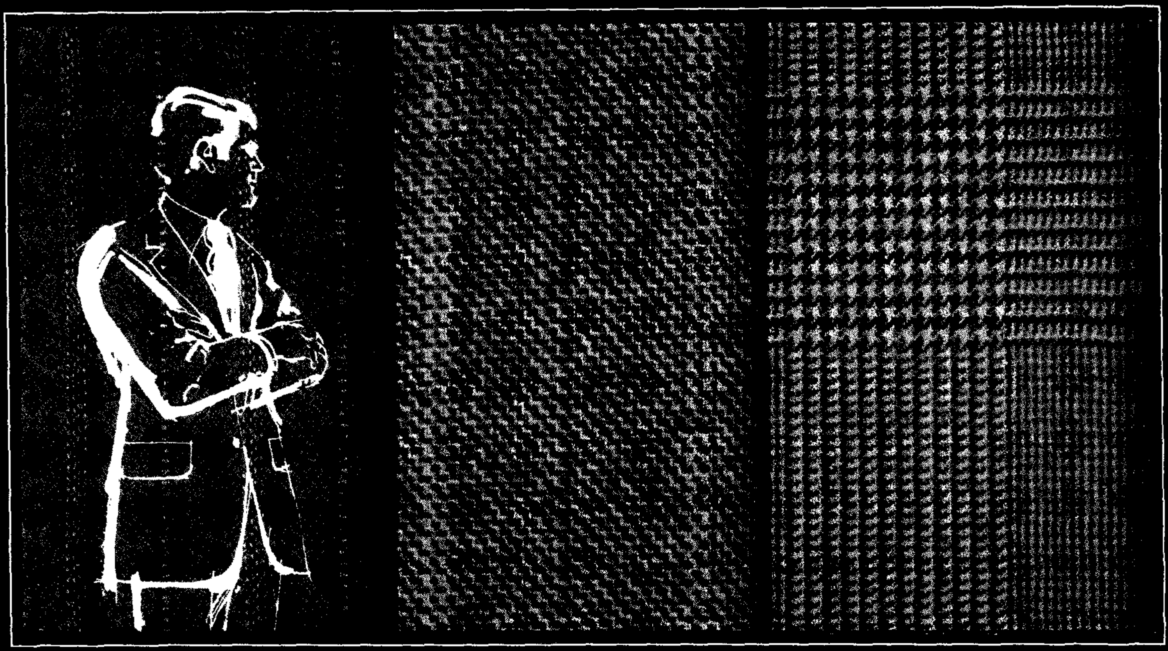

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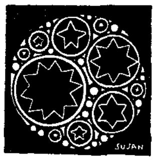
the marriage of a British sovereign is like any other, but the Constitutional rule—which it took the English Revolution of 1688 to establish—is that in any conflict of power the Parliament is above the King and he must accept the advice of his Ministers on everything that affects public policy and the public interest.

A general understanding of this historic rule, even some vigorous public argument about it, might have cleared the ground on which the King, the Parliament, and the people could take their stand. But the great mischief of the newspaper proprietors' "voluntary" suppression of all news about the King and his affair was that not only the people but great numbers of public men and women, including probably a majority of the House of Commons, were left with no relevant knowledge about the Constitutional crisis when it broke on them like a hurricane. They were all awash in a roaring storm, grabbing at futile props to their public status, their self-esteem, and their romantic or moral view of the monarchy. They had only a few days in which to reëxamine a radical conflict of power that had taken several centuries of English history to resolve in favor of the people's sovereignty.

The first effort of some Members of Parliament who wanted to help the King at all costs was to cite the Royal Marriages Act of 1772 as clear proof that the King alone had final veto power on the choice of a royal bride. This was, at the least, a perverse misreading of an act passed after two Dukes (Cumberland and Gloucester) had contracted marriages of which the King (George III) had disapproved. The act required the King's consent to all marriages of his descendants, but if they persisted in their marital intention, they must wait a year and, on notice being given to the Privy Council, the marriage would then be valid, "except both Houses of Parliament shall . . . declare their disapprobation." Even by this act, Parliament retained the veto power.



The 1772 Royal Marriages Act did not, in fact, apply at all, since—as Mr. Baldwin reminded the House in his first public statement—"the King himself requires no consent from any other authority to make his marriage legal." The sticking point was the Cabinet's refusal to approve not the marriage but a marriage in which Mrs. Simpson, as Baldwin put it, "necessarily becomes Queen [and therefore] enjoys all the status, rights, and privileges which both by positive law and by custom attach to that position." Baldwin had, of course, acquainted the King early on with the Cabinet's "disapprobation." The King therefore proposed—at the suggestion of Esmond Harmsworth, the son of Lord Rothermere, proprietor of the *Daily Mail*—that Parliament should pass a law approving Mrs. Simpson as his consort but depriving her of the "status, rights, and privileges" of a Queen. This would have been a morganatic marriage, an institution invented by ingenious or passionate German princes as a device for bypassing the inflexible caste system of the old German royal houses. But, as the English editor J. A. Spender pointed out late in December, 1936, "The British royal house is not a caste, and there is no legal or Constitutional restriction on the choice of wives by its members." (Both the present Duke of Gloucester and his father married commoners. More to the point, Edward VIII's successor, George VI, had married a commoner, the present Queen's mother.) The King himself at first thought the notion "strange and almost inhuman," and his legal adviser, Walter Monckton, K.C., told him that the chances of passage of such a law were at best "dubious." But Mrs. Simpson later recalled his having said, "I'll try anything in the spot I'm in now."

What, however, he was fatally up against was not the British Cabinet's distaste for Mrs. Simpson as Queen or as consort but the nonconformist conscience of the Dominion Parliaments. He was doomed by the most recent rule of the Constitution—the very explicitly written Statute of Westminster, which in 1931 declared that "any alteration in the law touching the Succession of the Throne or the Royal Style and Titles shall hereafter require the assent as well of the Parliaments of all the Dominions as of the Parliament of the United Kingdom."

For three or four days, during which the newspapers on both sides of the Atlantic bristled with tantalizing surmises that Parliament would surrender to the King, or that a morganatic marriage would be allowed, there were busy exchanges between the Dominion Office in London and the Prime Ministers of Canada, Australia, South Africa, India, and New Zealand. The Dominion governments were asked—in scrupulously objective language, composed not by Baldwin but by Malcolm MacDonald, the Secretary of State for the Dominions—to say whether they favored a marriage in which Mrs. Simpson would become

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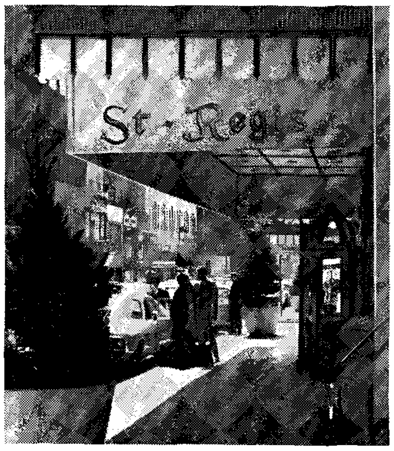

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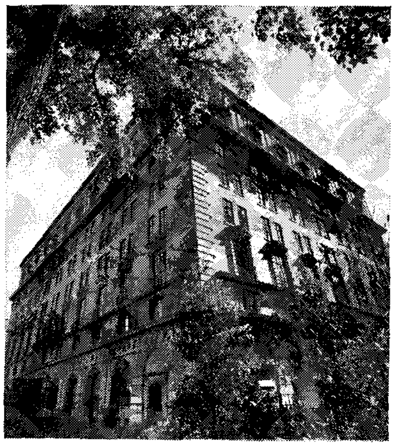

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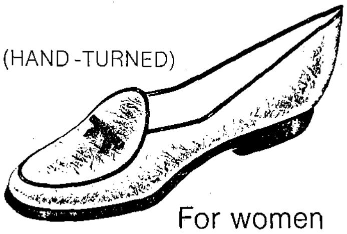

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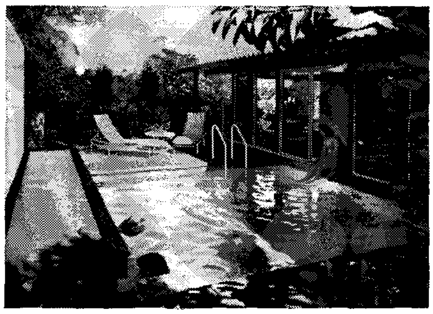

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Queen, or a morganatic marriage in which she would not become Queen, or whether the King should abdicate. India was divided on religious grounds, the Muslims approving the King's proposal, the Hindus rejecting it. The Prime Minister of New Zealand was blithely agreeable to anything the King cared to do, though also to "anything the King's Government did to restrain him." But Canada, Australia, and South Africa were adamant. They would not have Mrs. Simpson as Queen, nor would they sanction a morganatic marriage. To be quite sure that there was no party division at home, Baldwin finally consulted Attlee, the Leader of the Opposition, who told him that "despite the sympathy felt for the King and the affection which his visits to the depressed areas had created, the [Labour] Party—with the exception of a few of the intelligentsia who could be trusted to take the wrong view on any subject—were in agreement with the views I expressed." On his subsequent visit to the King, Baldwin reported the overseas decisions and the confirming refusal of the Cabinet. Considering the King's limited acquaintance with English history, Baldwin charitably refrained from the elementary reminder that the King was bound by the Constitutional rule of 1688: he was ultimately subject to the advice of his Ministers. And, like James II, he had to go. The essential issue has never been more succinctly put than by Harold Laski, in a dispatch printed in the New York *Times* on the seventh of December, 1936: "This issue is independent of the personality of the King. It is independent of the personality of the Prime Minister. It does not touch the wisdom or unwisdom of the marriage the King has proposed. It is not concerned with the pressure, whether of the churches or the aristocracy, that is hostile to this marriage. It is the principle that out of this issue no precedent must be created that makes the Royal authority once more a source of independent political power in the State."

After a hesitant day or two—while the public was distracted by the papers with improvised biographies of Mrs. Simpson and rumors of the King's grief—what swiftly rallied Parliament to Baldwin was the genuine threat of a King's Party, led by a Winston Churchill temporarily blind to the strength of the British Constitution. If that had come about, it might have heralded the end of the monarchy itself, for what enough sensible men saw was the profound anarchy inherent in a Parliament suddenly subdued by a

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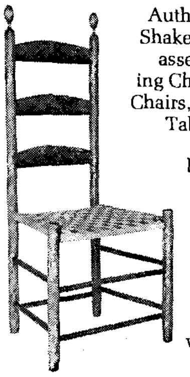

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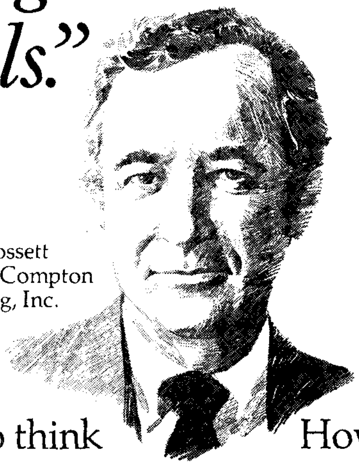

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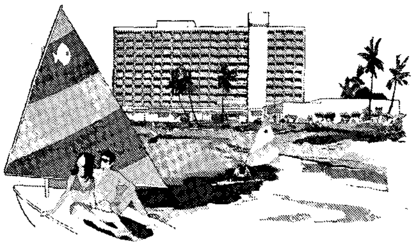

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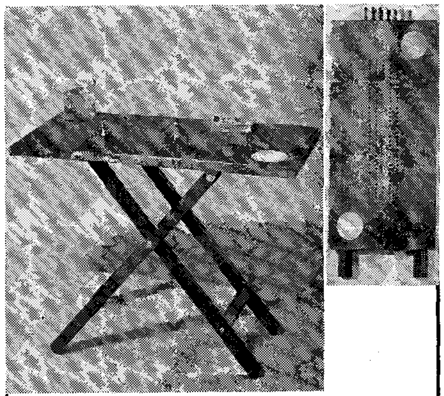

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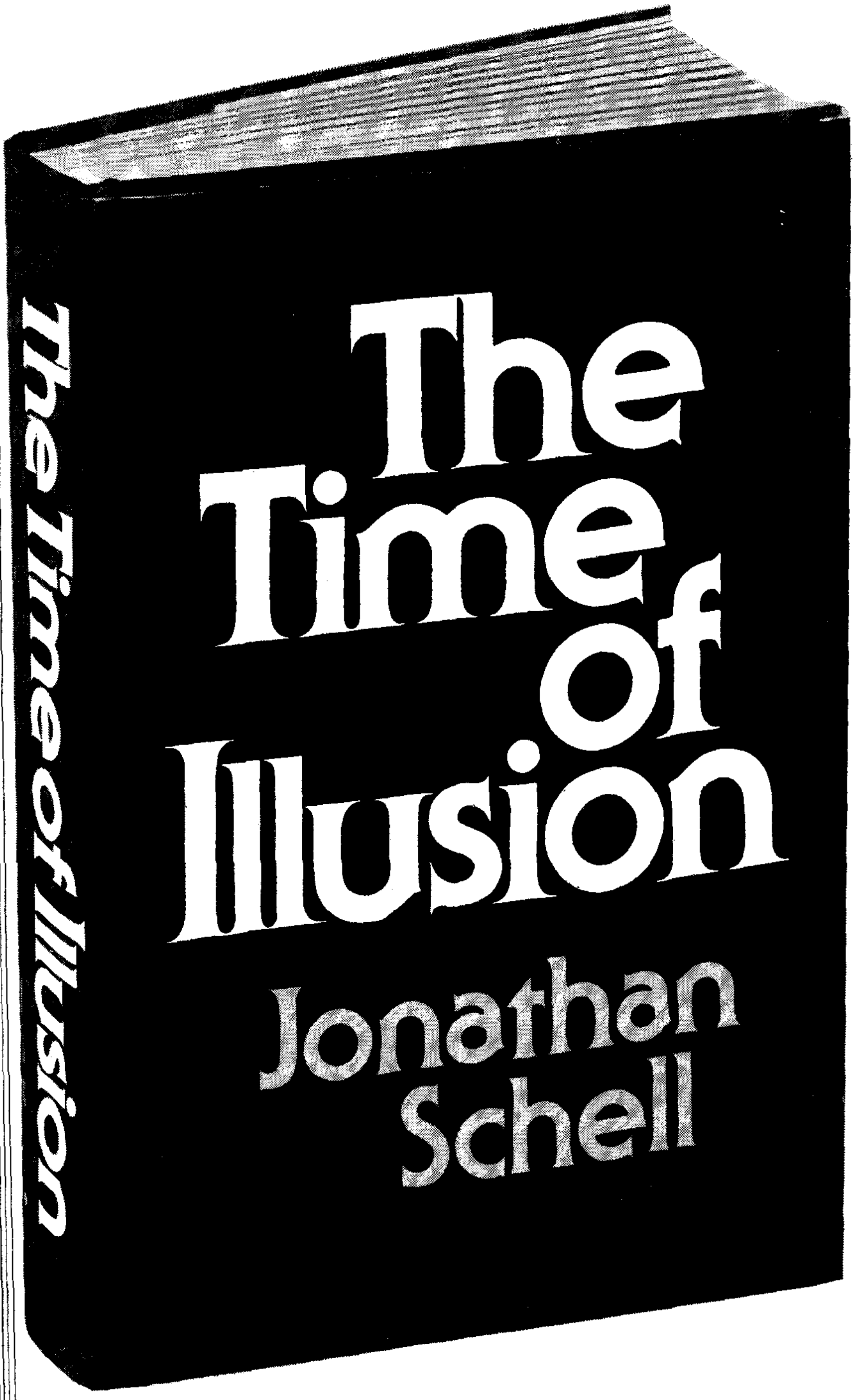
Royalist rump. Reinforcing this fear, especially in the Labour Party, was a suspicion of the King's Nazi sympathies—a suspicion that did not have to wait to be confirmed by the publication, twenty years later, of the 1940 German documents. The luck of having George VI on the throne was generally applauded, within months of the abdication, when Edward committed the appalling gaffe of being entertained by Hitler and Goering on a mission limply described as a study of German "housing projects."

Edward clearly understood that he could not have Mrs. Simpson as his Queen without the consent of the Cabinet. But beyond that he had no grasp of the Constitution, only of protocol—a confusion that was to make his married life fretful for many years. It shocked him to discover that in the British system the monarch is the vessel of the monarchy and that once the vessel is changed the old monarch has at best a dubious status. The Duchess seems never to have learned this at all. Her autobiography, and the memoirs and reliable anecdotes about her that Lady Donaldson has accumulated, show a woman who labored and railed for years under the delusion that she was married to a king in exile, to whom influential Englishmen and women—including travelling members of the Royal Family—meanly refused to pay obeisance. The generosity of friends—the exclusive use of the Rothschilds' castle in Austria immediately after the abdication—appeared to Edward to be no more than his due. (He left, after a four months' stay, without thanking his hostess or tipping the servants.) And the generous concessions of other governments seemed only to stress the churlishness of his own family. Thus, the French government leased him an imposing house in Paris at a nominal rent and allowed him the status of a tax-free citizen. The mere fact that to live in England would have cost him a great deal in taxes was to him yet another example of his native land's vindictiveness. And once he had lost the power to practice *noblesse oblige*, he became a stickler for *noblesse*. This "democratic" prince, who had been universally praised for his indifference to the regal formalities, is seen preparing for a dinner party in France by dispatching urgent requests to London for all the decorations he had not deigned to wear at home. When the new King telephones him, the Duke leaves word that he will take the call only after dinner. Whereupon George VI, who has always been made out to be the stuttering, deferential brother, leaves a firm message that the Duke will take the call at the King's bidding.

The testiness, the nagging fear of insult that this Constitutional blindness entailed is not unlike what appears to have plagued the Nixons, besieged at San Clemente and testy with a similar sense of persecution. For what? For "mistakes of judgment" and lack of "decisiveness," not by any means for "high crimes and misdemeanors." In the same way, the sudden loss of a lifetime's indoctrination as a king made the Duke in exile more and more unwilling to understand why he had had to go. Brooding away on the old wound, in Paris and Nassau and New York and Palm Beach, he saw it all ever more sharply as a calculated blow at his wife. Seeing his wistful face wizened in the later years, almost a Levine caricature of jet-set boredom, I could not help recalling the savage epitaph written by Westbrook Pegler the weekend the King quit the throne: "He will go from resort to resort getting more tanned and more tired." It seemed insufferably cruel at the time, for he was then still the golden boy among the monarchs of the globe. But it was no crueller than the actuality—the thirty-five-year exile that lay ahead. The Governorship of the Bahamas was no more than the gift of a sunlamp between the twilight grandeur of his eleven-month reign and the long night of his banishment to the transatlantic social tour: Cannes to Paris, to New York, to Palm Beach, back to the Waldorf, on to Paris, and back again. For all the sycophancy of his newfound court among the gossip-column aristocracy of retired manufacturers and brokers, real-estate barons, bankers, and cosmetic-makers, he really had no place to go, and he knew it. Reduced to the gossip and society of such people, he took on their suspicious, primitive form of conservatism, which begins with alarm at any threat to their comfort, goes on to applause for "strong men" (Salazar, Franco) who can insure the protection of their luxury, and ends with an unsleeping fear of "radicals" and "Communists." Before he sailed away from England, Edward wrote to thank Baldwin for his patience and kindness. Many years later, under the prodding of his wife and the prompting of the prose of his "ghost," Baldwin has turned into "a beetle" and a villain.

Lady Donaldson's documentation of the exile in Austria, Spain, and France is harrowingly thorough and fresh, perhaps because—unlike the professional historian, who tends to settle into the official documents and the correspondence of the influential—she finds nothing outside these sources irrelevant or uninteresting. The most revealing picture of Edward as a frustrated ex-king is drawn not from the royal correspondence or from other memoirs. It comes alive in letters to a wife written from Austria and France by a faithful companion in exile. Major Edward (Fruity) Metcalfe was the King's most loyal friend. He had served the Prince as an aide-de-camp on his overseas tours. He served the Duke with and without pay during the first years of the exile. When the Germans invaded France, the Duke decamped for Biarritz and abandoned Metcalfe in Paris without a word or a telephone message. From Metcalfe's jaunty, almost Wodehousian letters, one gets an indelible impression of the chronic irritability, the hypochondria, the fear for personal safety of a caged milord far from home. On the third of September, 1939, the day Britain went to war with Germany, the Duke and Metcalfe were in Cap d'Antibes, and the British government had agreed to send out an airplane to rescue them. Metcalfe wrote to his wife about his first and only blowup with the Duke:

> I have become adviser in chief and the only person who is getting anything done here now & indeed they realize it. I, it was, who got all the servants off, 8 of them & 1 secretary. It took some doing I can tell you as Cannes stn. was Hell on earth.... Well anyhow they came in to me after about ½ hour & said "We are *not* going—the plane is coming for *you* & Miss Arnold tomorrow." I looked at them as if they really *were* mad—Then they started off—"I refuse to go *unless* we are invited to stay at Windsor Castle...." I just sat still, held my head & listened for about 20 minutes & then I started. I said *I'm* going to talk now. First of all I'll say that whatever I say is speaking as *your best* friend, I speak only for your good & for W's, *understand that*.... You *only* think of yourselves. You don't realise that there is at this moment a war going on, that women & children are being bombed & killed while you talk of your PRIDE.... You are just nuts. Do you really think for one instant they would send a plane out for me & Miss Arnold? It's too absurd even to discuss. I said a lot more in the same strain. They never uttered. After this I said now if this plane *is* sent out to fetch you, which I doubt very much, then get into it & be b——y grateful. I went to bed then. It was 3.15 A.M.... Then at 8 A.M. HRH came in *fully* dressed to my room & said we've decided to go in the



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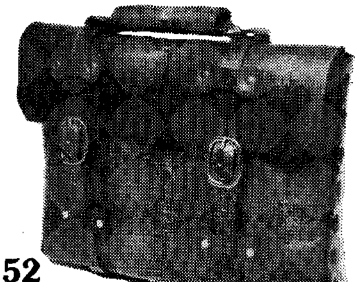

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plane. I said O.K. *if* it comes & now I'll have a bath.

It is the only time one sees the Duke with all his defenses down, shorn of authority or the pretense of it. On this topic, Lady Donaldson makes the shrewd point that throughout his youth and early middle age it was possible to see qualities of mind that were due entirely to his being well-briefed. "No one who has not witnessed the difference in authority between someone who has 'the papers' and the same person without them can appreciate how much good briefing can mean." Daily possession of "the papers" is, indeed, the main and most deceptive perquisite of high office, and one that conveys to the people of this country, during more Presidencies than one cares to think about, an image of authority and authoritativeness that is wholly absent from the President-elect or even the ex-President.

Despite all Lady Donaldson's really admirable fairness, and her diligence in tracking down accurate documents and casting doubt on sources both malign and indulgent, Edward comes out of it all as one of the least enlightened of British monarchs—a charming, spoiled, woefully ill-educated man, painfully simpleminded and ferociously acquisitive. He is more to be pitied than abused in that the worlds of music, art, literature, politics, science, religion—the whole life of the mind—were closed to him. At the end, says Lady Donaldson crisply, "he had three interests—golf, gardening, and money . . . and the greatest of the three was money."

There was also, it should be said, the most cherished interest of all, the lady who for half his life was mistress, manager, companion, protector, disciplinarian, nurse, and sole beloved. That she was all these things to the end was the one salvation he rescued, and it must have been a consoling revenge against the gossips who circled like buzzards waiting through the years for the ultimate humiliation, which never came, of a broken marriage. Yet, all in all, few disasters in the history of the English kings were more fortunate for the British people than the appearance in the King's social set of the divorcée from Baltimore. When the war came, and the social tone of the royal life was suspect, Britain found herself with a modest and dutiful King, a devoted Queen, and two bright children—a microcosm of middle-class dependability that saw the country through when the going was bad. The most damning epitaph you can compose about Edward—as a prince, as a king, as a man—is that he was at his best only when the going was good.

—Alistair Cooke

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

Ottoline at Garsington: Memoirs of Lady Ottoline Morrell 1915-1918, edited and with an introduction by Robert Gathorne-Hardy (Knopf). Lady Ottoline Morrell (1873-1938) has been known through so many guises—Bertrand Russell's paramour, the model for Hermione Roddice in D. H. Lawrence's "Women in Love," the hostess of the ménage caricatured in Aldous Huxley's "Crome Yellow," and the continuing subject of rumor in such recent biographies as Quentin Bell's "Virginia Woolf"—that only full-time scholars can determine all the significances of this second, and concluding, installment of her self-portrait. An ordinary reader, familiar with some but not all of the material, will find a short-winded, vivacious memoirist, whose career as patroness of the arts appears to have been a disaster. Ottoline was irresistibly drawn to brilliance, and during the First World War she offered writers unusual comforts, but her dominating presence—compared by Quentin Bell to an Austrian baroque church—provoked them to aggression. Her affair with Russell (of which her version has been withheld until this volume) cost her much pain, and her relations with Lawrence, Huxley, and other fiction writers were tales of betrayal and victimization. The words "human" and "inhuman" occur often, and Ottoline's problem seems to have been an overlarge quotient of human frailty. Surrounded by self-assured predators, she alone was vulnerable to shame.

Power! How to Get It, How to Use It, by Michael Korda (Random House). It is the year 2000. A young archeologist on vacation is canoeing along a beautiful New England river. Suddenly, a storm breaks. He banks his canoe in a quiet inlet and takes refuge in a dilapidated cabin. On the floor, covered with spiderwebs and dust, he sees a book. It is called "Power!" and it was written in 1975 by someone named Michael Korda. At first, he thinks it might be a military book, but a quick glance tells him it isn't: dozens of charts and illustrations seem to be obsessively concerned about the proper position of office furniture. Thumbing through the damp pages, he sees that it isn't about intellectual, imaginative, or spiritual power, either. He reads statements like "One thing is basic: power people have their shoes polished, or do it themselves. . . . A dirty shoe is a sign of weakness" and "It is possible to prevent involuntary twitching at the corners of the mouth by applying Xylocaine anesthetic ointment before an important meeting." He reads, "Executives who sweat heavily may find it worthwhile to invest in a powerful air-conditioner, even at the risk of making other people shiver." Slowly he begins to understand. The book can only be intended to poke fun at the competitive foolhardiness that the leaders of the sixties and seventies were famous for. He wonders how the book got to this remote place. The storm stops. He returns to his canoe, chuckling.

MAUPASSANT, by Michael G. Lerner (Braziller). The author, professor of French at Glasgow University, tells us that a lot of nonsense has been added to the Maupassant biography, partly because Maupassant and his friends were great storytellers and partly because the Maupassant family had much it wished to conceal. His book sets out to say what is known with certainty, and it does so in a style of which its subject would have approved: fast, crisp narrative without frills. Young Guy was pathetic—his parents were separated, money was short owing to paternal extravagance, and he had immense but unfocussed literary ambitions. He was also opportunistic—he offered himself as a disciple to an aging family friend, Flaubert, and also to the rising literary star of whom Flaubert disapproved, Zola. The personality of Maupassant seems always to have remained a curious mixture of fraud and sincerity. In literature, he found himself when his long story "Boule de Suif" caught everybody's attention and put him on the road to fame and fortune. The fortune went out at high speed; like his father, Maupassant was extravagant, but, unlike his father, he supported his mother, his younger brother, Hervé, and Hervé's wife and child. The biography's villain is syphilis, which killed both Guy and Hervé after driving them mad. Professor Lerner does not scant this unpleasant subject; neither does he dwell on it unduly. He is much more interested in discussing Maupassant's work as an expression and a record of the social

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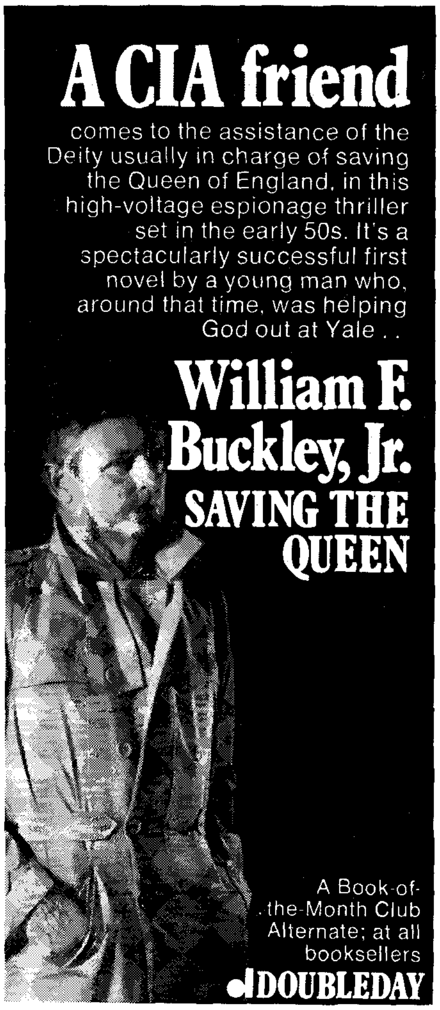

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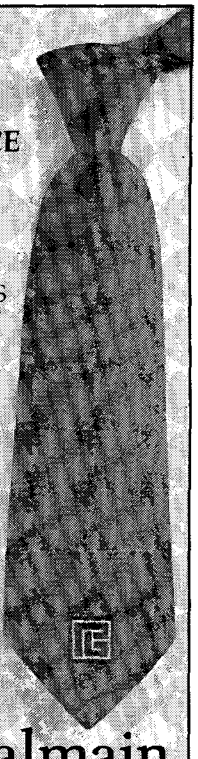

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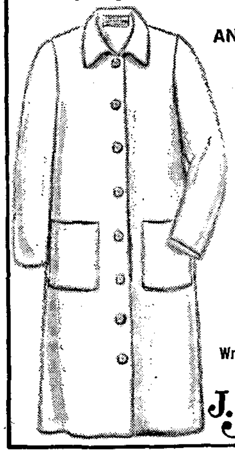

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and economic changes of his era, for the author believes that in French fiction Maupassant is Balzac's true heir—the second great chronicler of nineteenth-century France.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

GOODEY'S LAST STAND, by Charles Alverson (Houghton Mifflin). Goodey—Joe Goodey—is a durable, wisecracking private eye (late of the San Francisco police force), and the assignment that confronts him here is the apprehension of the person who murdered the mayor's secret girl friend, the topless dancer Tina D'Oro. The result, in Mr. Alverson's hands, is most enjoyable; it is, in fact, the next-best thing to finding a new and unsuspected Raymond Chandler phantasmagoria. The writing alone brings a lump to the throat: "It was his scenery; let him chew it up;" "My mouth was drier than a hangman's sense of humor;" "He sat in lonely splendor like a leper at a convention of hypochondriacs."

THE HOUSE ON QUAI NOTRE DAME, by Georges Simenon, translated from the French by Alastair Hamilton (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). The fishbowl monotony of bourgeois life in a large provincial French town (which sometimes sounds suspiciously un-French but very like Simenon's birthplace, Liège), wearily described by a much-cuckolded middle-aged art teacher. The story starts out with every appearance of being a murder mystery ("Uncle Antoine died on Tuesday, on Halloween, probably at about eleven o'clock in the evening . . .") but, disappointingly, turns out to be merely a melancholy *tour d'horizon* of the lives of Uncle Antoine's prospective heirs: a mousy journalist, a former Nazi collaborator, and the narrator—all brothers. As in most Simenons, the atmosphere—the long, damp, cobbled streets, the dreary houses, a comfortable old bourgeois café where the diners all shake one another's hands—is wonderful. But the narrative is weak and the plot nonexistent, and one suspects that Simenon started out to tell one sort of story, then changed his mind, then lost all interest in what he was doing.

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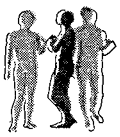

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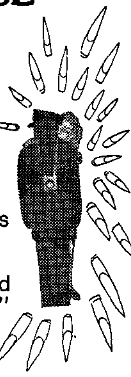

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